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# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 69

MARCH, 1911

No. 3



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SOCIETY, NEW YORK







# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 69

MARCH, 1911

No. 3



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK



### Brotherhood

It's the kindly hearts of earth that make  
This good old world worth while.  
It's the lips with tender words that wake  
The care-crasing smile.  
And I ask my soul this question when  
My goodly gifts I see:  
Am I a friend to as many men  
As have been good friends to me?

When my brothers speak a word of praise  
My wavering will to aid,  
I ask if ever their long, long ways  
My words have brighter made.  
And to my heart I bring again  
This eager, earnest plea:  
Make me a friend to as many men  
As are good, staunch friends to me.

NIXON WATERMAN.

### How May One Obtain Religious Poise

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT

THERE is no more exquisite and inspiring promise for the Christian believer than the one enshrined in the apostle's familiar words, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." But too frequently we cut out the promise and ignore the surrounding conditions in which it is to be fulfilled. There must be no mutilation of the text. We must take it in its entirety, with its remote, and yet vital relationships. We cannot have rivers without gathering grounds. We cannot rear flowers and fruits, and yet ignore the elementary conditions of horticulture. If we would have the Divine bounty we must pay heed to the human preparatives. If we would possess "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," we must set our wills in the line of purpose and endeavor disclosed to us by the Apostle Paul. And, therefore, I am concerned in this article rather with the suburbs of the great promise than with the promise itself; or, rather, I am concerned with the human ministry, and not with the Divine issue. How, then, are we to prepare ourselves for the possession of the peace of God?

#### Cheerfulness Imperative

First of all, we are to cultivate cheerfulness. "Rejoice in the Lord always." Now it is essential to notice that this is imperative. It is not friendly counsel offered to the mind, it is a military challenge addressed to the will. It is an inspired command to enlist the will in the cultivation of a cheerful life. For cheerfulness is not a passive acquisition, it is largely a fruit of action. And because the word comes to us in the energy of a commandment, the grace itself is presented in the form of a duty. It is every man's duty to be cheerful. It is his duty to be cheerful in spite of temperament. For temperament is not the final word upon the matter. There is too much fatalism even in Christian speech about the natural temperaments of men. Behind the temperament is the will; and temperament can be changed just as we can change temperature by the opening of windows and doors. And it is a man's duty to be cheerful, in spite of circumstances. If heredity is not to master us, no more is environment. We are under obligation to be cheerful even in the realm of desolation and night. Of course, I am not speaking of laughter, and jocularly and light frivolity. I am speaking of that fine disposition which ever sets itself to the detection and appreciation of the light in the dark sky, of the flowers in the cold waste and of the wonderfully gracious bounty of frost and snow.

What is it possible for us to do to secure a cheerful disposition? Of all, every man has common attitudes. He can select the other angle; he can take the "Expectation Corner!" He can look low open that looks to the sky. He can establish himself on the "I saw the other side" suggestive name and which looked out

upon a glorious panorama of majestic heights. I do not say that a man can become expert in this practice in a day, but every man can at once begin to cultivate the gracious habit of taking his stand where he can catch the sunlight, and so be enrolled in the honorable list of those who "watch for the morning."

#### Every-day Possibilities

And then, in the second place, every man has command of his positive actions. That is to say, he can go or refrain from going. He can speak or refrain from speaking. He can look or refrain from looking. He can do a gracious deed or decline to do it. He can plant roses or thorns. He can praise or censure. These are among the simpler possibilities of daily life, but in them there is hidden the secrets of cheeriness and depression. For our actions are reactive. We warm ourselves at the fire we light for others. When we attempt to cheer a brother, cheerfulness becomes our own grace. When the partially benumbed man on the Alps crawled toward his equally benumbed brother, and sought to restore his animation, the effort brought the circulating life again to his own veins. The man who goes out to lift another out of bondage will find that he has emancipated himself. "He that loseth his life shall find it." This is the first preparative to the possession of the peace of God.

#### A Reasonable Spirit

And the second counsel given by the Apostle Paul is this: Cultivate reasonableness. "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Let me again note that the word is an imperative. It is not a kindly exhortation, but a decree from the throne. The matter is not left to the exigencies of temperament. No man can find any justification for an unreasonable life. And I think we are sometimes unwise in seeking excuses for one another. "We must bear with him! It is his nature to be extreme and violent! He can only color bills for the boardings; he cannot paint dainty vignettes! He must exaggerate!" All of which is sheer nonsense. It is within every man's power to cultivate "sweet reasonableness." We are to wear this garment as opposed to a spirit of bitter contentiousness. And is there any peril more prevalent in our time than the love of strife for strife's own sake? How easily we

lose the motive of the campaign in the fierceness of the immediate battle! How easily we become partisan, and lose the friendship of Christ! And how easily we make terms with exaggeration for the sake of winning a brutal victory! Never was there a greater need for apostolic "moderation" than in our own time.

We further need to cultivate a "sweet reasonableness" as opposed to a spirit of self-assertion. Every one is familiar with the marvelous power of self-restraint. There is something magnetic and dynamic in a strong reserve. And the obligation is laid upon every man to cultivate a saving dignity, and to guard against injurious exaggeration in thought and speech and deed.

#### How to be Calm

And, lastly, the apostle enjoins the cultivation of calmness. "Be anxious for nothing." We are not to allow our faces to become furrowed with wrinkles. We are not to irritate our minds with distractions. We are not to worry ourselves into impotence and imbecility. We are to be calm, collected, cool. And the apostles completes the counsel by informing his readers how this grace of serenity is to be found. "By prayer." And the apostle distinguishes "prayer" from "supplication." Prayer is the exposure of the whole inner life to God. It is the bringing of the "naked spirit" into the Eternal Presence. It is not so much speech as breathing; not intercession, but realization. It is what Madame Guyon counsels in her "Method of Prayer." She teaches that prayer is never matured until speaking dies, and spirit faces spirit in the mystic silence of the secret place. I think this is a spiritual exercise which is too much neglected in our day. Even Christian people limit their conception of communion to the presentation of immediate needs. We ought to "ascend the holy hill" at times for the sole purpose of breathing the heavenly air. I heard a man say the other day, "When my nerves begin to get a bit unsteady I hurry away to the pines!" And there are seasons in human life when what we urgently need is to get away to the hills of God, into "his wind that bloweth healthily our sicknesses to heal."

And calmness is further to be cultivated "by supplication." For, of course,

we are to have fellowship with God, not only for the holy ministry of a quieting air, but for definite intercourse concerning particular things. When we enter the Presence chamber with definite requests we shall find that some of them die away as soon as we state them to our God. In His presence the desire dies, the appetite is gone, and we no longer want the very thing we came about.

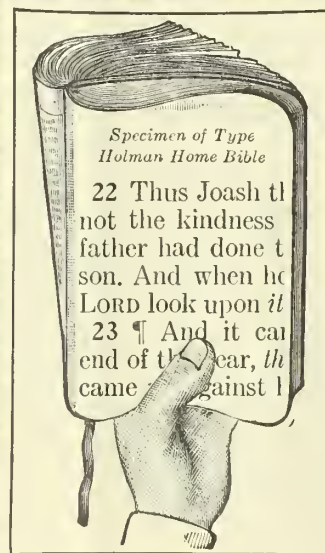
I loved to choose . . . but now,  
Lead thou me on!

Other requests will be firmly denied. We think we are asking for bread, and all the time we are asking for stones, and our Father is too gracious to give us what we ask. Other appeals will be answered just as we make them. Our will and God's will are perfectly one, and the Divine response will come in the expected way. And still other requests will be answered infinitely better than we ask. The lame man asks alms, and he receives power to walk. And we ask for the removal of a burden, and we obtain an addition to our strength. We desire the passing of an unpleasant task, and we obtain new sight to appreciate its glory. And so do prayer and supplication bring unto the spirit the calmness which is the preparative to heavenly peace.

And the third way in which calmness is to be cultivated is "by thanksgiving." For this, surely, is a most essential element in the preparation of the soul for the Divine peace. I am convinced that the addition of this element of praise would effect a transformation in the lives of multitudes of professedly Christian people. Ingratitude always produces spiritual dyspepsia with all its attendant pains and unrest. Ingratitude is the parent of moroseness; it is always and everywhere the cause of insensitiveness. Thanksgiving makes life aerial, it gives life powers of levitation, which enables it to soar into the heavenly places in Christ.

Let these preparatory endeavors be followed with scrupulous diligence, and God's bounty will be sure. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus."

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AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL

## "MY WITNESSES"

"Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you; and ye shall be My witnesses."—Acts 1:8.

By William Phillips Hall

only the apostles but all the members of that Church believed that their Lord had called them all to preach His glorious Gospel to all mankind!

The Church at Jerusalem—the first-born Church of our dear Lord—possessed a very large membership—certainly over eight thousand—and it is of that great company of Christians that Luke writes, in the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, when he says: "And at that time there was a great persecution against the Church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles." . . . "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." And in the eleventh chapter of the same book, verses 19-21, we read: "Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution which arose about Stephen travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."

### The Great Commission

This account makes it perfectly clear that the Church of the Apostolic age believed herself called in and through the persons of each and all of her members—as well as through her apostles—to "preach the Gospel to every creature." In other words, the Church of the Apostolic age positively believed that the Great Commission was given not only to the twelve apostles but to each and every one who believed in the Lord Jesus unto the salvation of their souls!

Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians—4th chapter, 11th and 12th verses—says: "And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the fitting of the saints for the work of (the) ministry, unto the upbuilding of the body of Christ."

In these words—in part translated directly from the Greek text—the Apostle clearly sets forth three facts; first, the divine appointment of apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers; second, the divine appointment of the ministry of the saints—all who believe; and, third, the divine appointment of apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers "for the fitting of the saints for the work of (the) ministry."

Peter, in his First Epistle General to all Christians—2d chapter, 9th and 10th verses—says: "Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a God-possessed people, that ye may declare abroad—or tell forth—the excellencies of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvelous light; who in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God."

In these words—also, in part, a direct translation from the Greek text—it appears that Peter—like Paul—believed that all of God's people were called to "go into all the world; and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Philip, a layman, "preached Christ" unto the Samaritans; he also "preached Jesus" unto the treasurer of the Ethiopian Queen; and baptised all of those who believed under his ministry.

Ananias, a layman, under God, ordained Paul, "the Great Apostle to the Gentiles" "with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven," and baptized him also. All of the twelve disciples at Ephesus were

likewise ordained of the Holy Spirit through the hands of Paul.

All of the hearers of the word in the home of Cornelius at Cesarea were directly ordained of the Holy Spirit in exactly the same way as were all of the apostles and disciples upon the Day of Pentecost! Peter so states it. (See Acts 11:15-17.) Peter also states—Acts 2:38, 39—that "the promise," of the gift of the Holy Spirit, is to all whom God may call. Inasmuch as God now calls upon all mankind to believe in His dear Son; and as "the gift of the Holy Spirit," in fulfillment of the prophecy of Joel, is promised by our Lord as a divine equipment for witnessing to Him and His blessed salvation, it follows, as logically as day follows night, that all who believe in Him are called to be His divinely empowered witnesses—to "tell forth the excellencies of Him who called them out of darkness into His marvelous light."

### A Witnessing Ministry of the Gospel

When it is recalled that our Lord expressly charged His Apostles, "and them that were with them" to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high—by "the gift of the Holy Spirit"—before they began their witnessing ministry for Him; and when it is, furthermore, recalled that the Acts of the Apostles discloses the fact that all true believers in those days were likewise endued and endowed with the Holy Spirit, and obviously for the same purpose, to speak for God, it becomes perfectly clear that the Church of the Apostolic age believed in, taught, trained and engaged—under God—all of her membership in a witnessing, Holy Spirit endued, ministry of the Gospel.

Speaking of the Church of the Apostolic age, Doctor Schaff says: "There were no professional missionaries devoting their life to this specific work; every congregation was a missionary society, and every Christian believer a missionary, inflamed by the love of Christ to convert his fellow-men." Again, he says: "In the Apostolic Church preaching and teaching were not confined to a particular class, but every convert could proclaim the Gospel to unbelievers, and every Christian who had the gift could pray, and lead, and teach and exhort in the congregation."

"On the other hand," he writes, "it is equally clear that there was in the Apostolic Church a ministerial office, instituted by Christ, for the very purpose of raising the mass of believers from infancy and pupilage to independent and immediate intercourse with God, to that prophetic, priestly, and kingly position, which in principle and destiny belongs to them all."

There are many other things that we might say in further support of the Scriptural and historical teaching of the call and command of our Lord through His Great Commission to all who truly believe in Him as their Saviour and Lord to "go into all the world; and preach the Gospel to every creature," but limitations of space and time now prevent.

In this brief consideration of our burning theme, we believe we have, under God, undoubtedly developed the fact that the original Church of Christ was a body of active, divinely ordained, ministering witnesses to Him. It was that Church through the universal ministry of her membership, under the leadership and empowerment of the Holy Spirit, that "went into all the world"—known to her—and "preached the Gospel to every creature"

EARLY nineteen hundred years ago our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ commanded His disciples: "Go ye into all the world; and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Within the lifetime of some of those very disciples, they and their associates actually went into all the world known to them, and preached the Gospel to every creature therein!

Justin Martyr, who suffered martyrdom in Rome in 165 A.D., wrote: "There is not a nation, either Greek or barbarian, or of any other name, even of those who wander in tribes, or live in tents, among whom prayers and thanksgivings are not offered to the Father and Creator of the Universe in the Name of the crucified Jesus."

Clement of Alexandria, who was born about 150 A.D. and died some seventy years later, writing of the Gospel, says: "It has spread through the whole world, in every town and village, and city, converting both whole houses and separate individuals."

Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, says, in Romans 1:8, "I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." In Colossians 1:23 he writes: "The Gospel, which ye have heard, which was preached to every creature which is under heaven; whereof I, Paul, am made a minister."

By these testimonies we are fully assured that the original disciples, and their immediate successors, actually preached the Gospel to every creature known to them.

Doctor Philip Schaff, in his "History of the Christian Church," says: "There were no missionary societies, no missionary institutions, no organized efforts in the ante-Nicene age; and yet in less than three hundred years from the death of St. John the whole population of the Roman Empire, which then represented the civilized world, was nominally Christianized."

### The Secret of Apostolic Success

If it be true that "other things being equal like causes produce like effects," then may we not, by carefully and prayerfully considering the things and causes that contributed to the unequalled evangelistic efficiency of the Church of the Apostolic age, discover the secret of that efficiency, and make possible its restoration to the Church of the present time?

If there is any one thing, more than any other, that gives character to the Church of the Apostolic age, it is the fact that that Church possessed a dominating conviction that she had been called into being for, and had been called by her Lord to, the work of preaching the Gospel to every creature. So deep and mighty was this conviction that not



therein! The Church of no succeeding age has possessed or exercised such a ministry; neither has the Church of any succeeding age "preached the Gospel to every creature" throughout all the world known to her!

#### Is it Possible?

Is it possible to restore to the Church of Christ of the present day the original divine spiritual endowment and endowment and accompanying evangelistic efficiency of the Church of the Apostolic age? When it is recalled that that Church received her extraordinary spiritual empowerment for life and service in consequence of the consecration of all of her leaders and members to the life-work of preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God to all mankind, does it not logically, and scripturally, follow that, "other things being equal," the "like cause will produce the like effect"?

History very clearly shows that so long as the Church adhered to the original divine plan of engaging each and all of her leaders and members in the work of preaching the Gospel to lost mankind, our Lord continued with her in Pentecostal power and blessing; but that, with the cessation of that universal witnessing ministry of all of the people of God, the Lord ceased to so fully manifest His Presence to and through His Church as a whole—as is the case even up to the present day!

"To restore is to conquer" once said the Emperor of France. Is it possible or will it ever be possible to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" unless the work be re-inaugurated in every essential particular as it was inaugurated "at the beginning" of the Christian era?

Our Lord planned and commanded all of His followers, "Go ye into all the world; and preach the Gospel to every creature." Our Lord commanded all of His followers to "tarry . . . until" they should "be endued with power from on high" before beginning their great world-wide evangelistic campaign. Will, or can, any other plan succeed? Will, or can, any less empowerment avail? Has not the time come for the ministry and membership of the Universal Church of Christ to restore the Witnessing Ministry of all of the people of God; and to re-inaugurate the world-wide evangelistic campaign, "with the Holy Spirit" sent down from heaven "through all of the disciples of our Lord"?

#### A Transfiguration to be Effected

The late Doctor A. J. Gordon once said: "If only the Church could once more stand forth transfigured in its primitive ideal, it would be certain to repeat its primitive conquests." We believe that transfiguration will be effected! We believe those conquests will be repeated! We will endeavor, in a succeeding article, to show how such a transfiguration or restoration may be begun. In the meantime, we entreat all true ministers and members of the Church of Christ who may read these words to pray that we, and they, may be divinely enlightened and led in further consideration of this great subject.

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### Christ the Interpreter

BY OLIVER ADDISON KINGSBURY

THE more He is studied the more fully Christ interprets to us the real nature and meaning of the religious life. His life is the standard for all other lives. He is the embodiment of all that is holy and just and good. It is particularly helpful to us to remember that He lived in human form and was found in fashion as a man. He shows us what the perfect human life is.

For one thing, He interprets to us the real meaning of life by revealing to us our own moral poverty. His life is so rich and full that our lives, by comparison, are seen to be very meager and unworthy. This is a great service, for we must know our emptiness in order to feel our need of replenishment. The student who feels his ignorance bends strenuously to his studies.

How rich, how beautiful, how blessed was the life of our Lord! He was always in communion with the Father. He was always sweet and winning as He moved among men. He was always doing good. Yet his was not a weak character. Remember how he lashed the Pharisees for their hypocrisy, how sternly He rebuked all injustice and sham. In both strength and beauty His life was perfect.

So when one puts his own life alongside the life of the Master, he learns his own spiritual poverty. Faith, prayer, service, joy—how small and mean

the stock appears. Jesus interprets to us our needs. At the same time the perfect holiness, the spiritual richness of His life beckons us. He does not taunt us with our spiritual poverty; there is not any of the "holier-than-thou" feeling manifest in Him. He draws us, as the mountain top reaching up toward the blue awakens in us the impulse to climb, or as the exalted patriotism of the hero calls for higher patriotism.

Jesus Christ also interprets to us the *quality* of the true religious life; He makes clear what it really is.

On the one side He shows us that it is at the farthest remove from mere ceremonialism. Forms may have their place, but they are means, not ends. Jesus Himself used the means of grace, but He used them as means for the fostering of life. The life was everything. "I am come," he said, "that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly." That gives us the sense of the largeness of true religion.

As to its distinctive quality, Jesus showed us that true religion in its exercise is fellowship with God. Jesus always speaks of God as His Father, and He teaches us that the true relation of man to God is that of the son to the father. Jesus obeys God; serves Him obediently, not under any compelling stress of authority, but from the impulse of love. This is not what heathenism teaches. It

### The True Friend

By Z. I. DAVIS

*The friend who comforts me today  
And turns to morning all my night,  
Is Jesus Christ, the Truth, the Way,  
The Prince of Life, my Guide and Light.*

*He is my joy mid darkest fears,  
My strength and hope in want and woe,  
My Priest for all the coming years,  
The One whom it is Life to know.*

*He is my virtue and my health,  
The blessed Son of God supreme,  
The door to everlasting health  
Through whom the rays supernal gleam.*

*Here is a friend, frail human heart,  
Forever true. If thou wilt trust  
In Him, obeying to the end,  
Thy soul shall rise from death's pale dust.*

is an advance on what was taught under the old covenant, for while to the Jew of old there were intimations of the fatherhood of God, there was by no means the emphasis that Jesus gave to the truth. He made it stand forth in its fullness of power.

This truth is splendid beyond expression—so splendid, so rich, that it may sometimes seem too good to be true. But it is true. Jesus lived on earth as we do, but He lived in conscious sonship with His Father; His spirit was busied about the things of heaven; He was not seeking what He could get out of earthly things, but what good He could do in lifting men out of their sins into spirituality of life.

With all this there was nothing of the ascetic about Him. He was among men, in their homes, and at their feasts. He did not divide His life into two parts, the secular and the religious. It was all religious; there was always with Him the consciousness of the nearness of the Father; His whole life was lived as in the Father's sight and in fellowship with Him. So it was a life of beauty, of joy, of peace, of power. Ours may be like it.

For, beyond interpreting the true life to us, Jesus gives us power to *experience* it. He is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption—the wisdom that opens our eyes and enables us to choose the right things, the righteousness which breaks the power of evil and brings the divine life into ours, the sanctification which completes our life in full redemption.

### Watching the Soul Come Out

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT

WATCHING a picture come out of the shadows in the dark room of a photographer is a most interesting thing. Here lies the film which has been exposed in the camera. So far as one may now see, it is nothing but a strip of black material. Not the faintest trace of anything can be seen upon its surface.

Now the artist brings it under the influence of a specially prepared chemical and places it quickly in a tray. For a moment no change can be discovered; then suddenly as you watch closely, faint lines begin to appear here and there on the film. More swiftly they come now, until lights and shades stand out in clear outline. The mystery is over. There is the picture in all its beauty. Wonderful process!

Working among the ruins of Pompeii the pick of a man struck off a bit of the hard, stony substance which ages ago fell from the burning crater of the volcano and has hidden the city from human eyes ever since. As the lava dropped away, something came to the eye of the explorer that made him stoop and closely examine the form he had laid bare. He was sure that he had found something worth saving. Very carefully he kept on, loosening the grey stone about the object he had found. For hours he toiled on; finally he held in his hand a most beautiful vase.

Have you ever thought about the whitening of the muslins and other fabrics of linen and cotton? As it comes from the loom, the linen is far from being the snowy white thing we buy at the store. Quite grey is it in color. What has happened to it, that it should now be so beautiful in its whiteness?

In these later days this work is done quickly by chemical processes. But still in many parts of the world the work is carried on out under the open skies, where the storms and the sunshine bring wonderful changes to the new-made cloth. The visitor to those sections of the country will still find acres and acres of grassland devoted to the bleaching of cloths. There they lie for months and months, day by day turning a little whiter and a little whiter until at last they have come to the lovely purity we love so well.

Sometimes we wonder why we are called to pass through so many sorrows. The night settles down about us, dull, cold, grey. No star anywhere. How lonely it is waiting here—for what?

By and by the morning comes. The light does come over the hills and the shadows flee away. Now we know, not in part, as we used to know, but even as also we are known. The picture has been developed in the dark room. The vase has been brought to light by the sharp blows of the hammer. The grey has been driven out of the heart of the linen.

And the Great Artist makes no mistakes.

Now and then it happens that the negative we take on the plate of the camera is spoiled in the developing. The solution we use may not be just right, or we fail to do our part as it ought to be done and the picture is lost.

Sometimes the explorer makes a slip and strikes his pick, not on the stony covering of the vase, but right on the beautiful thing itself, marring it forever. Sometimes the bleaching does not do for the linen what it seems to us it should.

But God never makes a mistake. If we yield ourselves wholly to Him, He will one day bring out the soul within us in all its glory, without "spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

But is it never to end this side the pearly gates? Must we wait for our glory till we have pressed with weary feet the golden strand? It seems so long! The shadows are so dark! The blow from the hammer so hard! The whitening hurts us so!

Let us go back to the dark room once more. From the negative the artist has printed his picture. But it is not yet done. Once again it is placed in a bath of chemical and left there for a time. Thus the picture is "fixed," and at last it is there to stay forever.

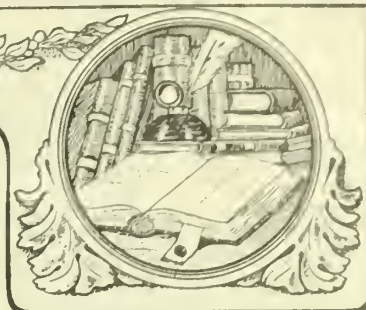
Some day the struggle will be over with us. Character developed under the eye of God becomes fixed, so that no change can mar the beauty which has been developed. Listen to what He says: "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." Graven—that means chiseled deep, set in characters that can never be altered, not on paper that will dry up and be blown away; not even in marble which may crumble to dust; but in the hands of the everlasting Father.





## THE LENTEN OPPORTUNITY

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



WITH the return of Lent there comes to all Christian people a renewed and special opportunity for partial withdrawal from the world, in order that both thought and activity may be focussed upon the devotional life.

Christians of every name and denomination unite in welcoming Lent as the golden opportunity of the Christian year. Many churches are open for daily services, many men of business avail themselves of the privilege of a half-hour noon-day meeting for prayer in this season, and a large and increasing number of women in society keep Lent by the performance of particular acts of self-denial and charity.

For devout followers of Jesus the forty days that precede Easter should be stepping stones on an upward path. As each morning dawns, the first waking impulse should be to offer thanks for continued life on the earth and for the gracious presence of the Master in every loving heart and consecrated home.

### The Privilege of Prayer

We make far too little in our lives of the privilege of prayer. This is true not alone of the church prayer-meeting which is so often slenderly attended, but also of private and secret prayer. When our Lord was upon the earth, it was His custom frequently to withdraw Himself from His disciples and from the multitudes who thronged about Him that He might spend whole nights in solitary prayer and communion. If the Son of God needed this refreshment, this strengthening and this touch with heaven, how can we expect to properly live and breathe, if we devote only a few moments, when tired at night and hurried in the morning, in which we kneel to pray? No wonder that we often live at what a familiar hymn calls "a poor dying rate."

Archbishop Trench in his exquisite sonnet expresses the experience of the soul, when in reality it turns away from self and looks upward to God Almighty:

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms!  
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.  
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!  
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others,—that we are not always strong.  
That we are overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

### Is Prayer Always Answered?

Great diversity of opinion is expressed by people in general on the subject of answered prayer. A young girl said to me one day: "I have never had a prayer answered in my life. I am not going to pray any more for things that I want. I shall say my prayers, but that will be all."

It is obvious that saying prayers and praying are not at all the same thing. The one is perfunctory. It reminds us of the custom of those idolators who burn incense at the shrine of a deity who can no more hear their petitions than could Baal of old hear those of Jezebel's prophets. Prayers that are merely repetitions of words or forms of speech with neither intention nor aspiration behind them are not worthy of the name which they bear.

Prayer is an exercise of the brain and of the heart. Thought and feeling, deep humility and intense earnestness are the characteristics of prayer. When Daniel prayed in a crisis of the utmost peril, we may well believe that he was limited to

no form of words. His whole being was involved in a cry for help to the God of his fathers. Such prayers are always answered. The mistake made by my girl friend was that she had an entirely wrong view of what an answered prayer may be. Earthly fathers and mothers and teachers answer the petitions of children as often in the negative as in the affirmative. Prayer is not a demand. It is a request. It may be that we sometimes ask amiss. If we live long enough, we are sure to see that the prayer answered in our own case by denial was as truly heard at the throne and as truly answered in blessing as if our heart's desire at the time had been granted.

### A Touching Experience

Years ago I heard a very sweet story told by a missionary who had labored for years in India. She was there in one of those famine seasons when food is scarce, and every grain of rice is precious. She had forty little children under her care. With the utmost economy and forethought she managed the resources at her disposal so that they were fed from day to day. One evening she gave them supper, knowing that there was nothing for breakfast the next morning. She knew not what to do, nor to whom to turn. All that was left to her was to pray to the Heavenly Father to send food to this household. She did this and slept, and awakened, as is usual in that hot climate, in the early dawn, gathering her flock around her for their morning prayer. They knelt and recited their petitions with her, and as they rose, a woman whom the missionary had never seen or heard of walked through the open door and laid before the teacher a bag of rice which she had carried for miles. "Some years ago," the woman said, "your father did me a good service. I felt that I owed him a debt. I have never been able to pay it until now. I knew that these children here would soon be in want of food, so I came with this rice to put it in your hands." Here indeed was God's swift answer to the prayer of the missionary. She added that she impressed upon the minds of her children the goodness of God in sending this messenger to supply their immediate need. A few days later the children were in disgrace because of disobedience, and some coveted indulgence was denied them as a punishment. The teacher saw with some concern mingled with pleasure that they separated into little groups and seemed to be engaged in earnest prayer. She made no inquiry or comment, but after a while one of the older girls approached her and said: "We cannot understand why God heard your prayer and does not hear ours. We have been praying that He will make you change your mind and think no more about our doing wrong." For an instant this presentation of the subject puzzled the teacher, but she bethought herself of an opportune text and repeated it. "My dear children," she said, "there is a verse in the Psalms that you have not remembered. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' You are not sorry for having committed an offense. You have not repented, and so your prayer is not of the kind that the dear Father in heaven can answer."

I hold it personally as part of my creed that everything, little and great, everything intimate and everything connected with the affairs of the larger world in which we are, should be carried to the Most High. We must limit our prayers only by asking that we may be conformed to the will of God. If our will is submissive to God's will, we shall not complain even though the answer be what we did not expect, or if the answer we hoped for be indefinitely delayed. Why should we in our littleness venture to set bounds to the greatness of the Almighty? The dust on the butterfly's wings is as wonderful an illustration of His power as the waves that break in thunder on the shore of the ocean.

### Prayer is Communion

Real prayer is not always asking for gifts and graces. In its highest evolution it is communion with God. Thus one who loves to dwell in the company of the Master may walk with Him upon the way in silence, may sit with Him in the twilight saying never a word, or may kneel with bowed head waiting reverently for a word from heaven to be spoken in the soul. Those who are in the habit of withdrawing at certain periods of the day for a few moments of communion with God do not always come to Him with any desire that a burden be removed or a gift granted. They come to Him that His love may flow in upon them and His peace enfold their spiritual life. Just as two dear friends may spend a happy evening together without exchanging a sentence, in this way revealing that their confidence and intimacy require no outward expression, so whoever is a friend of Jesus Christ may sit with Him in communion, be aware of the closeness of His presence, and go out to business or social pleasure uplifted and glorified by contact with One Divine.

Whittier in his poem, "Our Master," has a shining chain of exquisite stanzas, a few of which I must make room for.

"We may not climb the heavenly steep  
To bring the Lord Christ down:  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

"The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

"And not for signs in Heaven above  
Or earth below they look,  
Who know with John His smile of love,  
With Peter His rebuke.

"In joy of inward peace, or sense  
Of sorrow over sin,  
He is His own best evidence,  
His witness is within."

### The Prayer of Intercession

We shall do wisely in using our Lenten opportunity in prayer for others. The prayer of intercession is the prayer that links us most closely to Christ. He prayed for us. The thought is full of comfort that centuries before we were here in the world we were included in the prayers of the Son of Man. We are lifted above the sorrows and disappointments of this life, whenever we can fully realize that our Lord is interceding for us in heaven at this very hour.

Sometimes we show our unbelief in a curiously crude and foolish manner. We pray for this or the other friend, for one who has gone astray, for one who is skeptical or who has shown no wish to be prayed for, and in the back of our mind there is a feeling that the whole proceeding is useless. I have more than once heard an otherwise reverent believer say: "Mr. Blank is not a man who will ever be converted. There is no use in spending time in praying for a man who has gone so far on the downward road as he. He is past being saved." What a commentary is such an expression upon our shameful lack of belief in God.

I wish those who have ever lost hope about any one for whom they are anxious, or who have ever discounted God's willingness to save sinners would read "Twice Born Men," a book in which examples are given of God's willingness to save to the uttermost those who are brought to realize their need and pray for themselves, having first been prayed for, toiled for and sought day and night, by Christians who believe in intercessory prayer. Let us not disdain this power to help which is placed in our hands by the Lord Himself.



# Ironing out the Wrinkles

By Eva J. De Marsh

A WOMAN who has suffered much lay dead. About her were grouped friends and children. None broke the solemn silence until at last one daughter exclaimed:

"Poor mother! Her life was one long series of unfulfilled hopes, but at the end it seemed that God had ironed out all the wrinkles."

Many a time have I pondered over that woman's words. The thought seemed such a beautiful, comforting one. Full of bitterness, full of sorrow, full of unfulfilled hopes, full of unanswered prayers though life seem to be, yet at the end God will smooth away all the wrinkles. Sometimes I think He loans us what He cannot give to us. Should it go from us, let us murmur not; rather let us thank Him that it was ours so long.

When our prayer seems to be unanswered, I believe it is not because the Father does not wish us to have what we ask for, but because too often in our impatience and hasty judgment we prevent the consummation of His plans. You say nothing can frustrate God's plans? Ah, but you are mistaken. He is all-powerful, it is true, but He has established certain inexorable laws, and he who violates those laws must needs tangle the web of life. Man is no puppet moved here and there by a higher will, but a free moral agent. Good and evil are before him; God shows him how to choose, but the choice must be of his own volition.

Yonder is your little child, standing before a blazing candle. You are wiser than he and you love him, so you say to the little one creeping toward the flame, "Baby must not touch it, it will hurt him." You might use your will and power to hold him back, but would that give him knowledge and strength? No, if curiosity or wilfulness still lead him on until the little hand feels the heat of the flame, he must suffer, but he has learned more than one lesson. Do you allow him to continue to suffer? By no means; you love and caress him and apply soothing remedies. So our Father deals with us, His children. Pain, sorrow, injustice, we must bear, but "God irons out all the wrinkles." Alas! that men should ever turn from the Great Healer when on the one hand are light and peace; on the other, utter darkness and hopeless misery.

God may take away from us, but never is there a loss without its accompanying compensation. The babe goes from the mother's arms, but in time other baby fingers press her breast, or, the mother-heart deprived of its one ewe lamb, opens wide at the gentle touch of some homeless and neglected little one.

Love fails of happy fruition in a woman's life and she becomes an angel of mercy in her own community or to the world.

Many a life filled with tragedy and blasted hopes turns to music, the pen or the brush, for surcease, and the world grows increasingly richer and better thereby.

Truly, though the sense of loss never die, though the scar still show where the wound has been, God knows how to smooth away the pain. "Never was night without a day." "Ever the wrong goes under, ever the right comes uppermost." In the light of Infinity's dawn is never a care, never a sorrow, never a cloud across the bright sky—naught but peace and love.

Often have I received help and inspiration from a woman who gained her heart's desire only to have it torn from her under circumstances which precluded even the possibility of respect for the dead one. With one cruel blow she fell from Paradise to Gethsemane, yet, through her little daughter, God saved her from the blackness of despair. Has this woman faltered or fainted on life's path? If so, only God knows it. The shadow lies on her heart, but because of it her life is so beautiful and helpful. To us who know and love her, fate seemed cruel, but God knew what was best. The influence of a noble life never dies. "There is no cross without its crown." The crushed flower gives out a sweeter, more far-reaching perfume; the bleeding heart is emblematic of a Father's love.

"God irons out the wrinkles," but must we wait for Him? Have we no part in His work? By the blazing torch at the martyr's stake, by every sacred spot where man has died for man, we answer Yes. By that tragedy on Calvary's holy mount, we say a thousand times Yes. Across the centuries sweeps the light of that high and holy sacrifice, God's un-

speakable gift to a lost world. Never shall its lesson be lost. Wherever the name of Christ is named, there will it prove symbolic of man's sacrifice for man and his devotion to his God. On the burning plains of India; in the lonely African jungle; on the ice-clad hills of the North; in the moral and physical leprosy of the Orient; on the broad prairies of the West; wherever man lives and toils and struggles for man, it shall prove symbolic of God's relation to him. Never a pain in your neighbor's heart, never a frown on his brow, never a curse on his lips, but there your duty lies. God wants the wrinkles of pain and anger, hatred and sin, smoothed from the soul of such; be you His able helpers.

The proud bearing, the haughty mien, oft cover the breaking heart; even behind the smile may lurk tragedy and disappointment. You remember the story of the Spartan boy and the fox?

"We none of us know one another, and oft into error we fall;

So let us speak well of our brother, or speak not about him at all."

Do not be chary of your love and sympathy. There are few of us who do not need them. How well I remember a child who prayed for death because of sorrow others had brought into her life and which her tiny hands could not right. To few, methinks, did it occur to connect tragedy with the quiet, timid little child, yet ever have the smiling mouth and the deep, dark eyes waged war.

## The Heights Within.

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

*Seek the broad view that overspans  
Your vale of doubt and thwarted plans,  
And hear what conversation thrills  
The summits of the herald hills.*

*Seek, at the noon of toil and care,  
The near and friendly heights of prayer;  
And through the passing mists descry  
God's steadfast lights in all the sky.*

*Within you are the hills that call  
Your spirit from the valley's thrall,  
Within, the courage that unbars  
The broader outlook to the stars.*

Let us not be too hasty in condemnation. God alone knows the human heart and where we see only broken moral law, He reads the story of many a battle fought in helpless agony.

A little while ago I passed some neglected street children. A little girl's dark eyes attracted me and I smiled at the little group. After I had passed I heard one poor little boy say, in an undertone, "Isn't she a nice lady?" How the pathos of it struck me. Only a smile into their hearts, and in their childish judgments I was "nice" and "a lady." Not flattery for me, dear friends, for the boy did not know I heard him, nor did it awaken foolish vanity, rather a sense of humility and regret that I should ever have given sparingly of the sunshine which costs so little. Sometimes I meet strangers on the street and they look so tired, careworn, troubled, that it does me good to see their faces brighten even for an instant at the message of cheer I send to their hearts. Many a sermon has my dear exalted mother preached by the light of her countenance. Often she did not know she was doing it, but good-will to her fellow-men was in every line of her face.

"To the sunny soul that is full of hope  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The sky is bright and the sun still shines,  
Though the wintry storm prevailleth."

Not always in this world does God make the crooked path straight for us, but be our lives what they may, let us go on in simple faith and trust, our hand in the Father's, sure that some day "We shall wrap the drapery of our couch about us and lie down to pleasant dreams."

## Prisms

BY JUDSON SWIFT

He that steadily climbs and holds his footing is near the summit of his endeavor.

There is no roughness in the road, if you are experiencing wholesome exercise, and finally attain the purpose of your journeying.

Whether you will or no, the pictures you have painted in the studio of your mind and heart are upon exhibition in the gallery of your daily life.

Our life fills to the brim and overflows, whenever we lay all down at the feet of Christ.

To be continuously at peace with one's self is to be at peace with all the world, and to be filled with an earnest desire to do good unto all men.

Humanity's greatest need is the consciousness that infinite love broods the universe. Love is all conquering; the triumphs of the Christ are love's victories; where love reigns, power and peace abound.

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## The Bird A-Wing

BY CORA S. DAY

"OH, what is the hurry? One might think there was not another hour in the day when you could do that just as well. You are so energetic," and a careless laugh followed the words spoken by the lazily protesting voice.

The one accused of energy turned smilingly from the thing in hand for a moment.

"That is just it. There isn't another hour in the day, or the week, or a lifetime, when this hour's duty can be done just as well. There isn't any hurry—you haven't seen me do any hurrying this morning—but there is no need to waste this hour, and leave its tasks undone." The answer came serene and unruffled, yet with a quiet emphasis behind the words and the smile which carried the rebuke home.

If an artist were given brushes and canvas, colors and palette, he would not think of doing such a foolish thing as tossing them aside and making no effort to use them. If a skilled architect were given plans for a beautiful building, he would be thought insane, if he threw them aside unused, and ran up some miserable shack, or did nothing. If an expert needle worker were presented with fine designs for embroidery, with silks and dainty stuffs to work them out, she would be considered queer indeed, if she deliberately snarled the skeins and threw aside the stuff upon which the designs were to be wrought.

And yet—somehow there are people who are doing things as foolish every day. It has been wisely, solemnly written:

"The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly—  
And lo, the Bird is on the wing."

Does it not seem only reasonable that we should be expected to do something worthy with the hours as they come, before they go?

Not that life must be a wild scramble of feverish, nervous, straining effort to "do things." Doing things is only one side of the question. Thinking things is another side. An hour of repose of body and soul, of silent communion with one's inner self, one's saner, silent, thoughtful self; with the writings of some good man or woman; with the words of the divine Book; with the high and holy thoughts that will come if we invite them and cultivate their acquaintance; this hour is worth many of hurried, unplanned effort that falls short because it did not aim straight and high.

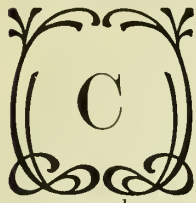
There is no hurry in the best living; but there is no idle, yawning waste of time in it either. Each hour brings its own particular part of the Divine Plan, for each individual. Happy indeed are those who see and hear; who are alert to the opportunities of the hour; who accept thankfully and gladly these blessings of time as they are portioned out, and who make the most of them.

The Bird of time is on the wing, tireless, un-resting; but for those who fill the hours as they should be filled, with serene joy and service, the flight will neither lag nor hasten too fast for them, but will keep perfect pace with their well-lived hours.



# The CULTURE of RELIGION

By Calvin Dill Wilson



CULTURE, so called, is in our time both much praised and much depreciated. On the one hand it is lauded as if it were the complete cure-all for the evils and imperfections of our human nature. On the other hand, it is belittled as if it had no value and were merely superficial and external, like veneer. We do not intend to discuss culture in itself, save incidentally and by way of illustration, nor to present culture as a substitute for religion, nor to suggest that religion is only a culture, but to indicate that religion in certain aspects is the highest form of culture, and that without religion there can be only a very incomplete and imperfect culture.

Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, which is looked on as the Moral Code of Christianity, sets before men a standard of conduct, thought and feeling which is nothing less than perfection itself. He tells us that as the Divine nature is perfect as the Divine nature, so the human nature is to be perfect in its own kind; that is that men and women are to aim not only at the good or the better but the best possible in their characters and lives. This is the ideal of the culture of Christianity, the perfection of our human nature, bringing men and women in all respects and in all parts of their being to their best.

Consider what culture is. In its simplest and original meaning it signified the tilling of the ground. Men ceased to live on wild game and wild fruits, seeds and herbs, and began to till the earth, learning step by step how to break up the soil and plant seeds, until in the place of scattered and wild heads of inferior grain, we have the cultivated field waving thick with a harvest, superior in quality and quantity to that which grew at random.

## The Meaning of Culture

The word and the idea of culture may be applied to all departments of human life. The distance between the cave, hut or tent of the savage or barbarous man, and a palace, a Gothic cathedral, a Greek temple, a modern business building or a modern home, represents the progress of man's culture in architecture. The difference between a rude sketch of some natural form made by primitive man on bone and a painting by Raphael indicates the progress of culture in the art of painting. The difference between a writing upon a piece of bark or papyrus or on a sheep's skin, and a modern book marks the progress of man's culture in book-making.

So in all the arts man has advanced from crude beginnings, step by step, to that which is better. Reasonable prophecies might be made in regard to further progress in all directions. All this may be included justly under the general name culture, as signifying the improved use of all man's powers and the improved use of the materials with which God has provided man in nature.

But the word culture is applicable not only to these broad fields of human advancement; it is commonly applied to the individual also. And it is often applied in a narrow and limited way, rather than to the whole of human nature. As applied to the mind, we are told by Matthew Arnold that culture consists "in knowing the best that man has said and has done." As applied to speech, it indicates conformity to the best usage. In external manners, it suggests a certain politeness, graciousness, geniality and freedom from boorishness. But in general use, culture does not go much further or deeper than these. It does not necessarily concern itself with anything further. When we stop to analyze what is commonly called culture and the regions of man's nature it touches and the effects it produces, we realize that merely "knowing the best that man has said and has done" does not bring human nature to perfection, nor does the adoption and use of polished manners carry man to perfection, nor does the mastery of any art nor any skill in carrying on any industry indicate a complete perfection of nature. A farm is not perfectly cultivated that has a large part given

over to stones and weeds, though a portion of it be carefully tended. Nor is a house well cared for in which two or three rooms are filled with luxuries, while the remainder is left in disorder. It is not therefore unnatural that many should be dissatisfied with what is called culture when it stands alone as an effort to bring human nature to perfection.

There is more in man than is reached by the touch of merely intellectual and external culture. There are wide and vital regions of his being that are left unchanged by it. While religion is not merely a culture, yet it has the effect of a culture, and it reaches and brings to perfection the parts of human nature that all other forces leave unchanged.

It has been said in regard to the theory that man needs only to be developed in order to be what he ought to be, that before one can be developed he must first be born. So before our nature can be brought to perfection, we need to be born from above, that is, to be under the power of the Divine Spirit. Before the cultivation of a farm is possible there must be seeds with life in them; so for spiritual perfection there must be spiritual life, which comes from God. The ideal of Christianity is a new creature in Christ with a new heart and a new life.

## The Culture of the Soul

But with the new nature comes the necessity of keeping on in Christian living, and of going on toward perfection. At this point, after the new birth, religion may be called a culture. There is constant need of all spiritual watchfulness, prayer, care and dependence upon God in order to keep on in the good way and to grow in grace. Yet some who have not given themselves to the religious life have a feeling that, while in all other departments of life culture is essential, somehow the soul, conscience and heart take care of themselves. Such people recognize that one's business affairs will not take care of themselves, but demand constant thought, planning, energy and toil. They recognize that in the things of the intellect, study and reading are needful, and that no one's mind will grow unless it is exercised. Yet they feel that the heart, the conscience and the soul can take care of themselves, and do not need culture.

That this is not the case, we have the witness of the Scriptures, the teaching of Christ, and in addition the testimony of great writers. Shakespeare declares: "Man is an unweeded garden." Man's heart, conscience and soul run to weeds unless tended, that is to say without spiritual culture. Tennyson, in his "Amphion," says:

"I must work through months of toil  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my proper patch of soil,  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall;  
I will not vex my bosom;  
Enough if at the end of all  
A little garden blossom."

Literature throughout bears constant testimony to the same effect, that the soul needs culture, that neglect of the spirit tends to degeneration. Sometimes people say they will "follow their conscience," and that they need nothing more. That is good, provided it is a Christian conscience, enlightened by God's Word. But all recognize that conscience may be perverted, hardened, seared and deadened, as it is affected by habit, custom and surroundings. A good conscience, illuminated by the Spirit of God, backed by a good life, is alone a safe guide. Plato likens many opinions to those of men sitting in a cave with their faces to the front and with a fire blazing behind them, and a procession of animals passing at their backs between them and the fire. They thus see the shadows of forms, but not the forms themselves. It is thus with the unenlightened conscience; it fails to see things as they are. It is sometimes said that the Golden Rule is enough without more religion. But why should we select one principle from Christ's teaching and say the rest is needless, and neglect the spirit and example of Christ in all other things? This is too narrow a view of duty.

## The Bible the Guide

For the culture of religion, the Bible is the guide. As some one has said, "As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, or a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakespeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible." This applies not only to conduct but to religion. The Bible is the great help to spiritual and religious culture.

The Church likewise is an agency of religious culture. Here is a perpetual reminder of the spiritual side of our nature and life and of the higher duties of man. A larger outlook is here afforded upon life than from street and market-place. We see ourselves as part of the great drama of life on the background of infinity, lighted by suns and stars. Light shines on us from above. The soul is awakened to its duties. Sin appears in its true colors and form, not as a flaw or an accident, but as moral rebellion against God. It stands as the destroyer of our best selves and the foe of the kingdom of God. The Church exists to persuade, to arouse, to enlighten with a heavenly light and to bring men under the reign of righteousness. It exists to teach men to seek their help in trouble and perplexity not from lower sources but from the divine, to lead into the life of the Spirit as against the lower life, and at last to bring them to God.

## Communion with God

The habit of communion with God forms a large part of the culture of the spirit of man. He would be a strange monstrosity who would go forth from earnest prayer to God to do evil deeds among his fellowmen or to ask God's blessing upon a crime or infamy. Instinctively we recognize the fact that devout communion with God elevates, purifies and re-enforces the spirit, so that one may go forth to live a truer and kindlier life. When Tennyson and a friend were one day looking upon marble busts representing Dante and Goethe, his friend asked the poet: "What is it in Dante's face that Goethe lacks?" and Tennyson quickly replied, "The divine." In one face was the outshining of a spiritual culture which the other had not.

Above all, to follow Christ, to obey Him, to love Him supremely, to be inspired daily by thought of Him, to refuse the ways He forbids, to choose the ways He enjoins, is to hasten toward the noblest culture, to have before us the highest ideal, and to come nearer and nearer to the perfection of our human nature. To be Christlike is the supreme attainment.

## The Supreme Culture

As we study the teachings of Christ, we cannot fail to see that these truths and principles make toward what our deepest selves acknowledge to be supreme culture. One may be beautiful as a Greek statue, gifted with genius, mannered like a prince, environed with all the luxuries of a palace, yet if within is an impure heart, an unscrupulous conscience, a perverted intellect and selfish and narrow motives, we declare such a man to be a whited sepulcher.

On the other hand, when we see a plain, obscure man, untutored in the ways of the world, but find within him truth, honor, purity, a generous loving heart, a mind set upon duty and truth, a good conscience, and a Christlike life, we recognize that such a man is in the deepest sense nearer to perfection.

"Make the tree good and the fruit will be good." Jesus said. In our right aspiration after human perfection, in the quest of this great age after splendor, luxury, intellectual and social attainment, knowledge, science, art, success in achievement, the free and rounded development of life, the building of talents, character, and the winning of place and power among men, let us not forget that we can attain our best estate only through the divine influences that renew the heart, enlighten the conscience and redeem the soul from sin.

The divinely renewed heart, the new creature in Jesus Christ, with the life within the branch that comes from the great Vine, then becomes the source of right actions, of noble influences, of truth, of sincerity, love, helpfulness, light and Christlikeness. Let therefore our first aspirations be that prayer of the noble soul, who yearned for better things, though he knew not the Christ, "O God, make me beautiful within."



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## Editorial

### The Evangelistic Note

At this season of the year there is a special em-  
phasis upon evangelistic work in many communi-  
ties throughout our land. In Brooklyn, New York,  
a great campaign has been waged for the past four  
weeks under the leadership of Dr. J. Wilbur Chap-  
man, and concerted evangelistic efforts have also  
been made in other parts of our country.

While it is impossible to estimate fully the benefi-  
cent influence of these evangelistic movements or  
to tabulate completely their final results, there are  
some things that are worthy of mention as char-  
acteristic of true evangelism everywhere.

The evangelistic note lays a strong emphasis  
upon the fundamental verities of our Christian  
faith. The truths of the Gospel are pressed home  
with an earnestness and directness which compel the  
attention of every hearer. The vital doctrines of the  
Christian faith, such as the Atonement, the New  
Birth, Conversion, Justification and Sanctification,  
are presented in such a way as to invite the  
thoughtful consideration of each listener. The  
grounds for belief in the Christian theory of sal-  
vation as set forth in the Scriptures are clearly es-  
tablished, and the inspiration and authority of the  
Bible are maintained as bulwarks of the Church.

A valuable characteristic of the evangelistic note  
is the emphasis which it places upon the duty and  
privilege of witnessing for the Master. In the  
leading article which appears in this issue of our  
paper, Mr. William Phillips Hall, the honored  
President of the American Tract Society, sets  
forth in a most masterly way the duty and obliga-  
tion which rests upon every Christian in view of  
the Great Commission to be a witness for Christ,  
and in all his evangelistic work Mr. Hall is con-  
stantly emphasizing this great yet often overlooked  
principle. Every successful evangelist knows the  
value of Christian testimony, and no evangelistic  
effort can really succeed without this element of  
personal witnessing for Christ.

Another helpful feature in evangelistic work is  
the emphasis that is placed upon Christian song.  
Dr. Chapman has associated with himself a Gospel  
singer of wonderful power in the person of Mr.  
Charles M. Alexander, and those of an older gen-  
eration will remember how the sweet-voiced Sankey  
reinforced the evangelistic efforts of Dwight L.  
Moody. It is a fine thing to put a new song into  
the lips of humanity, and there is abundant evi-  
dence that the ministry of song is one of the most  
powerful agents which God uses for the regenera-  
tion of human hearts.

What shall we say of the fruits of evangelism?  
The test of every movement is found in the results  
that follow. Jesus Himself said, "By their fruits  
ye shall know them." So with the evangelistic  
movement the great question is what kind of a har-  
vest does it produce? Sometimes the results of an  
evangelistic campaign are apparently small and in-  
significant. The tabulated returns are meager, and  
there is a feeling of disappointment. Under such  
circumstances, let us always remember that if the  
Gospel seed has been faithfully sown, God Himself  
will care for the results. One may sow the seed,  
another water it, and still another reap the harvest.

One thing is certain, the evangelistic note is  
what is most needed at the present day. Evangelism  
has brought to the world large blessing and abun-  
dant spiritual harvests in years gone by, and there  
is every reason to believe that faithful and sincere  
evangelistic efforts at the present time will result  
in large good, both to the Christian Church and to  
the community.

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### Foreign Cash Appropriation

SEVERAL cash appropriations have recently been  
made by the American Tract Society, and the re-  
mittances thus authorized have been sent to foreign  
mission stations abroad. The amounts transmitted  
have varied from fifty to five hundred dollars, and  
a score of mission stations have thus been aided to  
produce Christian literature in the vernacular.

The points to which these foreign cash appro-  
priations have been sent are as follows: the Religious  
Tract Society in Paris, France; the Austrian Mis-  
sion of the American Board in Prague, Bohemia;  
the Italian Evangelical Publication Society in  
Florence, Italy; the Methodist Mission in Rome,  
Italy; the Asiatic Turkey Mission of the American  
Board; the Mission of the United Presbyterian  
Church in Cairo, Egypt; the East Central Africa  
Baptist Mission at Nellore, India; the Arcot Mis-  
sion Press in Beirut, Syria; the Arabian Mission  
of the Reformed Church; the American Presby-  
terian Mission in Urumia, Persia; the North India  
Christian Tract and Book Society at Allahabad;  
the Madura Mission of the American Board; the  
Baptist Mission at Nellore, India; the Arcot Mis-  
sion of the Reformed Church; the Amoy Mission  
in China; the Chinese Religious Tract Society; the  
North Fuhkien Religious Tract Society at Foo-  
chow, China; the Presbyterian Mission in Canton,  
China; and the Japan Book and Tract Society at  
Tokyo.

### Our New German Editor

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY announces with  
deep satisfaction that Rev. Henry W. Seibert, Ph.D.,  
Pastor of the First German Presbyterian Church,  
of Newark, N. J., has been selected as Editor of the  
*Amerikanischer Botschafter und Deutscher Volks-  
freund*, the well-known religious monthly periodi-  
cal, which has been published by the Society for  
the past sixty-four years.

Dr. Seibert is the immediate successor of the  
late Dr. Ferdinand O. Zesch, who edited the *Ameri-  
kanischer Botschafter* from November, 1902, until  
the time of his recent death. Dr. Seibert's connec-  
tion with the paper, however, began during the life-  
time of his able and distinguished father, Rev.  
George C. Seibert, D.D., who was for thirty-seven  
years the Editor of that periodical.

Dr. Henry W. Seibert brings to his task as Edi-  
tor of the paper with which his father was so long  
connected a love for the work and an adaptability  
for it, which give bright promise for its future  
success. He has inherited his father's taste for  
writing, and his own scholarship and ripe experi-  
ence in the Christian ministry combine to give him  
a special fitness for the position to which he has  
been called.

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### To Check the Opium Traffic

It is a matter for heartfelt congratulation that  
China seems to be making a serious effort to rid  
herself of the opium traffic, which has proved such  
a curse to the people of that great empire. Re-  
ports from Rev. E. W. Thwing of the International  
Reform Bureau, whose present headquarters are at  
Tientsin, China, give us the assurance that the  
Chinese themselves are making strenuous exertions  
to rid themselves of this evil. A special imperial  
edict has been issued, commanding a speedy sup-  
pression of this trade. Already photographs have  
appeared, showing the wholesale destruction in the  
open streets, of opium pipes and other parapher-  
nalia used by the devotees of this obnoxious prac-  
tice, and it is evident that a great reform is now in  
progress. Meanwhile a petition is being signed by  
thousands, which is to be presented to the King of  
England, praying him to use his influence with the  
Indian Government to prevent the exportation of  
this drug.

Another hopeful sign upon the horizon is the  
calling by President Taft, of an "International  
Conference for the Suppression of the Opium  
Evil," which is to meet at the Hague on May 30th.

In view of all these promising indications, it is  
to be hoped that the opium evil will soon be ef-  
fectively checked.

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### "Daily Food"

AMONG the most helpful little books ever pub-  
lished by the American Tract Society is that en-  
titled "Daily Food." It has been a source of com-  
fort and strength to thousands and thousands of  
readers, and no one can measure the good which  
it has accomplished. A recent tribute to its value  
and helpfulness has come from the Rev. John A.  
Ingham, Minister of the Second Reformed Church  
of New Brunswick, N. J., who writes to the Gen-  
eral Secretary of the Tract Society as follows:

"I learned something to-day which I feel I ought  
to tell you. One of my parishioners died this morn-  
ing in her eighty-third year. Before me lies a  
little book about three inches long, two inches  
wide, and one inch thick. On the title page I read,  
'Daily Food for Christians, Being a Promise and  
Another Scripture Portion for Every Day in the  
Year, Together with the verse of a hymn.'

"This book is said to have been in the possession  
of the deceased for nearly, if not quite, seventy-  
five years. She loved to read it, and continued to  
do so, I believe, up to the last. I have thought  
that you would be glad to know how far the rays  
of this little candle have reached."



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

MARCH 5

## Lessons from Great Lives Moses

Exodus 3:1-14

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Feb. 27. In God's school. Acts 7:20-30.  
T., Feb. 28. The call. Ex. 3:1-10.  
W., Mar. 1. Divine strength. Ex. 3:11-20.  
Th., Mar. 2. Great renunciation. Heb. 11:24, 27.  
F., Mar. 3. Great leadership. Deut. 34:1-7.  
S., Mar. 4. Great reward. Heb. 11:25.

Jews and Christians alike unite in ranking Moses as one of the greatest men in history. He was certainly the greatest man in Old Testament history. His greatness rests not alone upon what he did, but also upon what he was. He was great in character.

It is always interesting and instructive when we can know how any one came to be either great or good. Moses was both, and the secret of both is authoritatively revealed in the New Testament words: "For he endured as seeing him who is invisible." In other words, he had faith; he lived and moved and had his being under one constantly controlling principle, that of faith in God.

### Faith Seeing

Our first thought is regarding his exercise of faith. It was in "seeing." It was, like all faith, in seeing the "invisible." His faith had all the force of a new sense, and he saw Him who is invisible to those who have no faith.

How was his faith produced? For one thing, Moses was a child of faith and prayer. His parents had strong faith under very trying circumstances. It was through faith they were enabled to preserve their child from the death threatened by Pharaoh. Thus the first three months of Moses' life were spent in the atmosphere of a mother's faith. At the close of this period the faith of Jochebed got fresh impulse and a heavenly direction, which was an intimation of God's future purpose. The obedience of her faith was beautiful. At God's bidding she could at one time conceal her child and at another time expose him to the double dangers of the crocodiles of the Nile and the officers of Pharaoh's guard. Jochebed was justified by faith, and only faith would justify the steps she took, while the issue shows the signal honor God puts upon faith. Afterward when Pharaoh's daughter said to her: "Take this child and nurse it for me," Jochebed again heard the voice of God in the charge, while it vouchsafed the passing of Moses' early days under the influence of a mother's piety, faith and prayer.

Early impressions produced in such circumstances were indelible. These deepened with time and developed in the calmness of manhood until Moses by a mature faith of his own "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Think of the constancy of Moses' faith. It was a "seeing him who is invisible," a continued, constant exercise of this vision. Moses saw God not only upon the mountain and in the cloud, but in every place and in every event. His faith proved itself to be principle, not impulse. Changes in his circumstances and needs only proved the unchangeableness of his faith.

### Faith Results in Conduct

Moses had the seeing power of faith; but what sort of conduct did it result in? He "endured." That is the word that is used. "He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." That is what faith-sight is for: to cause us to endure.

Every day of Moses' life manifested the sustaining power of the invisible God. An unseen hand beckoned, and he followed. An unseen arm sustained him. An unseen Friend walked beside him. "He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible," and thus living with God he was living for the glory of God and the good of souls.

MARCH 12

## First Aid for the Tempted

Heb. 2:14-18

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Mar. 6. Aid in despair. 1 Kings 19:4-8.  
T., Mar. 7. Angel aids. Matt. 4:11; Heb. 1:14.  
W., Mar. 8. Aid in prayer. Matt. 6:13.  
Th., Mar. 9. Aid in promise. Luke 10:19.  
F., Mar. 10. Aid by resistance. Jas. 4:7.  
S., Mar. 11. Aid by watchfulness. 1 Cor. 10:9-13.

### The Power of Temptation

Cæsius of Heisterboch relates that Philip, a great necromancer, once took a company of Swabian and Bavarian youths to a lonely place and entertained them, at their request, with his incantations. He drew a circle around them with his sword, and warned them not to leave it on any account. By his first incantation he surrounded them with armed men, who dared them to conflict, but none were lured forth. By his second enchantment he surrounded them with a company of beautiful dancing damsels, who tried every power of attraction upon them. A nymph, whose beauty exceeded all others, advanced to one of the young men and wrought with such effect upon him that he forgot the restrictions and stretched forth his finger beyond the circle to receive the ring which she proffered. She at once seized him and drew him after her. It was not till after much trouble that the necromancer was able to recover him.

If we yield to temptation even a little there is no telling where it will end. "When ruin starts it rushes;" our only safety is in keeping well within the line of right.

### Temptation not Sin

Temptation itself is not sin. Christ was "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." We must beware of this trap Satan sets, trying to discourage us. He aims to lead us into Despair Castle, to get us each to say to ourselves: "How very sinful I must be to have such evil thoughts." Temptation is not sin until yielded to. Evil thoughts are not personally sinful unless cherished and delighted in. If we hate and put away the evil thoughts Satan sends we are not sinning but growing in grace and in power to resist.

Temptation itself is not defeat. To see an enemy is not to be beaten by him. Yet to how many of our temptations—quick temper, sharp speech, slothfulness—we surrender at once, saying: "Oh, it's my nature. I can't help it!" Shame on us, to give up without a struggle. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

### Temptation is Opportunity

Temptation is opportunity. It is opportunity to exercise the divine prerogative of choice. It is opportunity to exercise and develop the soul. Every time we win a battle with evil we are made stronger to win another, and so on.

Yet temptation is such a dangerous thing that we are to be very careful to avoid all presumption toward it. The result of testings that come in the line of duty may be good for us, but we are not to seek temptations; but wisely and cautiously avoid them. If a temptation can be honorably avoided, it is far better to do so; it is likely to save some lifetime scars from the moral nature.

### Avoid Compromises

So dangerous a thing is temptation that we should carefully avoid all compromises with it. Of two evils do not choose the least. Choose neither. Even very little sins may work great destruction. A pilot who steers half a point wrong may place his ship directly on the rocks. The beginnings of sin are always small. The divergence of half a point from strict truthfulness may strand us upon the ledge of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty and we are steering for the rocks of crime. One of the preëminent evils of little sins is that they so readily make way for greater sins.

MARCH 19

## The Dangers and Uses of Money

Prov. 11:24; 1 Tim. 6:17-19

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Mar. 13. Avarice. Heb. 13:5; Eccl. 5:10.  
T., Mar. 14. Indifference. Deut. 8:11-18.  
W., Mar. 15. Pomp. 1 John 1:15-17.  
Th., Mar. 16. Use in trade. Matt. 20:14-29.  
F., Mar. 17. Benevolence. Acts 4:35-37.  
S., Mar. 18. The Kingdom. Ex. 35:29-31.

I suppose we are all at times inclined to wish that we were rich. We are quite sure that it would be of great advantage to us in many ways—and possibly it would. The fact is that the Bible, quite contrary to a prevalent impression, never says anything whatever against the desirability of the possession of money. It does point out that the inordinate and unlawful love of money is a root of all sorts of evil; but it does not condemn either money or the possession of it. Indeed, it agrees exactly with a sentiment well expressed by Sir Bulwer Lytton when he said: "Never treat money affairs with levity, for money is character." We all recognize that money is character; that how a man uses money—how he makes it, how he saves it, how he spends it—provides one of the very best tests of his practical wisdom and soundness of heart. Money is certainly among God's many and good and perfect gifts, and is a good thing to possess.

But however desirable a thing it may be to have money there is nevertheless great lack of likelihood that we will get it in any very large quantities, and therefore it must prove a comforting and very practical thing for us to know that it is possible for us all to be rich without money. The fact is that money alone can never make people rich. A man might starve to death, body, mind and soul, surrounded by money. People are rich or poor according to what they are, not according to what they have. We are rich when we can say with Lord Collingwood: "Let others plead for pensions; I can be rich without money, by endeavoring to be superior to everything poor."

He is rich whose mind is rich. Some one has described the mind as "Infinite riches in a little room." "Tis mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "My mind to me a kingdom is, such present joys therein I find," exclaims Sir Edward Dyer. Now, these expressions are not extravagant. There are riches of intellect; and no one with intellectual tastes and accomplishments can be called poor. Many of the best things in life are open to all people alike whose minds are alert to the enjoyment of them. A man viewing life in this way says: "Why should I scramble and struggle to get possession of a little portion of this earth? This is my world now; why should I envy others in mere legal possession? It belongs to him who can see it and enjoy it." The man who has no money may be called poor, but the man who has nothing but money is poorer still. "Do you know, sir," said a devotee of mammon to John Bright, "that I am worth a million pounds sterling?" "Yes," said the irritated but calm-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth." Let us be sure of this, that if five million dollars is all that a man is worth, then he is not worth very much.

### Heart Millionaires

He is rich whose heart is rich. No man is rich, however much money or land he may possess, who has a poor heart. If that is poor, he is poor indeed, wretchedly poor, as poor as old Scrooge himself, though he may own as much gold as Cæsus. But the man whose heart is rich, who loves truly, and therefore is truly loved—oh, how rich he is!

Again, he is rich who is rich in integrity. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor than silver and gold;" while millions of money look trilling alongside of character.

MARCH 26

## A Missionary Journey Around the World: III. Missions in the United States (West)

Isa. 62:1-12

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Mar. 20. Temple-building. Zech. 6:9-17.  
T., Mar. 21. Nation-building. Zech. 2:10-13.  
W., Mar. 22. Growth of the Kingdom. Ps. 72:16-19.  
Th., Mar. 23. Triumph of good. Matt. 13:33.  
F., Mar. 24. The messengers. 1 Cor. 2:1-6.  
S., Mar. 25. The task. Tit. 3:1-9.

Home missions is a synonym for patriotism, for progress, for prosperity and for the perpetuity of the nation. In our missionary journey we have come to the Western part of the United States. This is a very beautiful part of the world, yet it has many perils and needs for the gospel. The Mormons constitute a peril that hangs over not a few of the Western States; and in proportion as they gain influence there, they will become a peril to the entire country. The casual visitor, or the superficial observer is likely to be deceived concerning the true character of Mormonism. An intelligent idea of its present status can only be obtained by a thorough investigation of its past history and the spirit and policy of its leaders. It is a great despotism within our republic. It is a moral blot on our civilization.

The Indians constitute an important Gospel field in the West. How long shall the reproach rest upon us that we have dollars by the thousands for our pleasures, while hosts of those who were the first possessors of our country, who first roamed through its forests and loved its mountains before ever the eye of the white man rested upon their beauty and grandeur, who are in very truth the only native Americans, are still so largely in darkness? The great Sioux nation, the Nez Percés, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles all have claims on us for the gospel. And we owe it to them, if for no other reason because we have taken so much from them. The Shivwit Indians, in Southern Utah, are in a most uncivilized condition. The Pueblo Indians, of other blood, found in New Mexico and Arizona, have a peculiar interest to the antiquarian and ethnologist; but they have also a peculiar claim upon us for the knowledge of the saving grace of Christ. The Pima and Papago Indians, occupying a considerable portion of Southern Arizona, are remarkably peace loving and open to our influence. They claim that they never have been at war with the Government and have never shed the blood of a white man. In Northern Arizona is another interesting tribe—the Navaho Indians, numbering about 28,000. Though they have considerable possessions, yet they live in a poor and primitive way, and need the uplift of the Gospel.

The Chinese and Japanese are found in such numbers in the West that they afford a noble opportunity to the church. Their presence brings foreign missions to our very doors. They need to be reached for their own sakes. But it is doubly important that they shall be reached because so many of them return. If they return as Christians they become missionaries in their own countries.

Our great West, especially the Northwest, is an immense agricultural region, one of the richest in the world. In the agricultural regions we have still a frontier and there is frontier work for the church to do. Pioneer life has many perils. There is peril in its very isolation. There is peril in the lowering of the restraints of society and custom. Nowhere in our country are good habits more sorely tested than in the mining and agricultural regions of the West. Vast regions of the West are being rendered especially productive by the Government's enormous irrigation works. By operations still more gigantic let us see that the Church brings to these vast regions the Water of Life.



Exposition of the  
International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph. D.

MARCH 5

## Elijah Goes up by a Whirlwind to Heaven

2 Kings 2:1-18

GOLDEN TEXT. Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him. Gen. 5:24.

We come now to the concluding scene in the earthly life of the great prophet, whose career we have followed during the last four lessons.

The assumption of Elijah occurred probably about six years after the episode of Naboth's vineyard, which was told in our last lesson. During this period Elijah devoted himself almost entirely to the training of the younger men who were enrolled in the schools of the prophets. Only once did he come forth into public prominence, and that was on the occasion when King Ahaziah invoked aid of Baal, instead of turning to Jehovah, and thus brought down upon himself the anathema of the prophet of the Lord.

### Elisha with Elijah

Elijah's last hours upon earth were spent with his disciple Elisha, upon whom he had already thrown his prophetic mantle. Elisha on his part had accepted the divine intimation thus given, and had become an ardent and devoted follower of the great prophet to whom he looked as to a spiritual father. Elisha's persistence in remaining with Elijah is a striking feature of Elijah's last hours, and suggests in its outcome the reward that comes to those who abide faithful in loving ministry upon God's servants.

Peculiar interest always attaches to the last things in the life of any great man. So the crossing of the Jordan River by an act of miraculous power, which reminds us strongly of Moses crossing the Red Sea and Joshua crossing the Jordan, is well worthy of notice.

It is characteristic of Elijah's career that miracles seemed to be his constant credentials as a representative of the true God.

### Elisha's Request

It was a striking though often a misunderstood request which Elisha made of Elijah in response to the latter's bidding: "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee."

The gift of a double portion of Elijah's spirit did not mean, as it is often mistakenly interpreted, that Elisha should become twice as great a prophet as Elijah. The request was based upon the Deuteronomic provision that a father may, if he so desire, give a double portion to a first-born son, so that he may have twice as much as each of the other sons. So Elisha asks that he may receive "such a blessing as will show that he is esteemed as the dearest member of that band (the sons of the prophets) whom Elijah had most trusted."

### The Assumption of Elijah

The manner of Elijah's departure from this earth was in fitting accord with his life. He had had a rugged, strenuous career and he had walked in close company with Jehovah through all the days of his prophetic activity. Hence it was most appropriate that he should ascend to heaven in a blaze of glory, and that manifest tokens should be vouchsafed of God's presence with him in his passing away.

### Lessons from a Great Life

Elijah was a man of great faith. The mantle which he used with such wonderful results was but the outward symbol of an inward faith, which God honored by enabling him to triumph over the greatest obstacles and to win the most signal victories.

Elijah was a man of great courage. He dared to stand on Mount Carmel alone, and to a certain extent he stood solitary and alone throughout his whole prophetic career. It required true courage to maintain this attitude, and Elijah assuredly showed heroic qualities in so doing.

MARCH 12

## Elisha the Prophet Restores a Child to Life

2 Kings 4:8-37

GOLDEN TEXT. The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. 6:23.

In the story of the Shunamite women we have one of the most beautiful idylls of the Scriptures. It gives us a picture of home life and of social conditions which is valuable both as a means of understanding the environment in which Elisha lived, and as suggestive of the spirit which should prevail in every home at the present day.

### The Spirit of Hospitality

Hospitality was one of the most striking characteristics of the home in Shunem, where Elisha, the man of God, always felt himself at ease. The Shunamite, however, was not content simply to extend the ordinary hospitality which is always prevalent in the East, but she and her husband made for their guest a prophet's chamber, which was duly furnished and set apart for Elisha's special use.

### A Home Greatly Blessed

Elisha was not unmindful of the kindness showed him in this home in Shunem, and in return for the Shunamite's hospitality he desired to show her some special favor. First he offered to speak for her to the king or the captain of the host, but with quiet decision she replied, "I dwell among mine own people." Then, having been reminded by his servant Gehazi of the lack of children in her home, he promised her the advent of a son, which promise was in due time fulfilled. It may readily be imagined that the child born under these remarkable circumstances was especially dear to the mother's heart, and we may infer from the narrative that she regarded her first-born as a special gift from God.

### A Sore Affliction

Several years had now passed away, and the Shunamite's son had grown up to be quite a lad. One day he went forth with his father into the field where the reapers were at work, and there in the hot noon-day sun he suffered what appears to have been a fatal case of sunstroke. He was carried home, we are told, and died upon his mother's knees. Then she went up, and laid him on the bed of the Prophet Elisha, and shut the door upon him, and went out.

### Divine Aid

In her sore bereavement the Shunamite did not hesitate for a moment as to where to turn for help. She knew that Elisha was at Mount Carmel, and there she went in hot haste that she might seek help from the man of God.

Not in vain did the Shunamite turn to the prophet of Jehovah at the very moment of her sad affliction. Elisha responded immediately to her call, and by the divine blessing he was enabled to restore her son to full health.

### Some Practical Teachings

There should be a prophet's chamber in every home. In other words there should always be room for the representatives of the Kingdom of God within our dwelling. We may not be able literally to follow the example of the woman of Shunem in setting a room apart for the servants of the Lord, but we should always cherish the same hospitable spirit that she showed.

Christian hospitality always has a beneficent reflex influence. The woman of Shunem was more than amply repaid for her kindness toward the prophet of the Lord, and since her day many who have entertained strangers have found afterward that they had entertained angels unawares.

God who is the Giver is also the Restorer of life. It was solely through the divine power that Elisha brought back the Shunamite's son to life. Let us note, too, that this power was given to Elisha in answer to prayer.

MARCH 19

## Defeat Through Drunkenness

1 Kings 20:12-21

GOLDEN TEXT. It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink. Prov. 31:4.

The International Committee have made an excellent selection in designating this as the Temperance Lesson for the quarter, "not only because the final defeat of the invaders was partly through drunkenness, but also because the whole campaign may be used as an allegory of the great temperance warfare."

### The Invasion of Benhadad

The invasion of Benhadad, king of Syria, took place in the reign of Ahab, during the latter part of Elijah's mission. Benhadad gathered together the thirty-two kings of the smaller tribes allied to his kingdom, and made an overpowering raid upon Israel, scattering devastation wherever he went.

Ahab made vain attempts to placate the invader, but his abject submission only aroused greater rapacity on the part of the invading tyrant, until at last Ahab felt compelled to resist any further demands. Benhadad then threatened to annihilate the army of Israel, and Ahab replied with the proverb, "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off."

### The Invader Repelled

The lesson tells us in a vivid way the story of Benhadad's defeat. The king of Syria and his attendant kings were carousing in their tents when the brave band of the princes of the provinces of Israel made their unexpected attack. They were thrown into instant confusion, and soon the whole Syrian host were put to rout, and Benhadad himself narrowly escaped with his life.

### The Campaign against King Alcohol

Benhadad may well stand as the type of King Alcohol, against whom a more vigorous campaign is now being urged than at any previous time in the world's history. The havoc wrought by the Syrian invaders represents but in a faint way the destruction wrought by the forces of intemperance. The adherents of the liquor traffic seem to be as numerous as were the followers of King Benhadad. Yet a still more glorious victory than that which the Israelites achieved is surely awaiting the temperance forces.

Science is now enlisted as a foe to the liquor traffic, and in a recent issue of the *Sunday-school Times*, Dr. Matthew Woods makes the following startling declaration:

"From time immemorial the world has been cautioned against the immoderate use of intoxicants. A present movement, however, based upon careful scientific experiments, and instituted to discover the definite physiological effects of alcohol merely, declares that any use of it, even the most moderate, as a remedy or as a beverage, is never beneficial, but always to some more or less extent injurious, and always causing either near or remote deterioration.

"Formerly this would have been considered rampant conjecture, impossible of confirmation, the view held by a few extreme advocates of total abstinence. But now the investigators, themselves mostly dietary drinkers—drinking at meals, as is the common Continental custom—merely as pathologists, physiologists, psychologists, clinicians, and therapists have shown by certain ingenious experiments, aided by measuring instruments of precision, that without exception the *smallest* quantity of alcohol, like the glass or two of light wine at dinner or at a social gathering, is always injurious and never beneficial. The men who for some years have been pursuing this line of investigation are notably Schnyder and Dubois of Bern, Switzerland, Knapelin of the University of Munich, Martin Mayer of Heidelberg, Hellsten of Helsingfors, and Aschaffenberg of Munich."

MARCH 26

## Review

GOLDEN TEXT. Happy is that people whose God is the Lord. Psalm 144:15.

### The Kingdom Divided

This lesson presented the story of a royal fool, and showed how through his reckless and headstrong course he lost half his kingdom. Rehoboam's experience illustrates the evil effect of bad counsel, and teaches us to seek after the companionship of the wise.

### Jeroboam Makes Idols

In this lesson we learned how the first ruler of the northern kingdom made idols for Israel to worship. This act was a shrewd attempt on the part of Jeroboam to wean the affections of the people from the sacred shrines of Jehovah in Judah, but it sounded the spiritual death knell of the kingdom.

### Asa's Good Reign in Judah

The story of Asa's reign brings to us the record of an era of reform. Both in the opening years of his reign and at a later period he sought to repress the evil and to exalt the good.

### Omri and Ahab

Sad is the record of the reigns of Omri and Ahab, who led the people of Israel into greater sin than they had yet known. The story of their careers may well serve as "lighthouses on the sea of life, warning us from the rocks on which so many are wrecked."

### Jehoshaphat's Good Reign

In Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, we have the story of a patriot reformer, who carried forward to a larger fulfillment the good work begun by his father Asa. Jehoshaphat's activity in reform may well stir us to greater zeal in the cause of missions.

### Elijah the Prophet Appears

The appearance of Elijah in Israel marked the advent of the most majestic figure among the prophets of the Old Testament. The manner in which he was sustained by the ravens at the Brook Cherith and by the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil in the home of the widow of Zarephath furnishes a striking illustration of God's care for His own.

### Elijah's Victory

Elijah's victory over the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel is perhaps the most dramatic event in the history of Israel. The great teaching of this lesson is the importance of a right choice.

### Elijah's Flight and Return

In this lesson we saw Elijah as a prisoner in the dungeon of Giant Despair. The story of how he escaped may teach us how to cure despondency, through coming into more intimate communion with God.

### Elijah Meets Ahab in Naboth's Vineyard

The story of Ahab's seizure of Naboth's vineyard and the doom which this act brought upon him may well serve as a warning against covetousness.

### Elijah Goes Up by a Whirlwind

Elijah was taken up into heaven in a way that well befitted the close of a noble and heroic life. He still lives, and so does every true and faithful servant of God, who has gone to an heavenly reward.

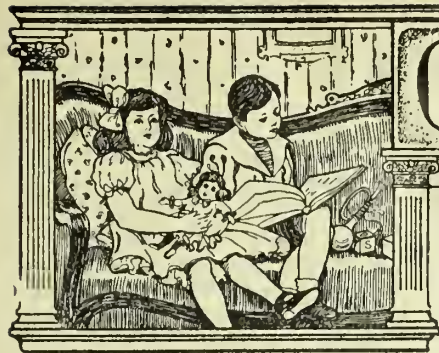
### Elisha Restores a Child to Life

The presence of a prophet is a life-bringing element in every community. Elisha brought life to the stricken child of the Shunamite. The Son of God has brought the gift of eternal life to every one that will believe on Him.

### Defeat Through Drunkenness

Intemperance brings sure defeat both to the individual and the nation that yield to its insidious temptation. Total abstinence is the only safe course, if we would be victors in the battle of life.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



have seen or heard of," I thought I would write. I think the sky is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. It is also created by God's hand, which makes it prettier.

Your loving niece,  
HAZEL I. STILES.

## A Quaint Old Town

DELFT is a quaint old town in the Netherlands, which was founded about a thousand years ago. Throughout the place there are canals which are beautifully shaded with trees, and one of these is shown in the attractive picture which appears on this page.

In former times a kind of earthenware was made here, which was known as Delft-ware, and was an imitation of Chinese and Japanese porcelains. This industry, which had almost been forgotten, is now being revived.

There are many famous buildings in Delft, and like other towns in Holland it is kept very neatly, for the Dutch people are very clean, and can not bear to have dirt in their homes or around their houses.

There is a famous church in Delft many hundreds of years old, which has a lofty tower containing five hundred bells.

A Pennsylvania boy who lives in Glenshaw, Allegheny County, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and I hope to see it in print. The most interesting thing I ever saw was an illustrated lecture on "The Yellowstone Park," which told about the "Blue Paint Pots," the "Brown Biscuit Pans," the large geysers, etc.

STANLEY MCCLELLAND.



A STREET IN THE TOWN OF DELFT

From Brockport, N. Y., has come the following letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am twelve years old. I have twin brothers fourteen years old. My grandma takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and I always look forward to it to see the Little Folks' page. The most beautiful thing I can remember is a picture of the Madonna. Mother got it for Christmas. The light was just lovely over Mary's head, and the dear little baby Jesus in her arms was so pretty. With love to my little cousins.

FRANCES W. BIRDSALL.

You have named something very beautiful as your choice, Frances, and surely any picture such as you have described must be worth having.

Besides all the letters we have already printed on this interesting subject there are several others which must be kept over for another month. We are delighted to have heard from so many boys and girls, and we should like to hear from many more.

## Our Mail Bag

In addition to the letters which have been written in answer to the question, "What is the Most Beautiful Thing in the World?" there are several others in Our Mail Bag, and we will now turn our attention to these.

The first letter has come from South Omaha, Neb., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have been reading the AMERICAN MESSENGER for a long time. I like to read Our Little Folks' page. This is my first letter. I have one brother. His name is Albert. He is seven years old. I am nine years old. I am in the third B grade in school. I go to Lincoln School. Miss Burne is my teacher. I like her very much. Well, I am afraid my letter will crowd the rest of the letters so that they cannot be in print. With love, and wishing all the little folks and Uncle Harry a Happy New Year,

MERYLL GROTHOR.

Here is a letter from Middletown, N. Y., for which we are glad to find a place on our Little Folks' page:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is the first time I have written for Our Little Folks' page. I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. I have been to school every day. Our schoolhouse is a beautiful brick building. It has three rooms with three teachers. I take the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and have a lovely teacher. Please leave a little room for my letter, as I haven't written before. I will close, with love to the little folks.

BERTHA GREY.

A little girl in California writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old, and in the fourth grade. I live in Cndde-back. My teacher's name is Mrs. Fletcher. My papa has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for twelve years. I go to Sunday-school in the summer time; in the winter time our Sunday-school is closed. With love to all the little folks.

Your little niece,

RUBY MEIGS.

We are glad to receive this pleasant letter from you, Ruby, and to know that our paper has been going into your home for so many years. Some day we hope that you may have Sunday-school all the year round.

Another California letter has come from a little girl in Compton, who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old. I go to a country school. I love to go to Sunday-school. I live ten miles from Los Angeles, and about ten miles from the ocean. I love to go to the beach. Papa has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for nine years. Love to Uncle Harry.

Your new niece,

JOSIE DAETWEILER.

One of our circle of little folks, who lives in New Jersey, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my second letter. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. My school teacher's name is Miss Potter, and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Meeker. There are over fifty in our Sunday-school. We have a baby brother. He is the cutest little boy. His name is David Berger Brower.

Your loving niece,

VIOLA MARGARET BROWER.

Here is a letter from North Branch, N. J.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? My grandma takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I am nine years old, and I am in the fourth grade. I have about two miles to walk to school. I have a large shepherd dog, named Shep. He follows me everywhere, and he likes to play ball. I have a cat named Whitefoot. He likes to play with me. I have three brothers and two sisters.

Your loving niece,

BERNICE HIGGINS.

Our Mail Bag is not empty yet, but we have used up all the space on our page, so all the other letters must be kept for another time.

Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 170 Nassau Street, New York City.

## The Most Beautiful Thing in the World

A NUMBER of our Little Folks have sent answers to the question, "What is the most beautiful thing that you have ever seen or heard about?" The first of these letters comes from East Rochester, N. Y., and this is what the writer has to say:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I live in a small town. We have three churches. I am a member of the Methodist Church, and am fond of going to all its services. You asked for the thought of the readers as to what the most beautiful thing in the world was, but God has made so many beautiful things that it is quite hard to decide. I think a forest of different kinds of trees is very beautiful in the fall, when the leaves have turned. The flowers by the roadside in a country place are lovely, for the colors blend so prettily. I think I should name as my choice, Nature. I am twelve years old, and am in the eighth grade. I have written once before. With love to all the Little Folks,

DORIS M. SHAPLEIGH.

You have given a very good answer to our question, Doris. The autumn foliage of which you speak is certainly a most beautiful sight. In fact, the most gorgeous picture in nature which Uncle Harry ever remembers seeing was the autumn foliage in the Adirondack Mountains or the Great North Woods, as they are often called.

A little girl in Brooklyn, N. Y., has sent quite a different answer to our question, and this is what she has written:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: The most beautiful place I have ever been to is Midland Beach. This is the way you go. You take the Thirty-ninth Street Ferry, then the Staten Island Ferry, and then the Midland Beach car. The scenery is beautiful, when you get a little ways out into the country, where there are farms and lovely trees. When you get there, it is simply grand; there is sand, and you can go in bathing, if you want to. There is a Merry-go-round and a Ferris Wheel. It turns round and round in the air. I love to ride in it. Down at the other end of the beach there are ponies you can ride on and the Seenie Railway. When you want to come home, you can go either on the boat or the surface car. Where you go to get on the boat there is a long dock where men fish, and at the other end there is the landing place for the boat. Hoping you will be pleased with my letter, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

EVA C. BUNGAY.

You have certainly sent us an interesting letter, Eva. Uncle Harry has often taken the trip to Midland Beach which you have described in such a sprightly way, and admired the splendid view of New York Harbor and of the Atlantic Ocean which can be had from the boat as well as the beautiful country scenery along the route which the car follows.

Our next letter is from a little girl in West Chazy, N. Y., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: As the subject is "What is the most beautiful thing you



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## The Road to Happiness

BY ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

THIS is the road to Happiness:  
Start Now, from Where You Are;  
"Turn to the Right and Keep straight on,"  
And you'll not find it far.

Along the Path of Willing Feet  
And over Heartsease Hill,  
Across the fields of Sweet Content,  
The stream of Glad Good-will;  
Then through the lane of Loving Heart,  
The gate that's called To-day,  
And down the steps of Little Things  
Into the Common Way.

And take the Cloak of Charity,  
The staff of Wise Employ,  
A loaf of Bread of Daily Grace,  
A flask well filled with Joy;  
A word of cheer, a helping hand  
Some good to give or share,  
A bit of song, a high resolve,  
A hope, a smile, a prayer.

And In the Place of Duty Done,  
Beside the Door of Home,  
You'll find the House of Happiness,—  
For Happiness does not roam.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.



## The Forty Famous Wrestlers

BY MILDRED WELCH

It was in the third century, an old church history tells us, that a legion of Roman troops lay encamped in the dead of winter on the shores of an Armenian lake.

The sun had gone down and night was falling when the soldiers were drawn up in line to hear the imperial edict ordering all men in every place on pain of death to pour a libation before the image of the Emperor in token that they acknowledged the ancient gods of Rome.

It was a strange scene, the flaring torches, the ranks of men with set, stern faces, the officers standing near the rude altar, the ensigns of Rome fluttering in the bitter wind, and beyond the dark and terrible lake on which, if any refused to obey, he would be sent naked to meet his death in the long winter night.

One by one the soldiers filed past the image of the Caesar and poured out the libation.

But now, a soldier young, stalwart, straight, stepped out of the line and with high uplifted face said: "I own no allegiance before that to my Master, Christ," and stood aside. The line filed past and another and another stepped out until there stood together forty soldiers so strong, so daring in every deed of courage or feat of arms that they were called by their comrades the "Forty Famous Wrestlers."

The Roman general stood aghast. "What is this?" he cried. "Do you understand what awaits you there?" and he pointed to the lake, "A dreadful death to wander there the long night through because you will not pour a few drops of wine before the image of the Caesar. You need not believe in the gods of Rome. I do not believe in them myself, but surely your Christ does not require this of you, and do you think I am going to lose my forty best soldiers for such a whim? To-morrow at evening the ranks will form again. If you obey—well; if not—the frozen lake. Throw not your lives away."

They were there, the forty wrestlers, and life was sweet, oh, so sweet! Each heart held the thought of home, a little home 'mid clustering vines and olive trees where father, mother, wife and children waited for them. Life was sweet, and death upon the lake was cruel and the pouring of the libation a little thing. Would the Christ care?

The short winter day was drawing to a close as the legion formed in line. Again the torches flared and the eagles of Rome looked down upon the solemn scene. No word was spoken as the soldiers filed silently past pouring the li-

bation. But when the first wrestler's turn came he stepped quietly out and the light upon his face was not that of the fitful torches but the light of the other world. Taking off his helmet he laid it at the feet of the general with his sword and his spear and shield. On them he laid his cloak, his tunic and his warm close-fitting undergarment, then turned to the lake singing in a clear, sweet voice as he went to his death:

"Forty wrestlers, wrestling for Thee, O Christ,  
Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

The second followed and his comrades, dumb with wonder, watched him lay down the arms he had so gallantly borne, lay down his garments and his life, and go out on the dark and gloomy lake of death singing too:

"Forty wrestlers, wrestling for Thee, O Christ,  
Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

Another and another followed till all the forty soldiers were out upon the lake and forty voices had taken up the triumph song.

Slowly the night wore on and the guard in the house on the bank where warmth, clothing, food and drink were waiting for any who might turn back, heard the song grow fainter and more faint as one by one the voices failed. At last, just at dawn one wrestler came creeping back, but even as he lifted his hand to deny his Lord he fell lifeless. Then the guard who could not bear that that deathless band should be broken, took off his helmet and laying down his shield and spear and garments went out to join them singing exultantly:

"Forty wrestlers, wrestling for Thee, O Christ,  
Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

It happened many hundred years ago and yet that triumph song rings down to us across the centuries as clear and sweet as it did upon the ears of their Roman comrades through the hours of that awful night.

You hear it, don't you boys, that song so steadfast, so loyal, so loving, and your hearts thrill at the courage that dared it? "But things like that don't happen now," you say, "and there's no chance for a boy to do a deed like that." And yet, if you have the hero's spirit, some day the hero's chance will be yours, too.

Already the voices of the world are calling you to its service and its rewards of fame, wealth, power, pleasure, and you may not even have heard that other voice calling you to a life of service in the ministry of the Gospel—that call for wrestlers for Christ in heathen lands, in lonely mountain hollows, in the slums of the great cities, the plains of the far West, the cold lands of the North. This is no call for the weak or lazy boy who seeks the easy way and pleasant things of life. It is a call for the bravest of you, the boy strong in mind and body, the boy whose spirit like that of the Roman guard can answer to the triumph song and go out to join the wrestlers for the Lord Jesus Christ.

What would it not mean to the world if forty boys, the strongest, the brightest, the bravest, should undertake this high advantage of wrestling for Christ answering like the Roman soldiers that day so long ago:

"Forty wrestlers, wrestling for Thee, O Christ,  
Claim for Thee the victory and from Thee the crown."

THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.



## See-Sawing

Did you ever "see-saw"? Then you remember what delightful sport it used to be.

You remember, too, if your little sister or your big brother was on the other end how you were careful to divide the plank on either side of the rail fence so that you and your companion would exactly balance each other. Then it was "up-and-down" and "cutting-butter" and seeing who could go the highest and stay up the longest and which could "bump" the other the hardest against the ground. And if the balance were not perfect and a little too much plank got on one side or the other the fellow on the longest side would get the hardest "bump."

Those were great days, those "see-sawing" days. And maybe that was about the first lesson you learned on the importance of "keeping your balance." You have learned, too, that, just as the success of that "see-sawing" depended on a proper balance, so your success in any undertaking has been measured by the manner in which you have kept your balance.

Sometimes, maybe, you have lost your temper and "made a scene," of which you were heartily ashamed afterward. Or you were perhaps on the other extreme and kept silent in a cowardly way when you should have spoken out. Then when you had time to think over your action in soberness you gave yourself a severe "bump," so to speak.

Football players, fire-fighters, doctors, public speakers and men in almost every walk testify that one of the most important things at all is to be able to "keep one's head"—which is just another way of saying that they must "keep their balance."

Life is just a game of "see-saw"—a game of ups-and-downs. We should find our center of gravity, the point over which we are to maintain a perfect balance, then we should with all diligence hold our position steadfastly with reference to that point.

The young life that has taken Jesus Christ as its center and is endeavoring with prayer and faith to "keep a perfect balance" with reference to Him need not fear all the hard knocks and rough "bumps" the world can give.

ONWARD.



## An Irreparable Loss

WHEN the last hour of youth is gone, with its opportunities for preparation neglected and unimproved, there is nothing that can be done to repair the harm. "Some things God gives often. The seasons return again and again, and the flowers change with the months; but youth comes twice to none." Thus each period of life has its own closing, its last hour, in which work is ended, whether well done or neglected. Indeed, we may say the same of each day; its end is the closing of a definite season through which we can never pass again. We may think of each single day as a miniature life. It comes to us new; it goes from us finished. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. The only way to have a well finished year is to finish the tasks and duties of each day as it passes. A marred or a lost day anywhere along the years may lead to loss or even sore misfortune afterward.

J. R. MILLER.

# IMPORTANT

The publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER appreciate very much the promptness with which many of our friends have responded to the request made in recent issues of the paper, by adjusting their subscriptions for the year 1911 before the rush of the busy season set in, and we are indeed grateful for the many words of commendation received from our readers. We notice, however, that some of our subscribers, up to this time, have not complied with the request to forward their renewals. As our fiscal year closes on March 31, 1911, it becomes necessary to collect all outstanding accounts and have them settled before that date. We would therefore ask all our friends who have not as yet adjusted their subscriptions for the current year to do so at once.

AMERICAN MESSENGER  
150 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

## An Appreciated Gift

IN a recent issue of this paper an appeal was made in behalf of home missionaries in our land and other needy people, whose lack of means would not permit them to subscribe for the AMERICAN MESSENGER. The responses to this appeal have been very gratifying, and we have thus been enabled to send this paper to a large number of very appreciative readers. Out of the many grateful letters which have been received, we present a few as illustrating the spirit of all the recipients.

A lady in Missouri writes:

"I thank the American Tract Society and my unknown friend for extending my subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for 1911. I assure you I certainly appreciate the kindness and shall enjoy every number. I received my Calendar this morning. It is lovely, and all who have seen it are pleased with it."

A missionary writes:

"I send this card of thanks for the renewal of my subscription for the AMERICAN MESSENGER by a 'good friend.' I feel sure I can renew it myself by another year. I have been compelled to curtail expenses this year for several reasons. However, I am very glad to retain my place in the circle of readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. We all like the paper very much."

A teacher in an Indian Missionary Training School in Arizona writes:

"I wish to express my thanks and appreciation of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to my kind unknown friend, and also extend thanks for the Calendar. It has a fitting place in our music room."

A lady in Colorado has sent this grateful acknowledgment:

"I received your kind letter, the beautiful Calendar, and the January issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, for all of which I thank you very much. It made me feel sad, when I could not renew my subscription to the MESSENGER, for I not only read and enjoy it myself, but a dear friend of mine reads it, when I get through with it, and then for years I have sent it East to a widowed niece of mine, who has two bright growing children, and they appreciate and enjoy it, too. So you see how much good my copy of the paper does each month."

A shut-in, who lives in Virginia, writes:

"DEAR SIR: The AMERICAN MESSENGER reaches my humble home each month. I can't thank you enough for the pleasure it brings me. It is so helpful in my Christian experience. I am one of the shut-ins. I am a lonely widow of a Methodist preacher and I want to thank the dear ones who help me to get the dear AMERICAN MESSENGER, which I could not have otherwise, for I am not able to pay for it. You have my weak prayers, and best wishes for the prosperity of the great work your paper is doing."

There are others to whom we would like to send the AMERICAN MESSENGER, who cannot afford to pay for it themselves. We accordingly renew our appeal in their behalf, and assure all our friends that even a small donation for this special purpose would be very much appreciated. Every remittance of fifty cents that we receive will enable us to send the paper for a year to a home missionary, a shut-in or some other needy person. Please send all subscriptions for this object to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.



## God's Promise

God hath not promised skies ever blue,  
Flower strewn pathway always for you.  
God hath not promised sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.  
But He hath promised strength from above,  
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

SELECTED.



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## Praying Korean Christians

IN *The Korean Mission Field* Rev. J. R. Moose writes:

"One warm night last summer I awoke about midnight and heard the voice of prayer in the Biblewoman's cottage, which is just under the hill a short distance from our house. I wondered what it meant; the clock was then striking twelve, and somebody was praying. The prayer closed, and the sound of a number of voices united in a song of praise came floating to us on the midnight air. Mrs. Moose and I listened till the song was finished, and then we heard the voices of some of the women returning to their homes from the midnight prayer-meeting. We afterward learned what it all meant. The faithful Bible-women, with a number of other Christian women, had been holding these midnight meetings to pray for the salvation of their countrymen. I thought of the zeal and earnestness of these faithful women, who heard the name of Jesus for the first time only a few years ago; and here they were pouring out their souls in prayer."

## Family Worship in Japan

THE *Kirisutokyo Sekai* publishes a letter on Family Worship written by a Japanese lady whose husband is a Christian. She says that the family worship in her house lasts less than fifteen minutes. The whole family assembles at 6.45 A.M. around a table that will seat about ten people. Each person reads his verse of Scripture in turn, the little children and the servants often making rather amusing mistakes. Each member of the household has his or her morning for choosing a hymn. After the Scripture reading is over, the master of the house explains the meaning of certain verses and chooses a text to be taken as a motto for the day and makes a few simple remarks thereon. Each member of the household takes it in turn to pray, morning after morning. The children's prayers are very, very short, but impressive in many ways, and the way the servants repeat the same prayer day after day is rather funny. Whatever happens in the house, family prayers are not given up. Every member of the household is prompt in getting ready for the morning meeting at the breakfast table to worship God.

"As you know," says the lady, "my good man is a bit of a sleepy head, and often the children go into his bedroom and remind him that the time for worship is at hand. Our family worship has made us all punctual and has made us early risers, as after breakfast the children have to go off to school. When the head of the house is away I conduct the expository part of the ceremony, giving simple explanations of texts of Scripture."

## Two Striking Facts

Two striking facts are reported on the first page of a late number of the *Japan Mission News*, both of them illustrating the mighty strides taken by the Japanese since Commodore Perry's fleet opened their gates for communication with the outer world. The first fact is that not less than eleven and two-tenths per cent. of the total population of the empire are at present pupils in the elementary schools. The other fact is that at the recent annual meeting of the Japanese Red Cross Society it was reported that 1,525,822 Japanese were members of that society, and that its funds amounted to 11,143,327 yen, or over five and a half million dollars. The avidity with which the Japanese have taken hold upon educational and philanthropic enterprises is not less than the readiness with which they have welcomed the religious influences that have come to them from the Western world. Is there any more hopeful field for the exercise of Christian enterprise?

MISSIONARY HERALD.

## Progress on the Tamil Dictionary

A LETTER from Rev. A. C. Clayton to the Secretary of the American Tract Society gives some interesting facts concerning the Bible Dictionary in Tamil which he is preparing. He writes:

"Your draft for one hundred dollars toward the work of preparing the Tamil Bible Dictionary reached me safely this morning. Please accept our very heartiest thanks for this great encouragement to the work."

"Part First of the Tamil Bible Dictionary has been printed, and will be in the hands of the binders in a day or two. I shall send you a copy, and I think that you will see that it is not altogether a poor example of printing. Indeed I venture to think that it is one of the best printed books that has appeared in Tamil."

"You will be interested to know that we have orders in advance for nearly four hundred copies, which is so unusual with Tamil publications that it may be taken as a special proof of the great need for such a book as this."

"I am now hard at work on Part Second of the Dictionary, and hope to send it to press in a couple of months or sooner."

## The World in Boston

UNUSUAL preparations are being made for the presentation of the Pageant of Darkness and Light in connection with "The World in Boston," the Missionary Exposition to be held in the Mechanics Building, Boston, from April 24 to May 20, 1911. A call has gone out to the churches of Boston and vicinity for 5,000 choristers, who are to be engaged in the presentation of the Pageant, serving in relays. The costumes used at the presentation of the Pageant at "The Orient in London" in 1908 have been sent to the United States and are to be used in Boston.

The Pageant of Darkness and Light is a great musical drama, a spectacular representation of great historical events in the history of missions. There are to be five episodes of scenes, in each of which about two hundred persons will participate. The first episode, known as the Episode of the North, represents a camp of American Indians in the far Northwest. The little daughter of the chief has been lost on the march. The medicine-man suggests that a band of trading Eskimos be killed to appease the spirits; but just as the Indians are about to do this, a missionary enters, bringing the little daughter of the chief, whom he has found in the forest.

In the episode of the South, which is Africa, David Livingstone ministers to a wounded Arab slave-raider. Shortly after Stanley enters, at last finding Livingstone. He begs the missionary to return to England, but Livingstone refuses, saying his work is not done.

The scene of the episode of the East is India. A child is taken from the missionaries in order that she may be formally married to the man selected as her husband in her babyhood. In the second scene, the wife, now a woman, is led to the funeral pyre of her husband. As the pyre is about to be lighted, with the living widow upon it, an official of the English Government arrives with a proclamation doing away with the *suttee*, as this rite was called.

In the episode of the West, Kapiolani, the Christian queen of Hawaii, defies Pele, the goddess of the Lake of Fire in the crater of the Volcano Kilauea. The volcano is in eruption. The priest of Pele claims victims to appease the wrath of the goddess. He chooses a young bridegroom and a child, and is leading them to the crater to be thrown into the Lake of Fire. Queen Kapiolani comes quickly and defies the priest. She ascends to the crater, and, after the fashion of Elijah on Mount Carmel, taunts and defies the goddess and breaks the power of Pele forever.

In the finishing episode, those who have participated in the four previous scenes march from the corners of the hall toward the platform singing, and arrange themselves in the form of a great star. At a given signal the audience will rise and every one will sing, to the tune of Old Hundred, "All people that on earth do dwell."

The Pageant is to be given in the grand hall of the Mechanics Building, which has a seating capacity of between five and six thousand, every afternoon and every evening during the four weeks of the Exposition. The Pageant was presented in London to crowds of people every day. It was regarded there as one of the greatest religious spectacles of the century. There was evidence that a deep spiritual impression was made upon the people who attended.

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## Christian Charity in India

UHLHORN in his "History of Early Christian Charity" describes how the primitive Christians of the Roman Empire used to care for the interment of the neglected dead. The *South Indian Mission Herald* gives an illustration of the same spirit of Christian charity in an Indian village. A stranger had been assaulted and left dead in the street in the night time. In the morning the caste people, fearing defilement, refused to meddle with the body and the outcasts were too indifferent to trouble about it. Finally to prevent its being eaten by dogs, some Christians in the place took it up and after prayer laid it in a grave. After some months an aged Brahmin came through the village in search of a lost son. The information given him convinced him that the dead lad was indeed his child. After the first shock, he inquired about the burial. When he learned of the kindness of the Christians, he went to their home and asked for a copy of the sacred book which could make strangers care for the dead body of a poor wanderer. The reading of that book brought not only him but his whole family into the Church of Christ.

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## Visiting the Homes

COLPORTER Henry W. Pratt, who is doing excellent work in reaching the homes of people in the West, tells of some of the results of his labors in the following letter:

"In a recent report I referred to a lady who accepted Christ at the time of my visit. I left her case with one of the pastors in the town, and he has since written me as follows: 'I called on Mrs. S. yesterday, my first opportunity. She has been reading and studying her Bible with the aid of the books (Bible Reader's Guide, etc.) which you left her. In my judgment she is truly converted, and will soon become, doubtless, an earnest worker in the Church. From what she told me her husband will probably make an open profession whenever she does. Her little daughter seems to be leading her on. I know it is superfluous for me to thank you for your interest, for it is done in the service of Christ, but I do ask God's blessing to rest upon all your efforts, as it will, when made as this one was, in the spirit of Jesus.'

"During the past month I have worked in some of the older towns as well as in some of the new towns in Idaho. Wherever one goes in this inter-mountain country he finds similar conditions. Some are earnest Christians, but the greater number are unconcerned about the welfare of their souls. This applies even among those who have made a profession and are Church members. These seem to have come West to make money and to find a new home and have become indifferent to spiritual things, but the books appeal to them. Many say, 'You have a fine lot of books,' and so when I can induce these indifferent ones to take a book I feel sure it will do them good."

"In one home I found the wife, who said she had no Bible, but the husband coming in just then said, 'I have a Bible; yes, two of them.' He told me he was a bartender and said he didn't like that business, but felt compelled to take it, for work was hard to find. I told him I had a little book, 'The Bible Readers' Guide,' that would help him in reading his Bible, and I showed up the book. He liked it and bought it. In another town where a bank failure had caused much trouble and scarcity of money, a mother wanted some books, but her money had been lost in the bank. The children had some money in their little banks, and bought some good books. In a Welsh home where the husband had recently died, I was glad to give comfort to the Christian widow, and as she had children, the 'Mother's Prayer' seemed to appeal strongly to her. In one town I found four homes without Bibles. In another home the mother liked our books so well that she took half a dozen and her hired girl took several. When I returned later both purchased several additional ones, telling me they liked the Christian teaching in the stories."

"I have held many very earnest personal conversations and distributed many tracts, leaving one at least in every home. As usual I found children out of Sunday-school, and in one town I felt led to take several cases to a Christian woman on whom I had called for her personal effort in furthering my work with them. She told me she had been praying God to give her some special work for Him, and she thanked me with tears in her eyes for the work I had brought her to do for Him. Her church was holding revival meetings, and I pray she may not only get these children to Sunday-school, but the women to church and to Christ."

"It is a great comfort to me to remember as I go about that earnest prayer is offered at the headquarters of the American Tract Society, both for me and for the seed I am sowing here 'beside all waters.'"

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## The Crisis in the Soudan

DR. KUMM, writing in the Paris review *Foi et Vie*, says that Islam five hundred years ago crossed the Sahara to Khartoum, but was there checked by the valiant pagan tribes of the Soudan as it was checked by Martel and Sobiesky in Europe. In a great battle near Khartoum in which a half million were engaged, Mohammedanism was decisively beaten. The tribespeople then fortified themselves in the mountain ranges—Shilluks, Dinkas, Niam-niams, Sarakabas, Musgoods, Reibubas, Tungeles, Kibyans, Munchis—intrepid fighters for independence who have remained unconquered until this day. They constitute the backbone of Africa. But in the last dozen years they have succumbed to the European advance and as a result of European control the land is opened to the entrance of a peaceful Mohammedanism from the north. Trader, pilgrim, and state official circulate freely now among these pagan peoples. The country is actually at present in a religious ferment and among the finest races of Africa the Moslem propaganda has fairly begun. From a political point of view this is dangerous to all Africa. The Soudan is an immense country. Its great distances would make very serious any European effort to quell a general Moslem attack on the Christianized parts of Africa. Its millions of intelligent and vigorous people would constitute a *corps d'elite* for operations, north, east, west and south. Their loss from Christendom to Islam is not merely a loss in itself but a menace to what has already been gained in Uganda, in Egypt, in West Africa and on the Congo. Dr. Kumm urges immediate action before it is too late by the organization of a mission of 200 young men. This is the purpose of the Soudan General Mission.

RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK.





## GRANT HADLEY'S CALL

By Sarah N. McCreery

"I T is the fascination of the West, mother," said Grant Hadley as he held both his mother's hands and smiled down into her eyes. "I want to go out there and have a part in developing that comparatively new part of the country. I hope you will not be bitterly disappointed that I did not choose the ministry. I have never felt that I had a call to that profession."

Mrs. Hadley smiled back into her son's strong young face. "I had always cherished a hope that you, my only son, might be a minister. I think your father has felt the same way, but we would not want you to enter upon such a vocation just to please us; we would want you to recognize your call as coming from a higher source. However, Grant, I want you to remember that you can stand wherever you are, in whatever work you are engaged, for the things that make for character. There is no place, either, where the opportunity does not come to do good. Your father has the carriage at the door," and she kissed her son as bravely as if her heart had not been heavy for days with the thought of the loneliness his absence from home would mean. "You are starting out to carve your own fortune, Grant, and do not forget that one who bears the name of Hadley has always done a man's work, and tried to make the world better because of his influence," she said, as she followed him to the door.

Half an hour later, Grant Hadley was speeding toward the West where his father had purchased a ranch in Colorado. Here Grant was to have as his helper his friend and room-mate at college, Frank Judson. It was three days before he reached his destination, for the ranch was thirty miles from a railroad. Frank Judson had reached the place a few days before Grant; they spent the first week in laying plans and then they went to work in earnest. Grant loved nature and all animal life, and as time passed and the planted fields showed the young green foliage, and he gathered horses, cattle and sheep around him he took genuine pleasure in them all. He delighted to wander over the ranch and note the growth of the grain in the fields and the improvement of the stock.

At the end of two years, Grant had one of the best ranches in the country, while his hearty cordiality, his kindness of manner, and his spirit of friendship had made everybody his friend.

One evening two years and a half after Grant Hadley had gone out to make his own way in the world, he and Frank Judson were busy drawing plans for piping the water from the windmill to the ranch-house, when they were interrupted by a knock that was followed by a "Hello," and Chester Parsons, the nearest neighbor, entered.

"Clarke Ransom can't live until morning," he said in his bluff, unceremonious way. "Jennie and I have been there all day, and I thought I'd come and get you to sit up with me to-night," and he turned to Grant.

"Yes, I will gladly go," replied Grant as he promptly put on his overcoat. "I will come back in the morning, if I am not needed," he said to Frank. Then he followed his companion into the darkness.

All through the night Grant said little. His mind was busy with the thought of what Mrs. Ransom would do, far away from her old home and friends when death came with all its sorrow, to her household. When the morning dawned, Mrs. Ransom faced the world alone, for her husband was dead. Grant wished many times that his mother was there to speak words of comfort, for he could show his sympathy only by a gentleness of manner, and by taking charge of all the arrangements for the funeral and thus relieving the widow.

All that day he was busy. The next day a heavy snowstorm raged, and after helping with Mrs. Ransom's stock, he went to his home, for he was sure Frank would need his help. The morning of the funeral dawned bright and clear, but the snow was piled high everywhere. Grant hitched two horses to his double sleigh, for he had volunteered to take Mrs. Ransom and the three children to the little church with him. After he had changed his clothes, he paused at the dresser, a moment, and then for some reason for which he could not account, he slipped into his outer pocket the Bible which his mother had given him when he left home. When the hour for the service came, the people from the ranches for miles around had gathered, but the minister had not arrived. A horseman galloped up to the door, and Hadley went out to see what was wanted. He stood irresolute a moment when he re-entered and then he went to Mrs. Ransom.

She gave a gasp as she heard the news. "Let me think for a moment," she requested. "You announce the message to the people."

"A man just came from Huntley," said Grant to the congregation, "with word that no stage has crossed the mountains for two days and will not be able to cross for several days yet, so the minister who was to conduct the funeral service cannot get here."

When Grant finished, Mrs. Ransom rose pale and weeping. "Isn't there somebody here who can at least read the Scripture and make a prayer?" she asked.

There was total silence in the group and nobody volunteered. "Isn't there somebody who could conduct a short service?" she asked a second time. "It would seem too much like heathenism to bury my husband without a prayer or a verse of Scripture," she added, as she sat down, overcome with emotion.

Again there was silence, and Frank Judson gave Grant Hadley a long appealing look. Grant understood its meaning, and he left his seat and came slowly to the front of the church and stood near the casket. "I never conducted any kind of a service," he said quietly, "but I could not refuse to try with the memory of my parents' prayers that I might be helpful to others. I could not explain the action, but as I left home this morning I slipped this Bible, my mother's last gift before I came West, into my pocket." Then he opened the Bible and in a sympathetic voice read the Twenty-third Psalm, and the first few verses of the Fourteenth Chapter of the Gospel of John. After this he offered a prayer that the widow might be sustained in her loneliness and affliction. Then the body was taken reverently from the church and laid to rest in the little burying-ground.

When the Ransom home was reached again, Grant helped the family into the house. Mrs. Ransom turned to him and said brokenly, "You can never know the comfort you gave me to-day. An ordained minister could not have made a more helpful prayer. I am sure your mother would have been proud if she could have seen you to-day. Before I go back to my own people, as I shall do as soon as

I can adjust the business here, I want her address that I may write and tell her what her son did for me and mine," and she shook his hand gratefully as he went out.

The next few days, Grant Hadley was restless, and his friend accused him of growing tired of ranching, but the reply was, "I am busy thinking." However, Frank Judson had to wait three days longer before he found the reason for Grant's absorption.

It was a week after Mr. Ransom's funeral that Grant wrote to his mother. It was his custom to tell her all that had happened, so he related the incident about his conducting the funeral service. "I did my best, mother," he wrote, "and a blessing came to me in doing it. I never realized before the people's need, and the opportunity for doing good that a minister has. You may be surprised—you and father both—that I intend to give up ranching and come home to prepare for the ministry. All my ambition to make money has fled. I am still ambitious to help build up this Western country, but I want my work to be that of the minister who will help lay moral foundations. I have talked this over with Frank, and he is willing to buy the ranch if father wishes to sell, or he will lease it, if preferred. Strong young men are needed here, men who will take charges in the small country towns, where the ranchmen and their families can have the advantages of religious services. I am willing to go to such a place. There is no doubt in my mind about a call to the work—it came the day I tried to conduct Jacob Ransom's funeral service."

"It might seem a little thing that you should read the Scripture and make a prayer at that funeral," his mother wrote in answer, "but it was no small thing—not an opportunity that came by chance—when you consider the great decision to which it led you. Your father and I would ask no greater honor to come to us than for our son to help point the right path of life to those in needy places. It is the men who have moral character, men who know the value of right principles, of honesty and of truth, who keep the nation from decay, and his is a great work who teaches such things."

### The Helping Finger

THE car was not crowded, but the tired little woman who scrambled on at a busy corner found difficulty enough in finding room for both herself and the unwieldy paper parcel she carried, as more active passengers took possession of the empty seats. As she finally wedged herself into a space at the extreme edge, the string, none too securely tied about the parcel, slipped off, and for the next few minutes the stiff fingers were busy trying to retie the knot that seemed so unwilling to stay in place.

The smile that ran along the seat did not make the task any easier, but just as the string had slipped out of the trembling hands for the third time, a firm, neatly gloved finger was placed on the center of the refractory knot, and in a moment it was securely tied, and a bright faced girl nodded cheerfully in acknowledgment of the awkward words of thanks, as the owner of the parcel hurriedly left the car to transfer to another line.

"Member of some Helping Hand Society, I see," remarked an acquaintance as the car slowed up at the next block and the girl made ready to step off.

"No, only a Helping Finger Society, with a membership of one," the girl laughed back as the car moved on. "Some cases don't require the whole hand, and—"

The remaining words were lost, but into more than one heart the little sermon had crept, and more than one resolve was unconsciously made to give, if not the whole, surely at least one finger of a helping hand to make the way a little smoother for some fellow-traveler.

EXCHANGE.

### The Best Song

THAT song is sweetest, bravest, best,  
Which plucks the thistle-barb of care  
From a despondent brother's breast,  
And plants a sprig of hearts-ease there.

ANDREW DOWNING.

### A Stitch and a Life

ONE stitch dropped as the weaver drove

His nimble shuttle to and fro,  
In and out, beneath, above,

Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow  
As if the fairies had helping been;  
And the one stitch dropped pulled the next  
stitch out,

And a weak place grew in the fabric stout,  
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye  
By the one small stitch that was dropped  
that day.

One small life in God's great plan—

How futile it seems as the ages roll,  
Do what it may or strive how it can

To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!  
A single stitch in the endless web,  
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;  
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is  
lost,

Or marred where the tangled threads have  
crossed;

And each life that falls of true intent  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### The Waning Opportunity

Opportunity does wane. Christ, speaking to the Jews shortly before His crucifixion, said: "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light." Not always should the blessed presence of the Saviour shine forth upon those unbelieving Jews. The crucifixion and the sepulcher were ahead. Christ would soon disappear from among them. It was their duty, their privilege to seize the light and use it while it streamed upon them.

In a sense as true our opportunity is waning. Behold now is the accepted time. To-day is the day of salvation. It is given unto man once to live in this world, once to die, and after that the judgment. This is our day of opportunity.

### It's Food

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There are stomach specialists as well as eye and ear and other specialists.

One of these told a young lady, of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says:

"For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation.

"I took quantities of medicine, and had an idea I was dieting, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter.

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life.

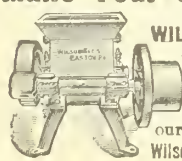
"I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest, and that the cereals which I had tried had been too heavy. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality.

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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### Don't Fly

VERY few of our readers are likely to have need of this advice, if it be taken too literally. God has denied us the use of wings like the birds, and a good many years may pass before any of us are invited to make an excursion in an airship. Still, there is a kind of "flying" common enough, which ought to be avoided as much as possible. Another name for it is nervous irritability, which may be ill-temper and may not.

"Oh, dear me! There isn't a thing decent to put on the table. I feel as if I could fly," exclaimed a middle-aged woman, upon whom a dozen guests had descended unexpectedly. In due time a very creditable meal was provided, but the "flying" consumed a great deal more nerve-force than the actual work of preparing dinner. Indeed, that is always the case.

Whatever the task may be, we are the gainers by facing it with quiet composure.

"Flying" up is a foolish waste of energy, which we all require for better uses. If you can't do a thing, that's the end of it; and, if you can, what's the need of fretting? Don't fly!

EAST AND WEST.

### The Art of Throwing Things Away

If one wishes a tasteful, orderly house, it is quite as important to know what to throw away as to know what to put in. Articles piled on a mantelpiece merely to fill it up, or articles collected as souvenirs of travel, which have no particular beauty in themselves and do not harmonize with each other, will make the most expensively furnished rooms look tawdry. Such things accumulate rapidly about the one who has not learned to throw away what she—for it is usually a woman who cherishes her old belongings in this way—does not really want. The safest rule is rigidly to reject what does not fit into our needs, lest we be buried alive under a mass of rubbish.

The same thing is true of the furniture of our minds. How many of us know how to put away our past mistakes, our outgrown opinions? We sit down and brood over a failure and invite it to remain with us. We mourn over our losses until they fill our minds and we can think of nothing else. We try to live again a yesterday that is past and dead and can never be reconstructed, and in so doing we lose the more glorious tomorrow that we might have created. "The good old times!" What useless sighs have been squandered upon them! Perhaps the old times were as good as has been said—perhaps they were not. Of one thing we may be very sure, they are never coming back. "Forgetting the things which are behind," let us press on.

FORWARD.

### Norway's Simple King

"THE Scandinavian is distinguished by a certain simplicity of bearing far exceeding that of the more sophisticated English-speaking world," says Ruth McEnery Stuart, in *Harper's Bazar*, "and certainly the people of Sweden display rather more of the great-world manner than the Norwegians. Indeed, the western side of the peninsula is comparatively rural, and the young king, seated upon a little throne, is more like the president of a rustic democracy than a crowned monarch, so at one is he with the common people. It is like playing at royalty, and one almost feels that he might at any moment tilt his crown a bit askew and wink his eye."

"A pretty little anecdote met us in Christiania lately. It seems that a quiet, tailor-made little lady went into one of the shops one day and bought a pair of shoes, and when the saleswoman asked her address, she replied: 'You need not deliver them. Just have them wrapped, if you please. My husband will meet me here and he will carry them.' And in a moment His Majesty the King came in, took the Queen's parcel, and they walked out together as if they had never heard of the crown of Norway."

### Rub the Well Eye

NINE persons out of every ten, with a cinder or any other foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub it with one hand while hunting for a handkerchief with the other. This is all wrong. The right way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in it, but to rub the other as vigorously as you like.

A few months ago I was riding on the engine of a fast express, says a traveler. The engineer threw open the front window of the cab, and I caught a cinder in my eye which gave me intense pain. I began to rub the eye desperately, when the engineer called to me: "Let that eye alone and rub the other one."

Thinking he was chaffing me, I only rubbed the harder.

"I know the doctors think they know it all; but they don't, and if you will let that eye alone and work on the other one, you will soon have the cinder out," shouted the engineer.

I did as he directed, and soon felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out.

"Let it alone and keep at the well eye," again shouted the engineer.

I did so for a minute longer, and then, looking into a small glass the engineer handed me, I saw the offender on my cheek. I have tried it many times since, always with success.

EXCHANGE

### A Kind Father

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed, and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves.

### Heredity

#### Can Be Overcome in Cases

The influence of heredity cannot, of course, be successfully disputed, but it can be minimized or entirely overcome in some cases by correct food and drink. A Connecticut lady says:

"For years while I was a coffee drinker I suffered from bilious attacks of great severity, from which I used to emerge as white as a ghost and very weak. Our family physician gave me various prescriptions for improving the digestion and stimulating the liver, which I tried faithfully but without perceptible result."

"He was acquainted with my family history for several generations back, and once when I visited him he said: 'If you have inherited one of those torpid livers you may always suffer more or less from its inaction. We can't dodge our inheritance, you know.'"

"I was not so strong a believer in heredity as he was, however, and, beginning to think for myself, I concluded to stop drinking coffee, and see what effect that would have. I feared it would be a severe trial to give it up, but when I took Postum and had it well made, it completely filled my need for a hot beverage and I grew very fond of it."

"I have used Postum for three years, using no medicine. During all that time I have had absolutely none of the bilious attacks that I used to suffer from, and I have been entirely free from the pain and debilitating effects that used to result from them."

"The change is surely very great, and I am compelled to give Postum the exclusive credit for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



# THE TREASURY

## SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

## Receipts of the American Tract Society during January, 1911.

DONATIONS (including \$464.02 for special objects), \$2,298.38

### ALABAMA, \$1.00.

Mrs. Rhodes, \$1.00.

### CALIFORNIA, \$119.65.

Mr. Eymann, \$2.65; Mr. Robinson, for colportage, \$5.00; Mr. Wetmore, for tract distribution, Foreign Mission, \$100.00; Mr. Service, \$5.00; Mrs. Mears, \$5.00; Oakland Centennial Presb. Church, \$2.00.

### COLORADO, \$1.00.

Miss Roth, \$1.00.

### CONNECTICUT, \$129.08.

Hartford Warburton Chapel S. S., \$3.55; Miss Bradley, \$5.00; Coventry Second Congl. Church, \$7.25; Cromwell First Congl. Church, \$5.00; Miss Miller, \$3.50; Wilton Congl. Church, \$5.00; Farmington First Congl. Church, \$21.07; Hartford Asylum Hill Congl. Church, \$43.32; Mrs. Camp, \$10.00; Enfield First Congl. Church, \$3.50; Mrs. Talcott, \$5.00; Greenwich Second Congl. Church, \$13.89; Norfolk Congl. Church, \$3.00.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$40.00.

Mr. Scovill, \$5.00; Mrs. Banks, \$10.00; Mr. Lockwood, \$25.00.

### FLORIDA, \$10.00.

Mrs. Ballard, \$10.00.

### IDAHO, \$10.00.

Mr. Williams, \$10.00.

### ILLINOIS, \$108.37.

Mrs. Reinebach, \$2.05; Mr. Timmermann, \$1.55; Mr. Kochsmeyer, \$15.00; Mrs. Krause, \$1.00; "N. N.," \$1.70; Mr. Von Behren, \$1.00; Mr. Resser and family, for the Foreign Mission, \$4.90; Miss Schwalter, \$1.00; Mr. Vogt, \$2.00; Mr. Schmidt & Son, \$10.00; Chicago Tract Society, \$31.90; Mrs. Butterworth, \$10.00; Sugar Creek Presb. Church, \$1.00; Mr. McQuown, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Lay, \$5.00; Silver Creek German Reformed Church, \$10.00; Princeton, First Congl. Church, \$8.12; Miss Keyes, \$1.15.

### INDIANA, \$57.30.

"Ungenannt, \$5.00; Mr. Fassnacht, \$1.00; Mrs. Klopsch, \$1.30; Mr. Renschler, \$10.00; Mr. Day, \$5.00; Mr. Weldman, \$10.00; Mr. Liggett, \$1.00; Mr. Demaree, \$1.00; Mr. Rice, \$5.00; Mr. Ayers, \$5.00; Mr. Montgomery, \$5.00; Mrs. Kendall, \$2.00; Mrs. Messeuger, \$1.00; Miss Wells, \$2.00; Mr. Gros, \$3.00.

### IOWA, \$59.22.

Mr. Hasselbrock, \$1.00; Waukon, Zalmona German Presb. Church, \$15.00; Mr. Stentel, 30 cents; Mr. Totemeier, 65 cents; Mr. Bickert, \$1.65; Mr. Kuey, 55 cents; Parkersburg German Reformed Gemeinde, \$7.70; Mr. Kramer, \$5.00; Mr. Fotsch, for Foreign Mission, \$1.65; Miss Fuchs, \$2.00; Mr. Potzger, \$5.00; Mr. Sandermann, \$4.65; Mrs. Leisy, \$4.00; Mrs. Lindner, \$1.00; Mr. Mally, \$1.00; Rev. Mr. Jacobs, \$1.00; Mr. Ranney, for Immigrant Work, \$5.00; Mrs. Walker, \$1.00; New Albion, Mt. Hope Presb. Church, \$1.07.

### KANSAS, \$25.81.

Mr. Rupp, \$5.00; Mr. Denny, 65 cents; Rev. Mr. Seivers, \$4.94; Halstead First Presb. Church, \$14.00; Mrs. Johnson, for Colportage, \$1.22.

### KENTUCKY, \$2.00.

Mr. Anderson, \$2.00.

### MAINE, \$5.00.

Miss Sewall, \$5.00.

### MARYLAND, \$16.00.

Baltimore Brown Memorial Church, \$10.00; Mrs. Zimmermann, \$1.00; Berlin Buckingham Presb. Church, \$5.00.

### MASSACHUSETTS, \$187.20.

Miss Nuchten, \$1.30; Mr. Buelow, \$1.55; Lawrence German Presb. Church and S. S., \$10.00; Mrs. Musculus, 55 cents; Mrs. Little, \$1.00; Northbridge Center Congl. Church, \$1.21; Mr. Peckham, \$5.00; Winchester First Congl. Church, 70 cents; Mrs. Brittain, \$1.00; Mr. Wilcox, \$10.00; Medford Mystic Congl. Church, \$16.64; Miss Topliff, for Immigrant Work, \$1.00; Mr. Todd, \$5.00; "A friend," \$10.00; Montague First Congl. Church, \$2.25; Captain Hiukley, for Literature in China, \$50.00; Senator Crane, Hungarian Hymn-book, \$50.00; Mr. Chase, \$5.00; Mrs. Wendall, \$5.00; "A friend," for logging camps, \$10.00.

### MICHIGAN, \$208.10.

Miss Jenter, 55 cents; Mrs. Haskell, \$5.00; Mrs. Wabeke, \$5.00; Mr. Van Bockhove, \$10.00; Mrs. Diggins, \$10.00; Burton Heights Missionary Society, \$7.00; Mrs. Newberry, for Special Detroit Work, \$100.00; Portage Reformed Church, \$3.00; Mrs. Lothrop, \$5.00; Mr. Ver Schure, \$10.00; Overisel, Christian Reformed Church, \$15.55; Mrs. Cummmer, \$10.00; Holland Hope Reformed Church, \$25.00; Rev. Mr. Tellman, \$1.00; Mrs. Mills, \$1.00.

### MINNESOTA, \$7.00.

Mr. Benedett, \$1.00; Mr. Greer, \$1.00; Mr. Gates, \$5.00.

### MISSOURI, \$50.55.

Mr. Buente, \$9.55; Rev. Mr. Fismer, 65 cents; Mr. Schoonland, \$5.00; Mr. Engelbrecht, \$1.80; Mrs. Ohnemus, \$1.55; Rev. Mr. Horstman, \$2.00; St. Louis Presbytery toward Rev. Mr. Gradiunoff's Salary, \$20.00; Evan. St. Petri Kirche Missions Kollekte, \$10.00.

### MONTANA, \$1.50.

Mr. Hedges, \$1.50.

### NEBRASKA, \$19.55.

Mrs. Berk, \$1.65; Mr. Arnold, \$1.30; Mr. Jantzen, \$5.60; Hickman Ladies' Society of Congl. Church, \$10.00; Mr. Benton, \$1.00.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$102.00.

Miss Hills, \$2.00; Mrs. Hall, \$100.00.

### NEW JERSEY, \$124.87.

South Orange, First Presb. Church, \$19.80; Mrs. Erhardt, for Tract Distribution, \$2.00; "M. M.," \$1.00; Miss Lullwitz, 65 cents; "A friend," \$4.30; Mr. Mangel, \$4.65; Succasunna Presb. Church, \$3.00; Miss Haering, \$5.00; North Branch Presb. Church of Lamington, \$6.00; Bedminster Reformed Church, \$25.25; Mrs. Richard, \$3.00; Miss Rasch, \$10.00; Mrs. Harris, \$1.00; Mr. Voorhes, \$1.00; Mrs. Prouditt, 50 cents; Mr. Hughes, \$10.00; Miss Holgate, \$2.00; Miss Williamson, \$1.00; Miss Bryant, \$1.00; High Bridge Reformed Church, \$2.50; Freehold Second Reformed Church, \$13.00; New Brunswick First Reformed Church, \$8.22.

### NEW YORK, \$454.27.

Miss Laselle, for Tract Distribution, \$1.00; Miss Billings, \$25.00; Mrs. Blair, \$25.00; Mr. Stokes, \$25.00; Mrs. Osborne, \$25.00; Miss Merriam, \$5.00; "A friend," for Colportage, 75 cents; Mrs. Miller, \$5.00; Mr. Kueger, \$5.00; Rev. Mr. Scholl, \$1.00; Mrs. Gilbert, for Colportage and Literature, \$1.50; Poughkeepsie First Reformed Church, \$20.92; Mr. Bowers, \$15.00; Mrs. Macbeth, \$1.00; Mrs. Holmes, \$5.00; Mrs. Samey, \$1.00; Mrs. Knock, \$1.00; Sandy Lake Presb. Church, \$5.00; Miss Nichols, \$2.50; Wappinger Falls Presb. Church, \$2.00; Mr. Jagnow, for Mission bills and tracts, \$2.00; Mr. Taylor, \$2.00; Miss Van Duzee, 50 cents; Miss Simkin, \$2.00; Miss Birdseye, for Colportage, 50 cents; Mr. Baldwin, \$5.00; Mrs. Monroe, for Spanish Literature, \$150.00; Mr. Sayre, \$50.00; Miss Tinning, \$5.00; Mr. Emple, \$2.00; Messrs. Mills, \$20.00; the Misses Brodhead, \$5.00; Miss Stevenson, for Immigrants, \$1.00; Miss Powell, \$1.65; Mrs. Hooper, \$3.00; Mr. Randall, \$9.50; Miss Barnett, \$5.00; Mrs. Welles Class of Young Women, for Immigrant Work, \$2.00; Setauket Presb. Church, \$15.45.

### NORTH DAKOTA, \$12.00.

Rev. Mr. Liebig, \$2.00; Mr. Long, \$1.00; Mrs. Crevath, \$9.00.

### OHIO, \$278.25.

Mr. Zurfuh, \$1.05; Mr. Schlupp, 65 cents; Mrs. Achey, \$30.00; Miss Rogers, \$5.00; Messrs. Brusman & Coffman, \$5.00; Mr. Carr, \$5.00; Messrs. Kuhns Bros., \$5.00; Mr. Breneman, \$3.00; Mr. Wuichet, \$2.00; Mr. McKee, \$2.00; Mr. Wilcock, \$2.00; Mr. LaRose, \$2.00; Mr. More, \$1.00; Mr. Gump, \$1.00; Mr. Walters, \$1.00; Mr. Robinson, \$1.00; Mr. Cooper, \$1.00; Mr. Chase, \$1.00; Mr. Gebhart, \$1.00; Mr. Gebhart, \$1.00; Mr. Wuichet, \$1.00; Mr. Wuichet, \$1.00; Mr. Campbell, \$1.00; Mr. Barker, \$1.00; Mr. Clapper, \$1.00; Mrs. Mathieson, \$1.00; Mr. Zurfesh, \$1.00; Mr. Brenner, \$1.00; Mr. Irvin, \$1.00; Mr. Weller, \$1.00; Mr. Van Degrift, 75 cents; Mr. Kennett, 50 cents; Mr. Hrdle, 50 cents; Cash, 30 cents; Mr. McLaughlin, \$5.00; Mr. McLaughlin, \$5.00; Mr. Arnold, \$1.00; Mr. Frazer, \$1.00; Mr. Creath, \$1.00; Dr. Strain, \$1.00; Mr. Rator, \$1.00; Mr. Van Wagoner, \$1.00; Piqua United Presb. Church, \$2.75; Piqua First Presb. S. S., \$10.00; Mr. McColloch, \$1.00; Mr. Wilder, \$1.00; Mr. Spencer, \$1.00; Mr. Rundle, \$1.00; Mr. Montgomery, \$1.00; Mr. Zollinger, \$1.00; Mr. Asbton, \$1.00; Mr. Young, \$1.00; Mr. Jones, \$1.00; Mr. Morris, \$1.00; Mr. Johnson, \$1.00; Mr. Irvin, \$1.00; Miss Butterfield, 50 cents; Mr. Roe, 50 cents; Mr. Kiser, 50 cents; Mr. Wilson, 25 cents; Cash, 50 cents; Miss Kitz, \$5.00; Dr. Gotwald, \$5.00; Mr. Rodgers, \$5.00; Mr. Crowell, \$5.00; Mr. Carson, \$3.00; Mrs. Brain, \$3.00; Mrs. Gotwald, \$3.00; Mr. Kay, \$3.00; Mrs. Geiger, \$5.00; Mr. Kelly, \$10.00; Mr. Brain, \$2.00; Mrs. Tressler, \$2.00; Miss Rodgers, \$2.00; Mrs. Weaver, \$2.00; Mrs. Plummer, \$2.00; Rev. and Mrs. Thompson, \$2.00; Mrs. Cumbach, \$2.00; Mrs. Fullerton, \$2.00; Dr. Converse, \$2.00; Dr. Davy, \$2.00; Mr. Johnson, \$2.00; Miss Hunt, \$2.00; Mr. Montjoy, \$1.00; Mr. Barret, \$1.00; Miss Brain, \$1.00; Mr. Morris, \$1.00; Mrs. Black, \$1.00; Mrs. Milligan, \$1.00; Mrs. Freid, \$1.00; Mr. Zimmerman, \$1.00; Mr. Winger, \$1.00; Mrs. Starrett, \$1.00; Mr. Pierce, \$1.00; Mr. Rodgers, \$1.00; Mrs. Yeazell, \$1.00; Mr. Corry, \$1.00; Miss Burrows, \$1.00; Mr. Hosterman, \$1.00; Mr. Knight, \$1.00; Mr. King, \$1.00; Mr. Rosensteel, \$1.00; Mr. Leishub, \$1.00; Mrs. Muzzy, 50 cents; Mr. Bliss, 50 cents; Mr. Barrett, 50 cents; Cash, 50 cents; Mr. Grant, 50 cents; Mr. Grant, 25 cents; Mr. Grant, 25 cents; Mr. Humphreys, 50 cents; Mr. Smallwood, 50 cents; Mr. Kay, 25 cents; Mr. Garlough, 50 cents; Dr. Oldham, 50 cents; Mr. McCracken, \$3.00; Mr. McDonald, \$1.00; Mr. Weaver, \$2.00; Mrs. De Rulter, \$2.00; Mrs. Webb, Jr., \$5.00; Cash, \$6.00; Mrs. Reynolds, \$12.00; Mrs. Robbins, \$2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Carson, \$2.00; Mrs. Jones, \$3.00;

Mrs. Ball, \$2.00; Mr. Perrine, \$1.00; Mrs. Smith, \$5.50; Mr. Barrett, \$2.00.

### PENNSYLVANIA, \$182.80.

Miss Merkle, \$2.15; Mrs. Berger, \$1.00; Frauen Verein der Evangl. Christus Gemeinde, \$2.00; Mr. Bright, \$2.00; Mr. Updegraff, \$10.00; Pittsburg, Mr. Washington Presb. Church, \$6.00; Mr. Pratt, \$2.00; Mrs. Preston, \$2.00; Mr. Welker, \$10.00; Blairsville, Beulah Presb. Church, \$1.00; Mr. Catlin, \$5.00; Mr. Walp, \$2.00; Mr. Baker, for Tract Distribution, \$1.50; Mr. Keeley, \$10.00; Miss Graydon, \$3.00; Mr. Carter, \$10.00; Mr. Tyler, \$10.00; Mrs. Huber, \$2.00; Mr. Linen, \$10.00; Penfield Presb. Church, \$4.10; Derry Church Presb. Church, \$2.30; Miss Demuth, \$1.00; Mrs. Henry, \$10.00; Mr. Martinco, \$5.00; Green-castle Presb. Church, \$3.75; Miss Adams, \$10.00; Mrs. Penrose, \$50.00; Mr. Wertz, \$5.00.

### RHODE ISLAND, \$15.00.

Mr. Jenks, \$5.00; Mrs. Hogg, \$10.00.

### SOUTH DAKOTA, \$7.86.

Mr. Gross, \$1.00; Mr. Miller, 65 cents; Mr. Grosz, 65 cents; Chancellor Reformed Church S. S., \$4.56; Mr. Black, \$1.00.

### TEXAS, \$1.00.

Mr. Sample, \$1.00.

### VERMONT, \$7.00.

Rev. Mr. Higley, \$1.00; Mrs. Elliot, \$5.00; Mrs. King, \$1.00.

### VIRGINIA, \$2.00.

Mrs. Roger, \$2.00.

### WASHINGTON, \$10.00.

Mr. Wilmot, \$10.00.

### WEST VIRGINIA, \$1.00.

Miss Echols, \$1.00.

### WISCONSIN, \$28.82.

Mrs. Jenny, 65 cents; Mr. Wittenberger, \$2.15; Mr. Lehman, \$1.00; Mrs. Engel, \$1.65; Mr. Strauss, \$1.30; Mr. Mayer, \$1.65; Mr. Hoffman, 55 cents; Mrs. Freitag, for Immigrant Work, \$2.00; Mr. Müller, 65 cents; Waupun Reformed Church, \$10.22; Mrs. Oakley, \$5.00; Baraboo First Presb. Church, \$2.00.

### WYOMING, \$1.00.

Mrs. Scott, for Tract Distribution, \$1.00.

### FOREIGN, \$12.18.

Canada, Mr. Loewen, \$1.65; Mr. Enns, 53 cents; Brazil, Rev. Mr. Kolb, \$10.00.

### LEGACIES, \$285.00.

Rhode Island, Estate of Phebe C. Crocker, \$285.00.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$57.25

Income for Missionary Work, \$39.75; Income Payable to Annuitants, \$17.50.

### NEW TRUST FUND, \$10,000.

Peter I. Neefus Evangelistic Fund, \$10,000.00.

## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to THE "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.

## Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

## A Help to the Sunday School

A Sunday-school worker in Baltimore, Md., writes:

"I once more find myself forced to increase my subscription of the *Apples of Gold*. This paper has truly earned its name with me, for I find my Sunday-school growing rapidly, and I can not take all the credit, for I think this attractive paper deserves a great deal. So kindly send me twenty-five more copies, as I find I cannot possibly make 95 papers do for 115 children. I am delighted with our growth."

Perhaps there are Sunday-school workers elsewhere who would find the use of *Apples of Gold* helpful in increasing both the interest and the attendance in their schools. This attractive little paper is published by the American Tract Society, and sample copies will be gladly sent upon application.

## American Tract Society

Organized 1825

Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants, and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publications of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 773,532,485 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$774,012.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution for the past year is \$24,090, being equivalent to 16,157,000 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,526,794.70.

Its work is ever widening. Is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

## In Cuba

MR. PEDRO POZO, a colporter of the American Tract Society who is scattering the Word of God in the printed page in the island of Cuba, tells the following incidents of his work:

"In Buena Paz, after I had canvassed the whole town, as I left I met two men on horseback, and when I offered them my books they said, 'We want to know what is in the books, but we cannot read. Will you read for us?' I found the eighth chapter of Luke and read the parable of the sower, explaining it to them as best I could. They remained on horseback and I stood by the side of the road. When I had finished they said, 'This is the truth,' and one of them bought a New Testament and the other four Gospel Portions and a Primer.

"In one of the homes I met an old man who was talking with a neighbor and saying, 'I wonder if there is a God.' The other answered, 'Yes, but there is also a devil.' This aroused my interest, and I offered them my books, saying, 'Here you will find an answer to all these questions.' 'But we cannot read,' they replied. 'Very well,' said I, 'then I will talk to you for a little while.' I then explained to them what the Bible teaches of God, sin and the way of salvation. Two men, three women and two children formed the group. At the close they said, 'Many thanks, sir, and may the Lord be with you.'

"In Sabanilla a woman said to me, 'I am a Roman Catholic, but I do not know what religion is.' I replied, 'It is the Word of God called the Gospel, which teaches us that there is a God whom we should honor and obey. One who sees all our acts and who desires that we repent of all our sins. In His great love for us He gave His Son, Jesus Christ, so that believing in Him we may have eternal life.'

## "Better Every Year"

AMONG the many communications received from our subscribers are some which we feel should be shared with others, for they show the friendly esteem in which the AMERICAN MESSENGER is held by its large circle of readers. A lady in Washington, D.C., writes:

"I have received my paper together with the beautiful Calendar for 1911, 'Ruth the Gleaner.' I have been a subscriber to this paper for twenty-six or twenty-seven years. I am now in my eighty-third year, and I cannot express to you how much I enjoy reading this paper. I thank you so much. The paper is better every year, and the Calendar for 1911 is a treasure."



## When the Stomach Stops

Working Properly, Because There Is Wind In It, Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to Set It Going Again  
A Trial Package Free

The doctors call it flatulency, but unprofessional folks know it as "wind on the stomach," and a most distressing state of things it is. It is a serious condition of this great motor organ. Always annoying and painful in the extreme, at times often leading to bad and fatal results. The stomach embarrassed and hampered with wind, cannot take care of its food properly and indigestion follows, and this has a train too appalling to enumerate. The entire system is implicated—made an active or passive factor in this trouble and life soon becomes a questionable boon.

All this is explained in doctor books; how undigested food causes gases by fermentation and fomentation in which process some essential fluids are destroyed—burnt up—wasted by chemical action, followed by defective nutrition and the distribution through the alimentary tract of chemically wrong elements and as a consequence the stomach and entire system is starved. Plenty of food, you see, but spoilt in preparation and worse than worthless.

A deranged stomach is the epitome of evil; nothing too bad to emanate from it, but the gas it generates is probably its worst primary effect and the only way to do away with this is to remove the cause. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the root of this trouble. They attack the gas-making foods and render them harmless. Flatulency or wind on the stomach simply cannot exist where these powerful and wonderworking little tablets are in evidence.

They were made for this very purpose to attack gas making foods and convert them into proper nutriment. This is their province and office. A whole book could be written about them and then not all told that might be told with profit to sufferers from this painful disease, dyspepsia. It would mention the years of patient and expensive experiment in effort to arrive at this result—of failures innumerable and at last success. It would make mention of the different stomach correctives that enter into this tablet and make it faithfully represent all.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not alone intended for the sick, but well folks as well; for the person who craves hearty foods and wants to eat heartily and run no risk of bad effects, they act like a charm and make eating and digestion a delight and pleasure. They keep the stomach active and energetic and able and willing to do extra work without special labor or effort. Don't forget this. Well people are often neglected, but the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets have them in mind.

A free trial package will be sent any one who wants to know just what they are, how they look and taste, before beginning treatment with them. After this go to the drug store for them; everywhere, here or at home, they are 50 cents a box and by getting them at home you will save time and postage. Your doctor will prescribe them; they say there are 40,000 doctors using them, but when you know what is the matter with yourself, why go to the expense of a prescription? For free trial package address F. A. Stuart Co., 258 Stuart Building, Marshall, Michigan.

## For the Children

THE American Tract Society publishes a very attractive paper for children entitled *Apples of Gold*. Sunday-schools of all evangelical denominations are using this beautiful little paper in their Primary Departments and Infant Classes, and it has proven itself to be just the paper that the children want. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution.

Parents, Sunday-school teachers, and Christian workers who desire to put the best of reading into the hands of the children can find no paper more suitable than *Apples of Gold*. Every issue contains interesting little stories, charming bits of poetry, beautiful illustrations, including a full-page picture on the front cover, and a full-page treatment of the Sunday-school Lesson, with Memory Verses from the Bible, Lesson Questions, Golden Text and a carefully selected picture bearing on the lesson.

There may be an Orphan Asylum or a Home for Children or a Children's Hospital in your locality, where the little folks would be delighted to receive *Apples of Gold*. Would you not like to supply them with a package each month? We feel confident that you would be well repaid for the gift, or if you will send us the amount you feel like giving for this object, we know of several Children's Homes and Orphan Asylums where they would be appreciated. Think of the many little hearts that might be made happy by your kindness!

We will be glad to send free and postpaid, in every case in which the order amounts to one dollar or over, two beautiful pictures, suitable for framing, one entitled "The Good Shepherd," and the other, "Suffer Little Children." Both of these subjects are popular, and adapted especially for homes in which there are children.

The subscription price of *Apples of Gold* is only 30 cents a year for single subscriptions; 25 cents a year in clubs of five copies to one address; 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more to one address; subscriptions received in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year. Canadian and foreign subscribers must add 12 cents extra for postage for each single subscription, or 6 cents extra for each club subscription.

Sample copies will be gladly sent upon application. Please address all communications on this subject to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

## The Life Line

A NIGHT of terror and danger, because of their ignorance, was spent by the crew of a vessel off the coast of New Jersey.

Just before dark a bark was discovered drifting helplessly, and soon struck her bows so that she was made fast on a bar, and in momentary danger of going down.

A line was shot over the rigging of the wreck by a life-saving crew, but the sailors did not understand that it was a line connecting them with the shore, that they might seize and escape. All signs failed to make them understand this. So all night the bark lay with the big waves dashing over it, while the crew, drenched and shivering and terrified, shouted for help.

In the morning they discovered how unnecessarily they had suffered, and how all night there was a line right within reach by which they might have been saved.

This is an illustration of many a soul on life's sea. Tossed and wave-beaten, they cry for mercy. God's answer is immediate. His mercy and grace are ever just within reach; but how often, failing to appreciate that "the Word is nigh us," we spend hours of anxiety and pain, when we might have at once reached out and caught hold of the divine, loving hand!

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### The Aetna of Hartford

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### Apples of Gold

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## Our Book Table

Publishers will confer a favor by sending us announcements of their new books. So far as space will allow, we will ask publishers to send us for review such books as in our judgment will be of interest and value to our readers. We do not promise to review books that are sent to us unsolicited.

Any book here mentioned will be sent upon receipt of the given price, if ordered from the "American Tract Society," 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

**Missions and Modern Thought.** By William Owen Carver, Ph.D.

The author of this book is the Professor of Comparative Religion and Missions in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He has given the Christian public a volume which forms a worthy addition to the literature of missions. He discusses the subject in a broad comprehensive way, and shows how the best modern thought supports the idea and the purpose of Christian missions. He has taken full account of the marvelous progress of the human race in modern times along scientific lines, and he is fully aware of the developments which have recently taken place in psychology and theology. But he demonstrates conclusively that the essential spirit of true Christianity remains ever the same, and that the same motive which dominated the early Church in its effort to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world is still characteristic of every loyal follower of the divine Master. He maintains that Christianity is a universal religion and is destined to effect the conquest of the whole world. There is a ring of optimism about this book that is encouraging to every lover of the missionary enterprise, while those who have not yet awakened to a full realization of the necessity and the importance of carrying the gospel message to the uttermost parts of the earth will find it hard to resist the appeal that is here made for the missionary cause. (Cloth, 324 pages. \$1.50 net. The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., New York.)

**Little Prodigals.** By Nannie Lee Fraser.

Miss Fraser, a successful teacher in the University School at Louisville, Ky., here tells the story of the winning of two boys in the face of obstacles of temperament and habit which had been the despair of parents and teachers. We learn from her narrative how the key to the heart of each one of these "little prodigals" was found, and the story of how they were won will give fresh encouragement to any teacher who has a "boy problem" on hand. Parents as well as teachers will learn much from this little book, and its perusal should bring about a more intelligent and helpful co-operation between home and school in the moral training and development of the child life of our nation. (Decorated boards. 55 pages. F. M. Barton Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 35 cents net.)

**A Modern Chronicle.** By Winston Churchill.

It is a strong picture that is given in this "Chronicle" of the life of the "fast set" of fashionable society and of divorce and what it really means. Its hideousness is written in letters of fire that burn themselves into the consciousness of the reader and cannot be forgotten. The development of Honora, the chief character, from a selfish, ambitious girl to a saddened and ennobled woman of thirty is admirably done. One is glad to finish the story and get away from it, but it leaves its strong impress. Is it not strange, however, that in the working out of such problems as this book takes up, so little account is taken of God in His dealings with men? But that, too, is typical of so much of our modern life: God is left out of it. (Cloth. 524 pages. \$1.50. Macmillan Co., New York.)

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"So I did."

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### Chinese Wisdom

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"The only way to prevent people knowing it, is not to do it."

"Don't bite off more than you can chew."

"It is too late to rein in your horse when on the precipice and to mend a leak when in midstream."

"An inch of time is an inch of gold."

"Deep waters run slowly."

"A biting dog does not show his teeth."

"A word is enough for a wise man, and a flick of the whip for a fleet horse."

"Rotten wood cannot be carved."

"The ten fingers cannot be all one length."

"Men, not walls, make a city."

"No grief so great as for a dead heart."

"If you want to see every one like yourself, you must look in your glass."

"It is not foolish to forgive; good will come of it by and by."

"Water may run in a thousand channels, but all returns to the sea."

"The myriad schemes of men are not worth one scheme of God."

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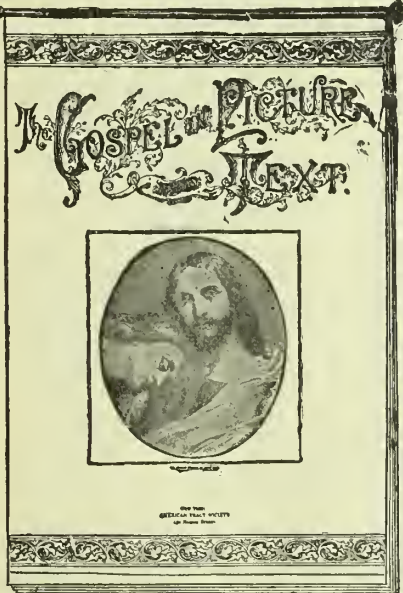
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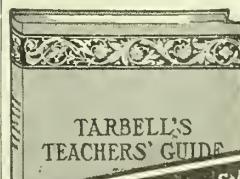
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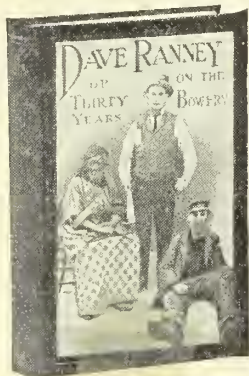
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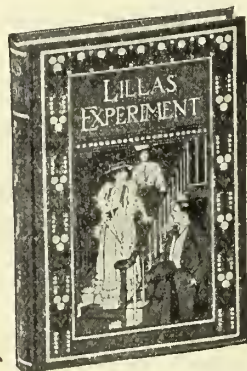
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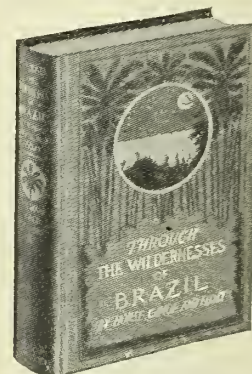
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# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 69



APRIL, 1911



No. 4



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



# An Easter Thank-Offering

The great leaders of religious revivals and world movements have borne witness to the mighty influence of tracts for good: John Wyclif, John Wesley, Whitefield, Springer, Dwight L. Moody, Bishop J. C. Ryle and many others. John Wyclif's tracts led to the reformation in Bohemia. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, Missionary to China, was saved through a tract. A leaflet written by Martin Luther reached the heart of John Bunyan, and as a result we have the marvelous book, "Pilgrim's Progress." Buchanan's "Star in the East" brought life to the soul of Adoniram Judson, the pioneer missionary to India.

## A Mighty Influence for Good

## Tract as Soul Winners

Thousands upon thousands of people can rise up and testify that a tract was the means of their conversion. Countless others have been cheered, comforted and stimulated by tracts. The printed page is the only means whereby the majority of the people in the world can be reached with the Gospel. We hope many will take part in furnishing the funds necessary to systematically distribute tracts and booklets.

## Reaching the Masses

The American Tract Society realizes that only through a wide distribution of Christian literature can the masses of the people be reached with the Gospel Message. In some of the States there are entire school districts where religious services have not been held for many years, and the inhabitants are not in attendance upon public worship. Parental religious teaching has sadly waned. The regular Church services, also the evangelistic campaigns, do not reach the non-Church-going population. The house-to-house canvass, carrying the printed message must be made, and the children and youth religiously taught and trained. Thousands of colporters should be regularly employed to make the home-to-home visitation, thereby reaching directly both the family and the individual. This is the most successful method of reaching the large immigrant population in our midst.

## One Million Dollars Needed

Tens of thousands are perishing without the knowledge of Christ as the Redeemer of Sinners, who would be saved if the strong right arm of Christian literature was extended. If the means were forthcoming to provide and distribute Christian literature in sufficient quantities, the Kingdom of Christ would be established in every home, and the children and youth advance to a Christian manhood and womanhood. The Tract Society has given extensive aid in the creation of Christian literature in the vernacular, thereby multiplying many times the power of the missionary at the foreign mission stations. The call for this literature is imperative. ONE MILLION DOLLARS is needed for the work at home and abroad.

A beautiful custom has long associated the Easter-tide with special gifts for the spread of the Gospel of Christ. We therefore ask all Christians, and especially the readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, to make a generous Easter Thank-Offering for the work of carrying the Gospel Message by means of the printed page to the unsaved millions.

## An Easter Offering

Let individuals make their offerings, both large and small, and let the churches and Sunday-schools in all sections of our land take collections and forward them to the Society's treasury. All donations should be sent to Louis Tag, Assistant Treasurer, American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

## Across the Lighted Sea

We sailed away in the twilight  
From the crowds on the sloping sand,  
And the darker shades of the gloaming  
Crept upward toward the land;  
And many a dear companion  
Waved us a gay farewell,  
Though the rhythmic boom of the waters  
Sounded a solemn knell.

We looked at the brooding darkness  
Over the hills which crept;  
And the sighing winds of the evening,  
And the voices of those who wept,  
Threw magical spells around us.  
But One was calling away,  
And the beckoning hand above us  
We dare not to disobey.

So we sailed with Him o'er the waters,  
Half dreading the deepening night;  
But lo! as the hours moved onward,  
The sea was a path of light;  
And the ship rolled over the billows,  
And the winds were cool and strong,  
Till our hearts were with laughter  
And our lips were filled with song.

Oh, what of the fading faces  
And the joys we have left behind?  
We have not had time for sorrow,  
The Master has been so kind.  
Hands clasping our own in silence,  
Eyes looking across the sea,  
Are telling of dreamed-of gladness  
In the land where we soon shall be.

Dense and deep is the darkness  
Hanging about the shore  
From which we are swiftly sailing,  
So we look back never more.  
But forward our eyes are peering,  
And as later grows the night  
The sea is becoming quiet,  
And broader our path of light.

Oh, sweet is the waters' music  
As they join in a praiseful psalm,  
Our hearts that were filled with longing  
With the comfort of love grow calm:  
And we say, if the night be glorious,  
What will the morning be?  
For we're sailing away to Heaven,  
Over the lighted sea.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## Invest in Souls

"A MAN shall be more precious than gold." Hear that, O long-suffering and patient missionary, your stock will be at par. The poor souls which you dig out from dark caverns of heathenism will be worth millions of such "corruptible things as silver and gold." Did the mother of the Gracchi present her own children to those who inquired concerning her treasures, saying: "There are my jewels"? How much more will the missionary exult in his spiritual children in that day when the Lord shall "make up His jewels," presenting them before the Redeemer and before the angels, saying: "These are my riches!" . . . "Where can I invest most safely and profitably?" is the question constantly asked on 'Change. Invest in souls; seriously, deliberately, solemnly we urge you to invest in souls. There is no insurance on gold and silver that will protect them against the fires of the last day. But saved and glorified souls—these are "the gold tried in fire," out of which your crown of rejoicing shall be wrought. Get money, you may or may not, O Christian. But as you care aught for the rewards of heaven, fail not of getting souls. Get them at your own door; get them from the ends of the earth; but fail not to get them.

SELECTED.

## The Way of Peace

ABIDING in Jesus is nothing but the giving up of one's self to be ruled and taught and led, and so resting in the arms of Everlasting Love. Blessed rest! the fruit and the foretaste and the fellowship of God's own rest! found of them who thus come to Jesus to abide in Him. It is the peace of God, the great calm of the eternal world, that passeth all understanding, and that keeps the heart and mind. With this grace secured, we have strength for every duty, courage for every struggle, a blessing in every cross, and the joy of life eternal in death itself.

ANDREW MURRAY.

## The Desert Prayer

A TRAVELER in Arabia tells of seeing two children slip swiftly from their seat on a camel at the sunset call to prayer, and, rubbing sand on their hands, turn their faces toward Mecca in worship. Moslems are directed to bathe before they pray; but if no water is to be had, the sand of the desert may take its place; and this is one of the petitions they offer: "Lead us in the way that is straight."

Five times daily they offer that prayer—a prayer and a custom that might well be transplanted to Christian hearts and countries. In the rush and worry of the daily life it is so easy to wander just a little out of the straight path of carefulness and faithfulness; inclination and convenience are so apt to blur the lines of truth and honesty, and make the little curves of unfairness and selfishness seem a good-enough way to follow, that we well may ask to have our feet guided aright. Tempers wander into crooked byways, moods swerve and bewilder, the sharp spur of competition misleads, and there are many things that look different in the dust and hurry of the busy day from the way they looked in quieter and more dispassionate hours. The disciples of the Master on the crowded street have quite as much need as the Bedouin of the desert to pray—to pray even more sincerely and frequently because of greater knowledge and a higher ideal: "Lead us in the way that is straight."

FORWARD.

## A Rescue Movement

Christian people throughout the world have been greatly interested in the "Catch-My-Pal Movement." Its name indicates that it was intended to be a movement for the rescue of men who are degraded in sin by one who has himself been saved by God's grace. The movement originated in Armagh, Ireland. On July 13, 1909, Rev. R. J. Patterson, a Presbyterian pastor in that city, saw six drunken men lounging in a street near his home. He promptly drafted a pledge and these six men became charter members of what is called the great "Protestant Total Abstinence Union." At the first anniversary celebration last July, Mr. Patterson reported that 120,000 men and women were enrolled, pledging themselves with a vow "for God and home and native land to see this thing through." From Ireland the organization has spread into England, Scotland, America and South Africa. One great source of its growth is the requirement that each signer shall bring a friend to sign the same pledge. This is only one of the many movements that are helping to paint the world white.

## What a Hammer Did

WE are constantly finding illustrations of the truth that a wrong, small in itself, if allowed to remain, will cause great trouble. An improper word because "I didn't think;" a task neglected because "I forgot;" or a habit indulged "just this once," will have a greater effect than for the time being.

Several years ago, while a boat was being built, a hammer was nailed up in the bottom. Whether the workman knew it or not, he did not take it out, and the boat was finished and put to service. Every time the boat rocked, the hammer was thrown back and forth, until little by little it wore first a track, and then through the planking, down to the copper plating, before any one knew it was there. The copper was all that kept the vessel from sinking.

A little thing, you say, in the beginning; yes, simply the loss of a hammer; but how serious the result! And more serious was it not, because it was hidden away where no one could see it?

The thoughts which we shut in our hearts for fear people will see them are the ones which, some day, we will find the cause of much mischief. The Psalmist says: "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;" and then he prays, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

EXCHANGE.



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2: 10

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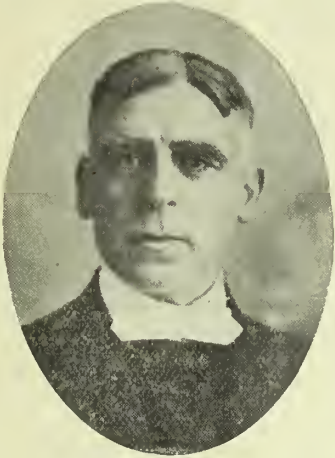
APRIL, 1911

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## Easter, the Festival of the Resurrection

BY REV. ANDREW HENRY, D.D.



ANDREW HENRY, D.D.

should be commemorated on the 14th and 16th days of the Hebrew month Nisan; while the Western church contended that the celebration should always fall on certain days of the week—Friday and the First Day. The controversy waxed hot until in 190 A.D. Victor, Bishop of Rome, went so far as to excommunicate as heterodox all those churches which celebrated on the 14th and 16th of Nisan. Thus do men sometimes close their eyes to the face of truth to wrangle over her garments.

Even after the Council of Nice in 325 A.D. pronounced in favor of Friday and the First Day of the week, there was room for dispute. Should the date be determined by the lunar month or the solar year? But finally the difference as to the time has been removed by the reform of the calendar. The spring equinox occurs on the twenty-first of March, and Easter falls on the first Lord's Day after the first full moon subsequent to the vernal equinox. This rule accounts for the fact that Easter may come as early as March 22d or as late as April 25th.

It does not appear that in the early church the ceremonies of Easter day differed in any material respect from those of any other Lord's Day. When the empire became Christian, during and subsequent to the reign of Constantine, it was customary to remit debts and to free slaves on this day. The church services were attended by great throngs who gave expression to their joy by wearing their gayest clothing. The baptism of catechumens was deferred until the eve of Easter. These appeared in their white robes on Easter morn.

In what does the joy of Easter for the Christian consist? What is the significance of this Festival as compared with the holy days of the Pagans, who celebrated merely the nearer approach of the sun to the earth, the quickened sap and the budding trees?

### Christ Was God as Well as Man

To the Christian Easter means the proof that Jesus was God as well as man. Our Saviour staked His standing and His reputation upon His rising again from the dead. The sign He gave unto the men of His generation was His resurrection. "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again." "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas: For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

If Jesus rose again, then He was what He professed Himself to be. If He did not rise, then His teachings are without authority and may in some respects be true, but in some they are manifestly false. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain; yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, because we have testified of God that He raised up Christ." "He was declared to be the Son of God, with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."

God, by the resurrection of Jesus, put the stamp of His approval upon Him. The logic of the man who had his eyes opened upon this point is irresistible—"Now we know that God heareth not sinners, but if any man be a worshiper of God and doeth His will, him He heareth. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." If Christ rose, then what He taught was true. The fact of the resurrection carries with it the truth of the Christian system.

### A Life Beyond

To the Christian Easter means the assurance of a life beyond the darkness of the grave. Let us suppose that Peter and John (who saw our Lord after His passion) were inquiring what bearing the Resurrection had upon their future existence? As they had evidence of His divine character they must accept what He taught as true.

"There can be no doubt," John would say to Peter, "that there is a life beyond, for you remember the Master said, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life.' 'In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

But Peter might have said to John, "Our Lord's appearance again gives not only the assurance of life, but reveals the fact of life for the body as well as for the soul. Do you not perceive a difference between His old life and the new? It was the same body and yet mysteriously changed. The daughter of Jairus was raised, but it was to the old life. Lazarus was raised, but it was to die again. But our Lord liveth to die no more."

"Yes," John might have replied, "I well remember His words. 'The hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.'"

"Surely," rejoins Peter, "our Master has taught us that there is a future for the body as well as for the soul."

"Yes," replies John, "He has brought life and immortality to light."

### A Triumphant Assurance

To the Christian Easter brings the triumphant assurance that Jesus' redemptive work was accepted of God. He was called Jesus because He should save his people from their sins. The angel announced to the shepherds, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour who is Christ, the Lord." He said of Himself, "I must work the works of Him who sent me, while it is day." He came to do for us what we could not do for ourselves. He was our representative—"The Lord our Righteousness." As such He was perfectly holy. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" was His challenge. He suffered and died on the cross. The time came when He could say, "It is finished." As an evidence that He spoke the truth, and that His work was accepted, He arose again and ascended to the place of honor and power in heaven.

Do we ask what evidence we have that His work on behalf of sinners was accepted? The answer is—God manifested His approval by raising Him from the dead. "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Those who rely upon Him for forgiveness of sin are assured of justification by the fact of His resurrection.

An event of such momentous significance as the resurrection calls for corresponding results in the heart and life. It gives a sufficient answer to the gravest problems of life. At the present time on Easter morn the Russian meeting his neighbor will say, "The Lord is risen," and the response is, "The Lord is risen indeed."

**T**HE season of spring has always stirred the senses and the hearts of men. Slow pulses quicken and old hopes revive in answer to the new mysterious life that rises in the earth. The yearly miracle that brings life out of death had a religious meaning to reverent minds among the Pagans as far back as the records go. In ancient Argos every spring the women had a festival, when they sang hymns to the dead god Dionysus, to call him up from the sea. Our Saxon ancestors celebrated an April festival in honor of Eostre, the goddess of the spring. When Christianity was introduced into Britain this name was appropriated to the festival of Christ's resurrection from motives of tact, no doubt, on the part of the missionaries.

The Pagans felt the joy of spring and returned thanks to their gods for the gifts of life. But how poor were their reasons for their spring festivals compared with ours! The life that will die again with the frosts of autumn, the meadows whose green will parch and fade, the trees whose leaves will fall again; this was all the ancients had to celebrate till the true Easter came with its promise of Eternal Life.

### The Origin of the Easter Festival

When Easter began to be celebrated in the early church we do not know. There is no command in the Scriptures making it a fixed institution in the church. The reasons for this are plain—there were in the church already institutions designed to commemorate the death and resurrection of our Lord. The Eucharist or Lord's Supper commemorated His death, and the First day of the week commemorated His resurrection. But it was natural that at the return of the period of the year when our Lord died and rose again, greater emphasis should be laid upon these events than at other seasons. Accordingly there grew up the custom of celebrating in a special manner at this particular period of the year the Redemptive work of our Lord.

The first Jewish converts would very easily adopt the custom of celebrating the death and resurrection of Christ, for it was contemporaneous with the feast of the Passover. We know that Paul kept in some sense the latter feast. He probably kept it as commemorative of the death of Christ. His language in the First Epistle to the Corinthians would sustain this view. "For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." (1 Cor. 5:7.) The early Christians could not celebrate the death without celebrating with some special emphasis His resurrection on the third day afterward.

There were bitter differences in the early church as to the particular day to be observed. The Eastern church, following the views of the Jewish converts, thought that the Death and Resurrection



### The Real Meaning of Easter

If we dwell upon the fact of the Resurrection, with its significance as to the character of our Lord, our own future and the redemptive work of our Lord, there will arise in our hearts such love, peace and joy, that the spirit of the festival will not be wanting in us on any day of the year. Our souls constantly need this Easter message. We need more than the promise of budding leaves and flowers. Let these be the symbols merely of that Eternal Life possessed by every one who has seen the vision of the Risen Lord.



## A Chain that Holds

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT

Down on the coast of Maine there is an old fisherman who makes a business of dragging the harbors along the shore far and near for old anchors which have been lost by vessels at different times. In one month he secured old anchors and chains which weighed more than four and a half tons, and when they were sold, they brought him more than three hundred dollars.

But while we congratulate this old fisherman for his success in recovering these lost anchors, let us stop and think what it may have meant to the ships which in days gone by dropped them and went drifting where? Out into the darkness? Down on the rocks? Away where death lurks in the storm and the shadows? Who knows? And all because the chains did not hold.

### A Broken Link

It was through no fault of the anchors themselves that these staunch crafts went out into the night. They held fast. If they had not, the chains would not have been broken. It was some weak link in the chain which gave way just when the stress was most severe that left the anchor buried in the ooze at the bottom of the harbor. Only one link, and yet the breaking of that link caused so much sorrow and brought so much loss.

Chains that break! Oh, how many there are of them!

A young man goes out from a home in which God is revered. All along the way he has so far come, the light of his life has been that shed by the Old Book. A father's prayers and a mother's longings went out with him when he stepped over the threshold to try the world for himself. Then his faith was good and strong. Then he would have stood up bravely for the simple, quiet life of the old home.

Who was it that cut the chain of that young man's faith? Was it some teacher in the school that he was attending? Did some man standing in the pulpit drop a word which sent a shadow of doubt across the bright ray of his boyhood's faith? Who knows? Just one thing is sure. Somehow a link has been weakened so that when the storm is blackest and the danger worst, the chain is parted, the anchor loses its power to hold and a soul goes down to wreck and ruin.

### The Neglected Book

"I would stake everything on the integrity of my friend! I am sure he will prove true to you, if you take him into your confidence!"

How many a man has spoken thus of one he loved and wished to help. But there was something he did not know about that man's life, sure as he was that he understood his very heart. He did not know that the morning prayer was no longer sent heavenward in that man's home. The day had so much of care in it! So much to do! Time was so short! And then, mother has her own duties, and the children are not yet up! So the Book lies on the shelf and the man goes out to his day's work with a chain that is day by day growing weaker and weaker, its links rusting in the very midst of the storm.

Then there comes a day when the proud life breaks away from its moorings and another anchor lies at the bottom of the sea!

### An Unsolved Problem

One of the most serious problems of our day is to find some way to make metal immune to the action of rust and other forms of disintegration. Thousands of dollars have been spent in the study of this problem.

If only some way could be discovered to prevent metals from weakening under the influence of wet and cold and other chemical changes! This is the

cry of science everywhere. Sometimes men think they have done this, and the story is told everywhere with a glad shout of victory. Then all at once we hear no more of the report. And chains go on rusting. Steel girders upon which millions of dollars and thousands of lives depend still give way. Nails rust off and buildings collapse just as they have in days gone by. The problem is still unsolved.

"Where are the men we can trust? Can it be that all the world has been stricken with the corroding rust of sin? Is there no chain that will hold?" we ask.

Almost in despair the call for men, good, strong and true goes up. Is there no answer to this earnest appeal?

## Resurrection

By REV. A. MESSLER QUICK

*He is risen! speed the message  
On the waves of Easter song,  
While the echoes of redemption,  
Their refrains of joy prolong,  
Death no more o'er life victorious,  
Boasts the Saviour's empty tomb,  
Dawn of day, and life immortal,  
Drive away the dreadful gloom.*

*He is risen! swell the anthem,  
At this joyous Easter tide,  
Now is perfect our Salvation,  
Heaven's gates are open wide,  
Buoyant hope dispels despondence,  
In the hearts of those who weep,  
For the tomb has lost its terrors,  
Death is naught but tranquil sleep.*

*Resurrection of the Master!  
Peal the bells of world-wide joy,  
Saints enthralled, throw off your fetters,  
Powers of life again employ,  
Quickened now by grace and power,  
Christ confers a purchased right;  
At the great archangel's summons,  
Join the hosts in realms of light.*

*He is risen! we shall see Him,  
Seated on His ancient throne,  
Oh, the transport of the vision,  
As He bids us hither come,  
All ye hosts of shining angels,  
Strike your harps and with us sing,  
While with gladdened hearts we render,  
All'elias to our King.*

Let us never despair as long as God is on His throne. In days gone by, devout souls have felt that all was lost; that all had bowed the knee to Baal, and lo! God has shown them that everywhere He hath those that fear Him. There is a chain which holds, through every tempest. We know of men and women who are bravely holding up the standard. It may be they come and go as silently as a door turning on its hinges. The world knows little of them or their work. No bands herald their coming. No great crowd stands awaiting them when they go out into the world each morning. But they are doing the work of the Lord God Jehovah, because they are linked to Him by a chain that holds fast.

Let us look for the men and the women in whose hearts this beautiful chain of faith glistens through the slime and the mud and the corroding depths of life's sea.

## "With Joy"

BY J. M. S.

WHAT wonderful assurance and beauty there is in the words of Isaiah as recorded in the eleventh chapter of the book that bears his name, and what genuine joy and enthusiasm must have filled his soul as he uttered those words of praise and thanksgiving in the twelfth chapter.

Isaiah was an optimist. In spite of the decline in the devotion of Israel to the worship of Jehovah, he found reason for rejoicing as he saw in prophetic vision the coming of the great and glorious day of the Lord when the crooked places would be made straight and when all mankind would be enlisted under the banner of Jesus Christ. He was able to look down through the ages and see through all the vicissitudes, the trials and the persecutions of the followers of Jesus, the final triumph of His cause. His message has also an application to Christ's followers of to-day.

### Look for the Virtues

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," wrote Isaiah in the third verse of the twelfth chapter of his book. Are we as Christians drawing refreshment and inspiration from our connection with the Church and from our intercourse with God's people, as we ought? Are we not emphasizing too much in our thought and speech, the faults of others? We rob our Christian life of much of its joy by persistently seeing the disagreeable or the weak side of our fellow-Christians. It becomes a habit and unconsciously we fall into the way of looking for the weaknesses of people, instead of trying first to discover their virtues.

It would be idle to say that it is just as easy to see the good in those about us as to see the unlovely side of their nature, because to see the worst seems to be a human tendency to which most of us fall easy victims; nevertheless it is possible to cultivate the habit of looking for the agreeable points in the character of those with whom we associate. It is worth while to put ourselves under a strict discipline in this direction because of the influence it will have upon our own Christian character.

### A Vision of the Joyful Christian Life

People generally live up to the standard we set for them. If we make up our mind that a person is bad-tempered, disagreeable, and given to crooked dealings, it is quite likely that we shall see things in that life which will tend to confirm our suspicions. Let us catch a vision of the joyful Christian life that believes in the inherent good in people, a life that is absorbed in meditation upon the things that are pure and lofty.

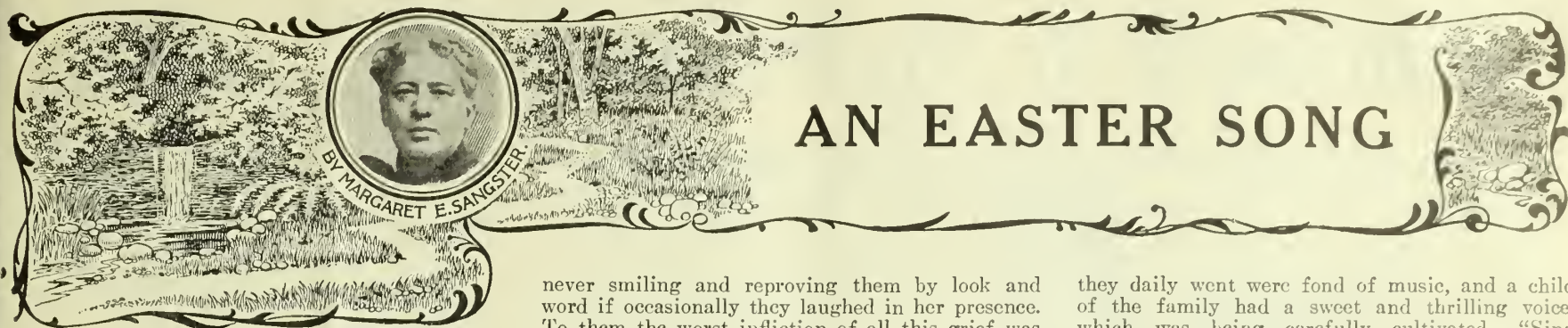
We have often seen and talked with church members—good people in their way—whose church life and association seemed to consist of constant criticism of people and things. Elder Jones has done something unwise; or his wife and children are too frivolous; the ladies' society is not properly officered; the Superintendent of the Sunday-school is too slow; the sexton doesn't do his work properly, and a thousand and one other little trifling things that do not matter at all come in for a share of this sharp criticism. Such persons may be at the church door after the service and they can generally be depended upon to call your attention to something that ought to be changed in the church service, or to something in the sermon or the anthem that did not coincide with their views, or to make some other remark that takes the edge off the spiritual impulse which you have received.

### Church Life a Source of Joy

Why not make our church life a source of joy? Of course we never will all think alike, and there will always be things happening that are not just according to our ideas, but that is not a sufficient reason for us to go in and out of God's house complaining, criticising, and possibly taking all the joy out of some other Christian's life.

David was very particular to speak about the joy of a righteous life, and the joy of serving God. Yet many have never known that joy. Try to find it, and learn to overlook the trivial things that have been disturbing you. It will enlarge your capacity for good, and it will bring you to a higher plane of spiritual life. Learn to draw with joy of the water from the wells of salvation.





## AN EASTER SONG

**T**HE MacIntyres lived in one of the most beautiful suburbs in a beautiful city. Unlike their neighbors they possessed the advantage of an ample garden in which year after year the flowers which their father had planted grew and bloomed, and the trees that had been his pride blossomed and bore fruit. The house was a bit old-fashioned with high ceilings and wide rooms. It had been built before the city had extended out into the country and it retained a rural aspect in the midst of urban surroundings.

Originally the MacIntyre household had been large and the comings and goings had been those of merry-hearted young folk, as well as of their staid elders. Almost imperceptibly, as often happens in life, changes had come to this home. There had been marriages and deaths, flittings to distant lands and departures to remote States, until at last the only dwellers under the roof were John and Agnes, a brother and sister now growing old and each more and more settling into the confirmed habits of the unmarried and unmated, and two orphan nieces who were growing up under their care.

Rachel and Lillian Gould were very happy with their uncle and aunt, although there were times when they longed for greater freedom, and compared themselves with the girls of their acquaintance, whose lives were gayer and who were less constantly guarded from the world without. Miss MacIntyre and her brother were devoted to each other and to their nieces and denied the latter no pleasure of which they conscientiously approved. Still the girls occasionally grew tired of the garden, the somber library, and the rather stiff tea parties which, in the eyes of Miss Agnes, were the appropriate diversion for girls in their teens. Yet the time was to come when they should look back with regret to the years which seemed to them a little slow and dull.

One April day their Uncle John, who had been aging for some months, suddenly died. There was no warning. He had risen and dressed as usual, had breakfasted and then, according to his custom, had stepped out of doors into the sweet freshness of the spring morning. The earliest flowers, daffodils, violets and lilies of the valley, were in bloom, and he had visited each bed, looked at his favorites with a lover's eye, and had bent to pluck a spray of the white lilies of the valley, when his heart ceased to beat.

Every one who had known the gentle old man had honored him and prized his rare qualities of fidelity and unselfishness. Far more than she dreamed, his sister's life had been closely twined with his. She had not known how deeply she would miss him, nor could she have supposed that her grief would take the form that it did, of resentment against the Divine Will.

After the funeral Miss MacIntyre closed all the blinds in front of the house and drew down every shade to exclude the sunlight. The rooms which had been her brother's, rooms the most cheerful and charming on account of their situation, were immediately locked and no one but herself was allowed to enter them. She wore the deepest mourning and dressed both her nieces in unrelieved black.

For a little while there was a procession of intimate friends who came to pay visits of condolence, but this naturally reached an end in the course of a few weeks. Then the house settled down into profound gloom. The two young girls looked at each other in dismay as day followed day into the summer, and still the front windows remained closed and darkened, and their Aunt Agnes moved about wrapped in melancholy, seldom speaking,

never smiling and reproving them by look and word if occasionally they laughed in her presence. To them the worst infliction of all this grief was the closed piano. Their uncle had been fond of music and enjoyed their playing and had often accompanied them on his violin. When, a month after his death, Rachel had spoken of her practice and had ventured to strike a few timid notes on the piano, her aunt had gazed upon her as if she had committed a crime, had closed and locked the instrument and dropped the key into a vase, saying, "This house is no place for music."

In the privacy of their own room some months after the death of their uncle, Rachel and her sister devised a scheme. It was a daring one, but they had grown desperate. They wrote letters to their kinsfolk of different degrees and sent them to various parts of the globe—Cousin Mary in Japan, Aunt Louise in Berlin, Uncle James in San Francisco, and others, younger and older, were petitioned to come to the rescue. The girls wrote with the utmost freedom, and what most impressed the minds of those who received their letters was the evident fear of the writers that their Aunt Agnes should be told of the correspondence. "You must not send an answer to this house. Aunt Agnes must not know that we have told you, but we are afraid either that she will lose her reason or we shall lose ours. When you answer, please write to the care of our teacher, Mrs. Grayson, and tell us what to do, or when we may expect that you will come."

In due time Uncle James, bluff, cheery and imperative in manner and speech, burst upon the scene, took his sister by surprise and brought a welcome distraction into the mournful solemnity of the grief-stricken house. His visit had the effect of partially arousing his sister from her lethargy, and as he took the family doctor into council, the shades were raised at the windows and the house assumed an appearance of being inhabited. He made Miss MacIntyre see that her mourning was excessive, and by a few plain-spoken words he changed the melancholy current of her thoughts.

Later other cousins came, and it was arranged between them that until Miss Agnes became her normal self her nieces should not be left to stay with her in solitude. On one point she was firm. The piano should not be unlocked. Another member of the family as pronounced as herself, a certain Cousin Maria, decided that it would not do for the girls to lose their music. She therefore hired a room in the neighborhood, rented a piano and saw that every day the sisters went there for their daily practice. This room and house became their refuge. The hours they spent in it were full of content, and as Cousin Maria quietly established herself as a member of the family, showing no intention of leaving, the MacIntyre home again became a place of human interest.

Maria MacIntyre was the contemporary of Agnes, had spent much time in her youth in that hospitable home, and, moreover, had plenty of money of her own. She was practical, efficient and kind, but in common with every one else she was baffled by the obsession of melancholy which was the result of the shock Agnes had sustained in her brother's death. She, in turn, talked with the family physician, who frankly told her he had reached the end of his tether. All that he could advise was that Miss Agnes should be taken away on a journey, a long sea voyage, or in some way have an entire change of scene. As she refused to accept this prescription, the good doctor had no other to offer.

A year rolled rapidly round. As the winter waned and spring came in sight Rachel and Lillian were more and more urged by their Cousin Maria to practise cheerful music, and she encouraged them to invite a number of their young friends to sing Easter songs with them. This was the easier to do, because the people in the house to which

they daily went were fond of music, and a child of the family had a sweet and thrilling voice, which was being carefully cultivated. "Sing Easter songs, the brightest and happiest you can find," Cousin Maria said to them, "and choose a beautiful solo for Louis. I have spoken to his teacher. I am arranging a little Easter concert for your Aunt Agnes, but it must be a surprise."

"She will never allow it, Cousin Maria," cried both girls at once. Cousin Maria merely smiled. "We have given up to her too long," was all she said.

April came again and this year brought Easter with it. Quietly, one by one, or two by two, quite as if by accident, relatives had been arriving at the MacIntyre house, and in the last week of Lent all the guest rooms were full. The only closed rooms were those of John MacIntyre. They were still unopened, and no one except Agnes entered them. She swept and dusted them with her own hands, and they were in the same exquisite order as they had been when she arranged them the week following her brother's death. Cousin Maria had decided that those rooms should be opened, and she bided her time. So quietly had the friends arrived that it seemed as if they had casually dropped in to stay in the old hospitable manner of the MacIntyres.

On Easter Sunday there were flowers on the breakfast table and in the drawing-room. The garden was as lovely as ever and after church Miss Agnes carried the most beautiful of its treasures to lay upon the mound in the cemetery. Some of the friends accompanied her, but Cousin Maria and the girls remained at home. As they drove back to the house, Agnes said to one of her friends, "This has been the longest year I ever spent in my life and the saddest."

"Yes," her friend added, "but it has been John's happiest year. You forgot that, and you could not forgive the dear Lord for taking him so gently and lovingly home to Himself."

The carriage stopped, and Agnes paused in bewilderment. From the drawing-room came the sound of music. Glancing in at the windows she saw her nieces in white, the boy Louis was playing his violin, a lady sat at the piano, and several friends from her church were joining in an Easter choral. If Cousin Maria, who was presiding within, could have heard her, she would have been amazed to hear the first words of Agnes. "The piano has not been tuned in a year and John was so particular to keep it in tune."

"It was tuned," was the reply, "one day last week, when you were making your weekly visit to dear John's grave."

As for the closed rooms they were opened that Easter night to accommodate an aged clergyman who was officiating in a church nearby, who called to pay his respects and discovered that he was too late for the last train to his home. Thus, by another and different shock, the year of Agnes MacIntyre's retirement passed into another year that was sane, cheerful and in harmony with the will of God.

Grief should never be selfish. The living have upon us the same claim that belonged to the dead, and if we are Christians, there are in reality none who are dead. They have only left us and gone on into the everlasting day. Especially should we hesitate to overshadow the young, by the intensity of our mourning for those who have left us to dwell forevermore in that beautiful city on high where they go no more out.

Chime, solemn bells of Easter!  
The shadows flee away,  
And all the earth is smiling  
In the glory of the day.

Ring, tender bells of Easter!  
Beyond our toll and tears,  
There wait for all the faithful  
Heaven's long and happy years.



# CHILDREN BY ADOPTION

By George Shipman Payson

**A**LADY visiting a foundling asylum in search of a child whom she might adopt was taken through all its wards, and shown the brightest, prettiest, and most attractive. She passed these by, however, and chose for her own a little babe just left at the door, poor, ragged, dirty, sickly, unattractive, and without friends. This one appealed to her compassion, and it was because she was compassionate that she had felt called to the institution at all.

The loving kindness of God adopts us into His family according to the good pleasure of His will. There is nothing in us to commend us to His love so mightily as our need. And when we believe in Christ, He accepts us as His children without reserve. From the first we are His. There is no probation. There is no trial of character, no test of worthiness from grace; for grace is unmerited kindness. Because it is the good pleasure of God's will we are adopted as His own, beloved and dear. The compassions of our Heavenly Father fail not. And to the very end He saves all those who come unto Him through Christ.

The woman whose compassion chose the feeblest of foundlings would not send him away to be prepared by some educational experience for her household. Her choice of one seemingly so unworthy of choice would itself preclude the possibility of such a course; it would afford the strongest reason for expecting that she would take him to her home at once, and cherish and nurture him with a patient love. And God is not less compassionate. Will He push away from Him those whom He invites to come to Him through Christ? And should any of us say or think, "In future years I may be worthy to be called a child of God, and then He may accept me as His own?" Does not true faith in His word honor Him more than such distrust? The true ring of an unquestioning faith is in the words of the apostle John, "Now are we the children of God." It is now or never. It is here or nowhere.

"If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of the Lord."

Accepted in the Beloved, every soul that believes in Christ is adopted into the family of God, and becomes the object of His complacent love. Toward all men God cherishes a love of benevolence. But for His own He has endearments which others do not know. And it is because the apostle John had experienced these secret delights of reverent yet familiar intercourse with Heaven that he exclaimed: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God. And such we are."

It is so wonderful that many question it. The foundling whom the woman of compassion chose might readily in later years fall into moods of doubt in which he would say to himself: "I am not worthy of this home. It cannot be that I am really this lady's child and heir. Think of it. I was a ragged, dirty outcast. I am not fit for such a home as this." But such moods of despondency do not affect the adoption. The adoption is a fact. The adoption is settled and sealed. The outcast has passed from friendlessness to friends, from homelessness to home, from an orphan's desolation to the sheltering and protecting care of compassionate love. It is enough to silence all questionings and doubts of despondent hearts to hear Christ say to those He loves: "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you," or those words of God Himself, "I will be to you a Father and you shall be to me a son."

Christ's mission laid great emphasis upon the Fatherhood of God. He taught the world to say "Our Father." His first recorded words were, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and His last, "Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit." At His baptism He heard it said: "Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and those who witnessed His transfiguration heard a voice out of the excellent glory

which declared: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." He was beloved of God because of His perfect filial obedience.

It is true that He is "the Only-begotten Son," and, by reason of a self-consciousness which none of us can share, He was constrained to speak of "my God and your God," and of "my Father and your Father." But so far from separating Him from us, even from the poorest and the least worthy, this distinction was the mark of a nature which, when it looked upon the multitudes of needy souls, had compassion on them, and fed, and nurtured them. As the Only-Begotten and Beloved Son of God He is exalted by His full obedience to Love to be the pattern of our lives, and becomes an Elder Brother, the first-born among many brethren.

## The Transforming Power of Love

And those who believe in Him are accepted in the Beloved. Not because of what we are, but because of what we hope to be; not because of any goodness in ourselves, but because of the goodness which there is in Christ, and which is certain to be our own eventually, we are accepted in the Beloved. The transforming power of love for Christ shall make us like to Him. The transforming power of an adoring love shall change a poor, vile sinner into a holy and enraptured saint. God knows the power of love to mold the character. God knows that love will constrain a wayward will to surrender its wilfulness, and a heedless soul to turn from its needless ways, and a selfish soul to curb and discipline and master its selfishness. Christ asked no other condition of discipleship save love and trust toward Him. Love Me, believe in Me, follow Me, these were His repeated commands. These were enough, for they covered all that was essential for salvation from the guilt and power of sin. And they do so equally to-day. Adoring love for Jesus Christ and a trustful confidence in Him will transform the soul into Christlikeness, that is into Godlikeness, that is into Heavenlimindedness, that is into Heaven itself, at last. Whoever, then, loves Christ, and trusts in Him with an adoring faith, is accepted in the Beloved as though already, here on earth, the beauties of holiness were realized in his character.

"So near, so very near to God,  
Nearer I cannot be,  
For in the person of His Son,  
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be,  
The love wherewith He loves the Son  
Is the love He bears for me."

## The Only Condition for Adoption

The only condition for experiencing this blessedness of adoption is faith. The apostle says: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believe on His name." We believe in God's providence, and say accordingly: "I shall go about my work, assured that the sun will rise to-morrow morning as firmly as if I now saw it rising over the eastern horizon." Why should we not as firmly believe in His grace, and say: "I am the child of God, and will live as His chosen and adopted child, beloved and dear?" Shall we not be happier and better for so doing?

A mother praying for her child at night poured out her soul in eager, passionate, desire for the child's redemption from its evil habits. She thought the child asleep, as, after a protracted refusal to say her prayers, the little girl had turned away from her mother and was breathing heavily, as if in slumber. The child was wilful and passionate, and the mother, longing for her betterment, prayed by her bedside with strong crying and tears; there were supplications and confessions, hopes and fears, exultant outlooks on the coming days, and tearful retrospects; thanksgivings, joys and griefs, tumultuously mingled in her prayer as she bore the child upon her faith before the Lord, and plead His promises, and triumphed in His grace. And

as she said Amen, and was turning away, the little girl arose from her feigned sleep, and said: "Mother, did you mean all that you said of me in your prayers just now, and does the Lord Jesus think of me as you said He did, and do you love me as you told Him when you said you could even die for me to make me good?" And when the mother had assured her that all of this was true, the child threw her arms around her neck in a transport of feeling, and for some moments was silent, overwhelmed by her emotions; and then at last she said with deep feeling: "Mamma, if you can brag of me like that to God, and Jesus loves me as you do, I mean to be a better girl."

Even now are we the children of God. And if we realize the blessedness of such a relation, should we not try to live up to it?

We know not what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is, and adoring love will transform us into His likeness. We shall be like Him! Without sin, without shame, without guilt, without tears, without sorrow or fear. No flesh and blood, with passionate desires to bind our souls to earth shall be ours then. We shall be like God, holy, spiritual, powerful. A thought may wing our souls across eternity. A wish maybe the parent of fruition full and swift. To desire will be to have; to have will be to enjoy; to enjoy will be to rise higher and higher in the intuitive perception of the Infinite Love whose matchless beauties will lead us on unwearied in our endless search for glories and for joys of which our brightest earthly days have not the faintest prophecies. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath reserved for them that love Him."

"Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, His forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art."

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## Easter Joy

BY JULIA REDFORD TOMKINSON

"I AM not rebellious," she wrote, "my faith accepts the truth that God knows best. I believe that my beloved has entered into a fulness of life, of which I cannot conceive, and from which I would not call him back, but I am numb with anguish.

"The face which duly as the sun,  
Rose up for me with life begun,  
To mark all bright hours of the day  
With hourly love, is dimmed away,—  
And yet my days go on, go on."

"They stretch out interminably before me. They must go on, on, on. I am not old enough to die with the burden of years, nor do I want to go before my work is done. Dear friend, can you help me? Suffering is inevitable, I accept it, but darkness covers me. I cannot, cannot feel beyond the grave. O what would I give for a glimpse of the light that I know must be there."

"I send you a parable," wrote her friend in reply, "as old as creation, as fresh as the morning dew. In the meantime do the duty that comes to you day by day, as cheerfully as may be. You have still much to live for, and there are hearts that need you. Trust where you cannot see, trust while you cannot feel what you know to be true. I need not tell you that I suffer with you, and so does—God."

She opened the parcel; it contained a few dry brown bare bulbs and a package of pansy seed marked "Heartsease."

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Easter morning dawned bright and cloudless. The bereaved one was bending over spikes of fragrant hyacinths. She touched lovingly gold and purple heartsease blooming richly in her window garden, and turned to look long into the white heart of a lily, sent with a message of cheer by her friend.

"Light from darkness, life from death, bloom and fragrance from the bare bulb, and the hard unpromising seed," she murmured. "O long-suffering Saviour, forgive me. From the grave, the incorruptible beauty and fragrance of immortal life rises with Thy resurrection. I see the light beyond."

The joy of Easter, joy known only to stricken souls, walking in the shadowed valley, was hers.



# BIBLE PRESENTATION AT WEST POINT

**T**HE Annual Presentation of Bibles to the members of the graduating class in the United States Military Academy at West Point, on Hudson, New York, took place on Tuesday, March 14, 1911.

The service this year was of unique interest, inasmuch as it was the first presentation to take place in the beautiful new chapel which has just been erected by the United States Government at a cost of about \$350,000.

The architectural beauty of the new chapel is shown in the picture which appears on this page. The interior of the edifice is cathedral-like in its massive pillars, its lofty height and its magnificent stained-glass windows. It is a noteworthy addition to the group of splendid buildings which are going up in accordance with the plans adopted for the improvement of the Academy, involving the expenditure of upward of seven million dollars.

The delegation which represented the American Tract Society at the presentation service included Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., General Secretary of the Society, Rev. George U. Wenner, D.D., Pastor of Christ Church (Lutheran) of New York City, who is a member of the Society's Publishing Committee, and Rev. Henry Lewis, Ph.D., Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. These clergymen were hospitably entertained at luncheon in the Officers' Club, and received a cordial greeting from Major-General Thomas Barry, Superintendent of the Academy, and his Adjutant, Captain R. C. Davis.

The service in the chapel was conducted by Rev. Edward S. Travers, the Chaplain of the Academy. The address of the occasion was made by Dr. Wenner, and the Bibles were presented to the cadets on behalf of the American Tract Society by Dr. Judson Swift. The members of the graduating class numbered ninety-one, and each received a copy of the Scriptures in the Authorized, Revised, Douay or Spanish versions, according to his own personal preference.

The subject of the address delivered by Dr. Wenner was "The Bible," and we are glad to present to our readers some of the salient thoughts embodied in his eloquent and inspiring discourse. He said in part:

## The Anniversary of a Book

"The English-speaking world celebrates this year the anniversary of a book. Three hundred years ago there was completed the so-called Authorized Version of the English Bible. Other versions in the English tongue had preceded it, but this one, made by the most eminent scholars of the reign of James the First of England, in the flowering time of the English language was destined to hold for three centuries an unquestioned grip upon the affections of its readers. Recent times have been fruitful in other versions, such as the Revised Version, the Modern Reader's Bible, and the Twentieth Century Bible, but by reason of its stately style, its simplicity and its purity, the English Bible of 1611 A.D. will not soon be superseded.

"In conformity with a custom which has existed for many years the American Tract Society esteems it a privilege to present to each of the members of the graduating class of the United States Military Academy a copy of the English Bible. As officers of the Army of the United States you will be called upon to represent in a large degree the honor and security of the nation, and we desire to place in your hands this book, not only as a token of personal regard, but also because we believe it to be a weapon of incomparable value in the responsible position to which you will be called. The Apostle Paul uses a military figure when he speaks of the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

## What is the Bible?

"The word Bible means book. Since the thirteenth century *Biblia* is a noun in the singular number. Prior to that time it was a neuter plural. The Bible is a collection of sixty-six books. They are of varied authorship; kings and peasants are numbered among the writers. The composition of the Bible extended over sixteen hundred years. Nevertheless, by the common consent of Christendom it is regarded as one book.



THE NEW CHAPEL AT WEST POINT

"Not only the authorship of the books but their content is very varied. The Old Testament was divided into the Law, the Prophets and the Psalms. In it we find some of the oldest historical writings of the world. Moses wrote a thousand years before Herodotus, the Father of History. The poetry of the Bible enraptured men before Homer sang his Iliad or Pindar his Odes. Hebrew jurisprudence antedates Lycurgus by seven hundred years, and the code of Justinian by twenty centuries. It presents to us the lives of heroes from the early dawn of human history, and its books of wisdom will outlive untold generations of men.

"The New Testament also has a varied character. It is said that Thomas Beecher once took for his text its title page—'The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,' and turning over the leaves, he said, 'Four biographies, a book of travels, a bundle of letters, and a dream.'

"The Christian Church has never been without her Bible. In the early period of her history she still lived in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. Christ Himself pointed to them, saying, 'They are they which testify of Me.' Christ did not leave a written message. But He, the Living Word, was impressed in imperishable characters on the hearts and souls of men, and through His followers as well as through His spoken and remembered words, the record of His life will continue to be read to the end of time. The members of the early Christian Church were gathered by means of the spoken word. In course of time it became necessary for the perpetuation of the message to reduce to writing the messages of Christ and the Apostles. The result of this work is found in the books of the New Testament.

## What is the Bible to the World?

"The civilization of the Western world has two principal roots. One of these springs from Ancient Greece, the other from that little country on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean which we know as the Holy Land. From the first we derive our secular culture and from the other our religious life.

"The civilization of Ancient Greece with its incomparable glory of literature and art has passed away. It represented the consummate flower of human effort and genius. But it was of the earth, earthy, and had no power to meet the deepest needs of human life. The civilization of the Holy Land was essentially religious in its scope and purpose. It gradually assimilated all that was worth preserving in the life of Greece and Rome.

"As literature the Bible means much to the world. The classic productions of Greece and Rome had failed to regenerate the nations. But the

inspired song of the Anglo-Saxon Caedmon of the seventh century, the Father of English song, and of the Saxon author of the Heliand of the ninth century, giving to the people 'in notes almost divine' the story of the Bible laid the foundations for an imperishable literature permeated with the images and spirit of the Bible.

"Art is an essential element of civilization. The Bible is a friend of art. Before printing had made it possible for Tract and Bible societies to circulate the printed word, the nations of Europe learned the Bible Story from the wayside or churchyard crosses, with their carved pictures of sacred scenes or from the 'storied windows richly dight, casting their dim religious light.' The façades of the cathedrals as well as the carvings in wood and stone on the inside told the story of the Bible to the generations of men that passed by. The productions of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Rembrandt are only faint reproductions of the imperishable originals of the Holy Scriptures. 'The single conception of the Virgin and the Child has done more for the elevation of art than all the exhumed models of Greece and Rome.'

"The Bible is the mother of civil liberty. In the United States we have no established religion. Our institutions were formed by men who desired to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. The name of God does not appear in the Constitution. But the American people were permeated with the principles of the Bible and the founders of the Republic manifested at every step their dependence upon its guidance and direction.

## What Does the Bible Mean to Me?

"According to the teaching of Christ, the Word which He gave to His disciples was in itself a seed of the Kingdom. It was not a dead letter, but it was a channel for the communication of a divine life. All that was necessary was that His disciples should keep the Word, and abide in it to experience its effect. The effect would be that they would recognize Him as the One sent for their salvation and would believe in Him. Such faith would bring to pass in them the new life through which they would be His disciples indeed.

"It may be interesting in this presence to recall that the very first convert of the Gentile world was Cornelius, a captain of the Roman army, and that his conversion was the direct result of his readiness to receive this Word of God.

"Reduced to its ultimate terms Christianity consists of three things—a living Christ, a living Word and a living Church. Upon this foundation we rest our faith."



# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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## Editorial

### Interesting Features

DURING the months that have passed we have been  
privileged to give to the readers of this paper a  
succession of unusually able articles. The leading  
article in our last issue by Mr. William Phillips  
Hall, the honored President of the American Tract  
Society, entitled "My Witnesses," struck a keynote  
which has brought a hearty response from many  
quarters, and his forceful appeal for more con-  
secrated fidelity in the matter of giving testimony  
for Christ will not soon be forgotten by those who  
have read that article.

In the present number we are pleased to present  
many features of remarkable interest. Our lead-  
ing article on "Easter, a Festival of the Resurrec-  
tion," is by Dr. Andrew Henry, one of the mem-  
bers of the Publishing Committee of the Ameri-  
can Tract Society. Throughout this issue our  
readers will find much that is in harmony with the  
Easter season, now so close at hand, and we trust  
that they will find great pleasure as well as profit  
from the perusal of all its pages.

Many good things are in store for future num-  
bers. We are especially glad to announce that in  
the next issue there will be an article on Evangel-  
ism by one who may well be called a prince of evan-  
gelists, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

### In the Mormon Region

DESPITE all that has been said to the contrary  
the feeling is growing among thoughtful and ob-  
servant Christian people that the existence of Mor-  
monism constitutes a real peril to the best inter-  
ests of our beloved land. While the Mormon  
Church has openly professed a renunciation of  
polygamy, indications are not lacking which make  
it appear that this vice, so utterly subversive of the  
home, is still secretly practiced by members of that  
church. Moreover, the requirements of the Mor-  
mon hierarchy are such that it is a grave question  
as to whether a thoroughgoing Mormon can also  
be a real patriot and maintain that loyalty to our  
country which is the safeguard of our best Ameri-  
can institutions.

The most effective way to eradicate error is by  
the circulation of truth, and it has been found  
that one of the very best methods of grappling  
with the Mormon evil is by the agency of the mis-  
sionary colporter, who goes from home to home,  
speaking the word of Christian truth, and leaving  
behind him in the form of the printed page the  
proclamation of a pure Gospel which is the surest  
agency for displacing the errors of Mormonism  
and of all other false faiths.

In accordance with this plan of Christian war-  
fare the American Tract Society for many years  
has maintained missionary colporters who have  
worked with earnestness and fidelity in the Mor-  
mon region. At present we have such a worker on  
the field, and from a recent report we present the  
following extracts, which indicate the effective  
character of the work that is being done. He  
writes:

"I began work for the Society last July. I have  
spent the time in work in Utah, Idaho and Wyo-  
ming. I had spent quite a number of years in col-  
portage work in Utah, so after several months'  
work for the Tract Society in Utah, I thought I  
would do some work in Idaho, especially in the  
Mormon counties, where I had been about nine  
years ago in the wagon work of another Mission.

"The Mission Boards of the various denomina-  
tions have established missions and churches all  
over this country to the extent of their financial  
ability, and are doing much good work.

"There are only a few places outside of Salt  
Lake City and Ogden where Bibles or Christian  
literature can be procured, so that missionaries are  
needed to circulate these.

"I have been greatly pleased and encouraged by  
the way the Mormons take the religious books I  
carry. There are many foreigners in Utah. I re-  
call towns where eighty-five or ninety per cent. are  
Scandinavians. They accepted Mormonism in  
their native land, and came here 'to live it.' As a  
rule, they are very stubborn Mormons. Another  
town is Icelandic, and another Danish. There are  
quite a good many Germans, Dutch, and Swiss,  
but the largest emigration of Mormon converts  
has been from England.

"One of the greatest difficulties in Sunday-school  
work in Utah is the finding of capable leaders or  
teachers. It has been seldom I could organize a  
Sunday-school that would prove permanent, unless  
I could go myself every Sunday and keep it up.

"I have frequently introduced the work of the  
Tract Society in the local papers as soon as I en-  
tered a town, and this has been a help in opening  
the way into homes. The editors have been glad  
to help me in this way.

"In Idaho, where there is a majority of Gentiles,  
several counties are controlled by the Mormons,  
and these hold the balance of power politically. In  
this way the Mormon hierarchy controls Idaho as  
well as Utah.

"I have been glad to inform Idaho pastors on  
Mormonism, and to recommend books for their  
study showing how to meet Mormon doctrine.

"In one town where I met the Mormon Stake  
President, I was treated cordially. He looked over  
my books, and selected two, one being the 'Bible  
Reader's Guide.' As I was leaving, he said: 'I am  
glad you called; as long as you have these good  
books to put out, you are doing a good work.'

"I have also been pleased to have Roman Cath-  
olics examine and purchase my books. On a re-  
cent visit in a Catholic home, where I showed my

books, the 'Bible Reader's Guide' caught the wo-  
man's attention, and she said: 'I never had a Bible  
in my life, and I never read one.' I said, 'If a  
Bible was given you, would you appreciate and  
read it?' and she replied, 'Indeed I would.' So I  
gave her a Bible, after having marked it especially  
for her. She promised to read it, and said, 'I have  
now my first Bible. My mother never had a Bible.'

"In a Mormon town where there is no Christian  
mission, I found a Gentile woman without a Bible.  
I succeeded in interesting her in the 'Bible  
Reader's Guide,' so that she bought it to go with  
the Bible which I gave her, and which she prom-  
ised to read.

"I find many divided homes—Roman Catholic  
with Protestant, and Protestant with Mormon. In  
such homes spiritual life is at a low ebb. I have  
also made calls on the aged and sick, and have  
held spiritual conversation and prayer with them.  
These visits have been helpful.

"It is my aim as I go from house to house to  
find out if the people are affiliated with any Chris-  
tian work in that place, and if they are not, to  
learn their preference, and then give these lists of  
names to the pastor to look after, together with any  
special information I may gather. Pastors always  
appreciate this. In this way I have gathered chil-  
dren into Sunday-school, newcomers into the  
churches, and have brought backsliders into the  
church, thus having the special interest aroused by  
my visit turned into permanent good. For exam-  
ple, in one town a woman was deeply interested by  
my call, and her heart responded to the Scripture  
I used; I prayed with her, and she accepted Christ.  
I gave her address to the pastor, and he afterward  
wrote me he thought the woman was soundly con-  
verted, through my call, and that when she made  
an open profession, her husband would come with  
her."

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### More Foreign Cash Appropriations

In addition to the foreign cash appropriations  
which were announced in the last issue of the  
AMERICAN MESSENGER the Executive Committee  
of the American Tract Society has authorized the  
following remittances to mission stations abroad.  
The amounts transmitted have varied from fifty  
to two hundred and fifty dollars, and seventeen for-  
eign mission stations have thus been aided to pro-  
duce Christian literature in the vernacular.

These are the points to which these appropria-  
tions have been sent: the Evangelical Society of  
Geneva, Switzerland; the Comenius Society in  
Prague, Bohemia; the Methodist Mission in Rome,  
Italy, which will use the remittance for the publica-  
tion of their periodical, entitled "L'Evangelista"; the  
Western Turkey Mission of the American Board,  
whose headquarters are at Samokov, Bulgaria; the  
West Africa Presbyterian Mission; the Presby-  
terian Mission Press at Chiang Mai, Laos; the  
American Baptist Mission Press at Rangoon, Bur-  
mah, with which the name of Adoniram Judson  
will be forever associated; the Bombay Book and  
Tract Society in India; the Free-Will Baptist Mis-  
sion in Cuttack, Orissa; the Presbyterian Mission  
Press at Lodiana, India; the Mission of the  
Lutheran General Synod at Guntur, India; the  
Mission of the Lutheran General Council at Ra-  
jahmundry, India; the Central Religious Tract  
Society of China at Hankow; the North China  
Tract Society, which has recently transferred its  
headquarters from Peking to Tientsin, where it will  
be better able to serve all the missionary workers  
of China; the West China Religious Tract Society  
at Chungking; and the Presbyterian Mission at  
Manila in the Philippine Islands.

Every acknowledgment that comes in response  
to these appropriations bears witness to the effi-  
ciency of Christian books and tracts in the exten-  
sion of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour  
Jesus Christ. We rejoice that the American Tract  
Society is thus able to co-operate with the workers  
on the foreign field, and we bespeak a still larger  
support on the part of the Christian public so that  
the efficient work of the printed page may be  
greatly multiplied, both at home and abroad.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallowell, D.D.

APRIL 2

## Lessons From Great Lives— Joshua

Joshua 1:1-11

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Mar. 27. Joshua's apprenticeship. Ex. 24:12-13.  
T., Mar. 28. Faith and faithfulness. Num. 14:6-10.  
W., Mar. 29. The warrior. Ex. 17:8-13.  
Th., Mar. 30. The judge. Josh. 7:10-13.  
F., Mar. 31. The leader. Josh. 4:11-14.  
S., Apr. 1. True to his word. Josh. 9:19.

There is a universal desire to succeed. We wish to "make our way prosperous" and "have good success." In speaking with Joshua God appealed to this desire, and gave no hint that it was wrong. In fact he told him to achieve it. "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and then shalt thou have good success."

## A Great Life

It would be interesting to take up the various Bible references to Joshua and get the lessons of his life. He was courageous, cheerful, persistent, and full of faith. He began to battle for God as soon as he left Egypt, for we see him in the first battle with the Amalekites. He was with Moses on the holy mount when the law was revealed. He was placed in charge of the first tent meeting, where Moses met God and came forth with his face shining like that of an angel. He was one of the twelve spies that investigated Canaan, and he and Caleb alone brought back a hopeful report. He lived to enter the Promised Land, and won the first great victory of faith at Jericho. His farewell address told the people the secret of a successful life. "Serve the Lord," he pleaded, as the way to all good.

There are many features in the life of today which increase the desire for success. Many are growing rich, and each one says, "Why may not I?" The fact that so many do succeed increases the desire in all. The social life of today demands money. The successful also are honored so much that the desire is further increased.

But it is not to be forgotten that the message that came to Joshua was about "good success." There are kinds of success that are not good. Prosperity does not always mean success. A man may prosper in everything he undertakes and yet his life be an utter failure. It is most important then, that we should have right conceptions on this matter. If we look to the grand end of existence here on earth, it is surely better to have true success without prosperity than to have prosperity without success. There are prosperous failures. Gold can be bought too dear. It is too dear at the expense of self-respect. It is too dear at the expense of conscience. It is far too dear at the expense of our immortal hope. In other words, there are kinds of success which are not good success.

## The Charter of Success

When God called Joshua to succeed Moses, he, as it were, handed to him the then known Bible, and said, "Here is the charter of success." "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and then shalt thou have good success." It would be well if every one charged with any office of responsibility could be handed the same divine law as it is expanded for us to-day in the now completed Bible, with the same words. It would be a good charge and charter for the young man on entering his profession, for the young farmer beginning his life work, for the young business man, the young mechanic, and for every young couple beginning wedded life.

APRIL 9

## Painting the States White

Psalm 14:1-7

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Apr. 3. Law versus lawlessness. Rom. 13:1-6.  
T., Apr. 4. Putting off evil. Rom. 13:2-14.  
W., Apr. 5. Power of the vote. Ezra 7:26-27.  
Th., Apr. 6. Boycott the trade. Rom. 14:19-23.  
F., Apr. 7. A black city. Ezek. 22:27-31.  
S., Apr. 8. The city cleansed. Zech. 14:20, 21.

This is to be a temperance meeting. On temperance maps the States allowing saloons with the policy of universal license are marked black and the prohibition States and no-license territory are marked white—a most appropriate symbolism.

## The White Area Enlarging

More States have become prohibition territory during the past seven years than during all the history of our country before. The cure for the saloon is the church. No one can believe in God and sell rum. We are almost ready to say that no one can believe in God and drink liquor. A good man aims at a white life. It has been well said: "It is no more respectable for a young man to drink than for a young woman. Let us have a white life for both." "The next snarl we've got to straighten out is the liquor question," said Abraham Lincoln on the day of his tragic death. "Young man—keep—your—record—clean!" gasped John B. Gough as he finished his last temperance lecture. Then he fell, dying, to the floor, struck by paralysis. At twenty-six years of age Gough had awakened one morning from a drunken stupor to find his wife and new-born babe cold in death beside him, because of his neglect. The brute died in him then and there, and for forty-three years he lectured and labored for the cause of temperance, winning millions from drunkenness.

## White Inside and Out

Cleanliness inside and out is one way of putting the aim of temperance reform. There is a class of people, continually growing less, who like to wear good clothes, but are indifferent as to the condition of the body. But the number of those who patronize expensive tailors and shun the bath-tub is rapidly decreasing. Modern young America is not satisfied with cleanliness that is only for show. We need to go deeper still. The skin is not the only organ of the body which deserves to be clean. But the lungs of the smoker are not cleanly. Nature makes almost frantic attempts to clean out the system of the beer drinker, but has to give up the fight. The abstainer is the clean man, clean inside and out.

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APRIL 16

## The Spirit of the Resurrection

Rom. 6:1-14

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Apr. 10. A spirit of power. Eph. 1:19, 22.  
T., Apr. 11. A spirit of promise. Pet. 1:3-5.  
W., Apr. 12. A spirit of life. Rom. 8:9-11.  
Th., Apr. 13. A spirit of sonship. Rom. 8:14-17.  
F., Apr. 14. A spirit of holiness. Rom. 1:4.  
S., Apr. 15. A spirit of love. Gal. 5:22-26.

We have deeply imbedded in our natures the longing for immortality. Now and then we hear of men who teach that mankind should be content to die as the dog dieth; but all testimony is against it.

## A Universal Belief

Belief in the immortality of the soul is found in all ages of the world's history and among all nations and tribes. In Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night wind, gathering into their ranks the souls of those just dying. In many parts of Europe, it is still customary to open the window when a person dies, in order that the soul may pass out of the house and join the passing army of disembodied spirits. In Persia a dog is brought to the bedside of the person who is dying, in order that the soul may be sure of a prompt escort. The old Mohammedan called the rainbow the bridge over which souls pass on their way to heaven. The heathen of antiquity believed that after

death one came into greater powers than when living. The Hindu would kill himself in front of his enemy's door that he might acquire greater power to injure him. In Japan they sometimes have what they call the "Feast of Lanterns." At night the people go out to the cemetery and place a lighted lantern on every grave. Strangely picturesque is the graveyard with its myriads of glimmering lights. These lanterns are placed for the spirits of the dead to find their way back to relatives in the old home. On the third night the spirits are supposed to depart.

## A Universal Longing

The idea of a visit from the spirits suggests another reason why men ask if there is immortality. It is from the longing all have for some future meeting with the departed loved ones. Shall we know each other there? Shall we meet beyond the river? These are the expressions of a universal longing.

What reason have we to believe that if a man die he shall live again? One reason is the irresistible longing of our hearts. We wish for immortality. The wish is a kind of argument. Every natural appetite has its natural satisfaction. This longing suggests the probability of its being fulfilled. We have the fact of a universal belief in a life beyond the grave. How did this belief become absolutely universal, if it is founded on no sufficient grounds? We have the suggestions of nature. God has filled all nature with the emblems of this doctrine. The coming of spring, the birth of the butterfly, the discoveries of science suggest the same. Better than all, we have direct testimony. The testimony to Christ's Resurrection is testimony to our immortality. "Because He lives, we shall live also." There is no fact in history better attested than the Resurrection of Christ.

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APRIL 23

## Sabbath Benefits

Isa. 58:1-14

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Apr. 17. The blessing of rest. Gen. 2:1-3.  
T., Apr. 18. Opportunity to worship. Ex. 20:8.  
W., Apr. 19. Opportunities for fellowship. Luke 14:1.  
Th., Apr. 20. Opportunities for service. Matt. 25:43.  
F., Apr. 21. Deliverance from toil. Ex. 20:9-11.  
S., Apr. 22. Sign of eternal rest. Heb. 4:9-11.

In one of the English coal mines there is the constant formation of new rock, as the moisture drips from the ceiling of the cavern to the floor. The water is heavily charged with lime in solution, which it deposits as it falls. When mining is going on, the coal dust flies in the air and stains the sediment. This gives a dark layer in the mass. Thus it curiously comes to pass that night and day, as the workmen rest or labor, the new rock becomes marked with alternate strata of different colors. Of course, due to the longer period that work has ceased, the Sabbath always appears with a broad white deposit, larger than any of the rest. So the miners call this the "Sunday-stone."

Well might men thus keep tally of their days and reckon God's Sabbaths as white days—holy, happy, home days, the purest and dearest.

The Sabbath is a benefit as a day of rest. The Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman. However toilsome the week has been, do you not wake on Sabbath morning with the pleasant consciousness of freedom? Here is a day which is your own. No urgency of business may encroach upon your retirement. It is a day when most of the hours may be spent in the guarded quiet of home, in the society of your own family, and in the enjoying of its pure, sweet and restful pleasures. Ought not you to jealously guard and defend this day?

The Sabbath is a benefit as a day of home delight and duty. One chief gift and luxury of the Sabbath which marks it as the "pearl of days" in many a household is the fact that on that day the father is able to spend many hours at home with his children.

The Sabbath is a benefit as a day of worship. We have souls, as well as bodies and social capacities. We need the Sabbath for its opportunities for Christian work and worship. "The Sabbath was made for man," by Him who best knows man, his nature and his needs, in body, mind and soul. It is one of God's "good and perfect gifts" to us all.

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APRIL 30

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. IV. Missions in Hawaii and the Philippines

Isa. 60:1-12

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Apr. 24. Christ's possessions. Ps. 2:6-12.  
T., Apr. 25. A great mission. Isa. 41:11-20.  
W., Apr. 26. Spirit of service. Matt. 29:27-28.  
Th., Apr. 27. A nation's best asset. Ps. 33:12.  
F., Apr. 28. Before and after. Tit. 3:2-7.  
S., Apr. 29. Why we evangelize. Matt. 23:18-20.

Our journey carries us now from the western part of the United States to Hawaii. The distance is two thousand miles from San Francisco. This group of islands is now a territory of the United States. The islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and the inhabitants were savages. The first missionaries went in 1819, being a party of seventeen, including Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston. They sailed from Boston. They were met in landing with the news that a revolution had overthrown the old gods and that the land was without a religion. Since this spontaneous movement, when the idols and temples were destroyed by the natives, the Gospel has been preached until the whole nation is now practically Christian. The conquest of the islands for Christ was remarkably rapid from the beginning. Titus Coan was a great figure in this work. After a thrilling escape from the savages of Patagonia, where he went as a missionary in 1834, he was sent to Hawaii, and here his labors brought abundant results. We are told that a meeting-house seating two thousand was filled with relays of people, over and over again. While one division was hearing the sermon, the others would meet elsewhere and pray. Before 1870 Mr. Coan had himself baptized and received into the church 11,960 persons. On the first Sabbath of July, 1838, he received at one time 1,705 tested converts.

The Philippines are a group of islands lying in the Western Pacific Ocean, almost two thousand in number, with a total area of about 122,000 square miles and a population of about 8,000,000. The most of the inhabitants are of mixed Malay stock, with about 25,000 Americans and Europeans and 100,000 Chinese. The Philippines were discovered and conquered by the Spaniards about three hundred and fifty years ago, but were ceded to the United States by the treaty of peace signed on December 10, 1898.

As soon as the American conquest made it possible the denominations pressed in and established missions, wisely dividing the territory. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions was first to establish a mission. Then in succession came the Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and other denominations. To prevent any appearance of rivalry they have established "The Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands," each denomination adding in brackets its distinctive name. The American Bible Society is also established there and is distributing about 100,000 copies of Scriptures or parts of the Bible each year. The work of all the missions is fruitful. It is the aim of our country to train the Filipinos for good citizenship and for the political independence for which they aspire. To this end public schools have been established in large numbers, and many influences of civilization are thrown around the people. But the coming of the Kingdom in that country is to a very large degree dependent upon Christian missions. The missions there should be strengthened and liberally supported, as both a Christian and patriotic duty.



Exposition of the  
International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph.D.

APRIL 2

## Elisha Heals Naaman the Syrian

2 Kings 5

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else. Isa. 45:22.

### A Great General, but a Leper

Naaman was a great man in the land of Syria, but he was a leper. No particulars are given concerning the kind of leprosy with which he was afflicted, nor is it stated how long he had had the disease, but we know that the mere fact of having that dread disease was sufficient to cause him the utmost anxiety.

### What a Little Girl Did

The little Hebrew maid who directed Naaman to the source whence he might obtain relief from the awful disease with which he was afflicted is nameless, but too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the helpful part that she played in this incident. She stands as an example of youthful fidelity and kindness, which will always be worthy of emulation.

By way of contrast with the efficiency of this little girl let us note the helplessness of the king of Israel, when he received the letter which Naaman brought from the king of Syria. He looked upon this missive as the probable excuse for a quarrel, yet had he been in close touch with Elisha the prophet, he would immediately have turned to him for the divine help which was needed in order to cure Naaman of his leprosy.

### A Simple Cure

Elisha's dealing with Naaman was dramatic in the extreme. Never had the Syrian general experienced such treatment before, and at first he hotly resented the reception which he received at the hands of the prophet, and despised the directions which Elisha had given for his cure. Cooler and calmer heads, however, advised a trial of the means which had been prescribed, and after Naaman had washed in the Jordan seven times, his leprosy was gone.

### The Punishment of Gehazi

No less striking than the cure of Naaman was the punishment visited upon Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, for his cupidity, infidelity and deceit. Because of his covetousness, his deception and his treachery to his master, he went out from the presence of Elisha a leper as white as snow.

### Salient Truths

Even leprosy, with all its loathsomeness, gives but a faint picture of the hideousness of sin.

There is only one cure for sin, and that is the remedy provided by divine grace through the Atonement made by the Lord Jesus Christ.

No one is too humble to show others the way of salvation. Even a little child may be used as the instrument for bringing a precious soul to a saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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APRIL 9

## Elisha's Heavenly Defenders

2 Kings 6:8-23

**GOLDEN TEXT.** For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm 91:11.

The incident which is presented for our study in this lesson is a striking one. It attests the fact that Elisha was a real patriot, always ready to do all in his power to overcome the enemies of his country.

### Elisha's Peril

The king of Syria was at war with the people of Israel. All his plots and

devices, however, failed of accomplishment, for the patriot-prophet kept the king of Israel fully informed of all the designs of the Syrian foe.

When the Syrian king learned that it was through Elisha that his plans were thus being foiled, he sent a large detachment of his army to capture the prophet, and one morning Elisha and his servant awoke at Dothan to find themselves completely surrounded.

### A Divine Deliverance

Elisha was indeed surrounded by earthly foes, but heavenly protectors were also round about him, and when the eyes of the young man who accompanied Elisha were opened, he saw the mountain was full of horses and chariots about them both.

At this juncture a sudden blindness, which in its nature was apparently a complete illusion, struck the Syrian army and they allowed the prophet Elisha to lead them right into the hands of the king of Israel. Then the eyes of the Syrians were opened, and they found themselves at the mercy of their foe.

### A Reward of Mercy

The first impulse of the king of Israel was to put the captured Syrians to the sword, but Elisha would not consent to this. Instead, he said: "Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master."

This magnanimous advice was heeded by the king of Israel, and the sequel showed that the kindness extended to the Syrians was rewarded by their ceasing to trouble the land of Israel, at least for many years.

### Suggestive Thoughts

God is always present with His servants, and the eye of faith may discern the guardian hosts that surround the children of God.

Mercy is a powerful instrumentality with which to conquer our foes. Kindness is always more effective than cruelty in subduing the enmity of those opposed to us.

True magnanimity is never unrewarded. An open and generous nature is the surest armor against our foes.

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APRIL 16

## Joash the Boy King Crowned in Judah

2 Kings 11:1-20

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart. Psalm 119:2.

This lesson comes on Easter Sunday, and doubtless many will wish to devote their time to the familiar but ever-beautiful story of the Resurrection of Christ, as it is told in the four Gospels.

Those who prefer, however, may continue the historical sequence of events in the Old Testament narrative which we have been following during the present year. A suitable application to the Easter-tide may be found in the fact that our lesson describes a coronation, and Easter itself is the anniversary of the greatest of all coronations, when by Christ's triumph over death and the grave, the crown of eternal life was assured to all who believe on Him.

### The Infancy of Joash

Judah had fallen upon troublous times, when Joash was born. His father was Ahaziah, the son of Jehoram, who was the son of Jehoshaphat. The last named, though remembered as a good king, made a sad mistake in marrying his son Jehoram to Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, who inherited all the bad qualities of her mother, who has been well described as the Lady Macbeth of Israel's history.

Jehoram died after a short reign and his son Ahaziah ruled but a single year. Upon the latter's death Athaliah seized the throne, and to make her place se-

cure, she slew, as she thought, all the royal offspring. Her fell ambition was frustrated, however, by the cunning of another woman, Jehosheba, the sister of Ahaziah, who rescued Joash, the infant son of the late king, and hid him safely away.

### The Plan of Jehoiada

Jehoiada was the priest in charge of the temple at this time, and when Joash had reached his seventh year, Jehoiada devised a plan for ending the tyranny of Athaliah, and elevating the youthful king to his rightful throne. To carry out this plan it was necessary to secure the support of the royal guard, but this was easily accomplished, and all the arrangements made by Jehoiada were carried out, and with armed guards about him, and amid the acclaim of the people Joash was crowned and anointed king.

Athaliah's fate is briefly but dramatically told. Hearing the tumult of the people, she came forth to the temple, expecting to awe the multitude by her approach. But her influence was gone, her cries of "Treason! Treason!" fell upon deaf ears, and she was killed, as she fled from the temple by way of the entrance to the royal stables.

### Practical Lessons

The "Book of the Testimony," that is God's law, was a conspicuous feature at the coronation of Joash. God's Book should have the pre-eminent place in every important undertaking of our life.

Unholy alliances are fruitful of evil results. The marriage of Ahab with Jezebel brought a long series of misfortunes to both Israel and Judah. Christians to-day are often tempted to make an unholy alliance with the world. Let us beware of entangling associations which may not only wreck our own usefulness, but will bring sorrow and distress to others.

There is a crown for all who are faithful. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

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APRIL 23

## Joash Repairs the Temple

2 Kings 11:21-12:16

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly. 1 Chron. 29:9.

It was quite natural that Joash should desire to repair the breaches in the temple caused both by age and by utter neglect. As a child he had lived in one of the chambers of the temple, and its dilapidated condition had doubtless been impressed upon his mind by his daily contact with it. The "Book of the Testimony" had figured largely in the coronation ceremony, and this must have furnished a strong stimulus to the youthful king to show the utmost honor to the house of the Lord. Furthermore, the influence of Jehoiada, the priest under whose care Joash had been brought up from childhood, would naturally be exerted to effect a revival of the worship of Jehovah and a restoration of the temple to its former wonted beauty and grandeur.

### Priestly Procrastination

Early in his reign Joash gave instructions to the priests to gather funds for the repair of the Lord's house, but years passed by, and still the work was not done. Various excuses have been suggested for this delay on the part of the priests, but it seems impossible to acquit them of great remissness in this matter, for they had explicit instructions and full authority to proceed with the work, and the subsequent attitude of Joash shows that he considered them greatly at fault.

### Aggressive Action

In the twenty-third year of his reign Joash found that the repairs to the temple were still unfinished. Drastic action was then taken. The dilatory

priests were relieved from the duty of soliciting further contributions, and instead of relying upon their efforts, Jehoiada placed a box or chest in the temple, and the people as they entered made what offerings they pleased toward the restoration of the sacred edifice. When any considerable amount had accumulated in the chest, then the king's scribe and the high priest took the money and put it into bags, which were duly marked with the weight that each contained.

Thus under the new impulse which king Joash gave to the work, the repairs upon the temple went steadily forward. Masons and carpenters and the other artisans engaged in the work wrought faithfully each at his own appointed task. Moreover, those in charge of the workmen showed their fidelity, for we are told that no reckoning was made with the men into whose hands the money was delivered to be bestowed on the workmen, "for they dealt faithfully."

### Pertinent Hints

The zeal of Joash for the restoration of the Lord's house to a proper condition is well worthy of emulation by all who have to do with the care of buildings that are used for Christian worship.

The devotion which the young King Joash showed to the house of the Lord furnishes a splendid example for all young men to follow.

Giving is worship. Our service for Christ is not complete until we have given of our substance for the support of His church and the spread of His Kingdom.

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APRIL 30

## God's Pity for the Heathen—Foreign Missionary Lesson

Jonah 3:1-4:11

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. Matt. 28:19.

### A Remarkable Book

Jonah is one of the so-called Minor Prophets, but the book that bears this name, though small in compass, is large in its significance, and a full understanding of the present lesson calls for a reading of the whole prophecy.

The miraculous features of Jonah's career have created more discussion perhaps than any other incident recorded in the Old Testament, but the spiritual meaning of his prophetic mission has been too largely neglected. The selection of the present lesson in order to emphasize the subject of foreign missions is an admirable step in the right direction.

### Jonah's Mission to Nineveh

Jonah was sent as a foreign missionary to preach to the Ninevites. At first he was disobedient to the heavenly vision, and sought to evade the duty laid upon him. Finally, however, he repented of his disobedience, and went at Jehovah's command to declare unto the people of that great heathen city the doom that rested upon them because of their wickedness.

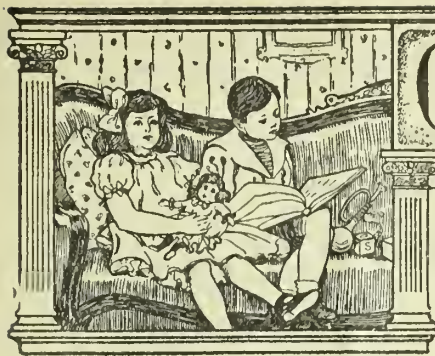
The deliverance of his message had an unlooked-for effect upon the pagan city. A wave of true repentance seems to have swept over the people and their sovereign, and in view of their change of heart, God decreed that mercy should be showed them and that they should be delivered from the destruction that had been declared to be their doom.

This unexpected issue of events displeased Jonah exceedingly. But by an acted parable God showed His petulant prophet that mercy was His rightful prerogative.

### The Message of Missions

Every true missionary of the Cross goes forth to proclaim to dying sinners both the justice and the mercy of God. "Doom and deliverance" furnish the keynote for every effective missionary propaganda.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## More Letters about the Most Beautiful Thing

MANY of our Little Folks have written very interesting letters in answer to the question, "What is the most beautiful thing in the world that you have ever seen or heard about?" Several of these letters were printed in the last issue of our paper, and now we have quite a number that are waiting for a place in our columns this month.

The first letter comes from a little girl in Ash Grove, Mo., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my second letter to the Little Folks' page. I think the most beautiful thing in the world is a flower. I will close before my letter gets too long.

Yours truly,

ETHEL KELLEY.

Your letter is very short, Ethel, but you have given us a beautiful answer to the question that has been asked. In the world of nature it is hard to find anything more lovely than the flowers which God has made, and your choice of the most beautiful thing is certainly an excellent one.

A boy in Kenilworth, N. J., evidently thinks much the same as our little friend Ethel, for this is what he has written:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am ten years old. My uncle takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. We have five rooms in our school and a nice large playground. The most beautiful thing I ever saw was a garden of roses in the summer time.

Your nephew,

RUFUS DICKENSON.

A little girl in Villard, Minn., writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is my first letter for Our Little Folks' page. I go to Sunday School every Sunday in the summer time. My sister teaches my class. I go to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have a pet cat; his name is Nick. I live in the country and have a mile and a quarter to go to school. The most beautiful thing I ever saw is the trees in summer, when they are green.

Your loving niece,

ALICE BRAUNINGER.

The trees are surely among the beautiful things which God has put in this world, and they are also among the most useful. The Bible has much to say about the trees, and some day it would be well worth your while to take a good Concordance and find out what the writers of the Holy Scriptures have said on this subject.

A New Jersey girl, whose home is in Plainfield, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I enjoy reading the Little Folks' page. My uncle takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it printed in the next paper. I am ten years old, and am in the fourth grade in school. The most beautiful and wonderful thing I ever saw was Niagara Falls. Papa and mamma took me, and we stayed three days. With love to all,

ELIZABETH VOORHEES.

An Iowa boy, who lives in Bellevue, has sent us this pleasant letter.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my second letter. I am eight years old. I am in the third grade. I think the most beautiful thing in the world I ever saw is the Mississippi River, "the Father of Waters," on a moonlight night just as the moon is coming up over the hills. We have this beautiful view from our home, which is built right on the bank of this grand river. With love to all the Little Folks.

Your nephew,

ALLAN FABER SCHIRMER.

You have given us a good idea of the situation of your house, Allan. You are certainly favored in having such a fine view of the splendid river which passes by your home.

A little girl in Dillsburg, Pa., has sent us this answer to our question:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I live on a farm. I walk half a mile to school. For pets I have a horse that I can ride and drive and two white kittens. The kittens' names are Snowdrop and Snowball. My mother has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for ten years. I like to read the children's letters. I think the most beautiful thing in the world is the birds which God has made. I will close with love to all the little folks.

Your loving niece,

LOIS K. PETERMAN.

Your choice is a good one, Lois, for the birds are surely things of beauty, and I imagine there are many of our boys and girls who will agree with you.

## Our Mail Bag

OUR Mail Bag is never empty. No sooner have we printed the last letter than the postman brings another, and when the time comes around for Uncle Harry to prepare Our Little Folks' page, he hardly knows what to do with the many letters that are waiting their turn to be printed. This month there are far more on hand than can possibly be squeezed into this page, and so we must ask all our little friends to be very patient, and if any of you are disappointed in not finding your letter among those that are printed, please remember that it is not because your letter is not appreciated, but simply because there isn't enough room. Remember, too, that though your letter does not appear this month, it may be printed another time, and in any case do not forget that Uncle Harry is always glad to hear from you, whether he can find a place for your letter or not.

Our first letter is from a boy who lives near Compton, in the State of California, and who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. We have a big school. I belong to the Never-Failing Class in Sunday School. I love to live in California with the beautiful climate and flowers all the year around. Love to all the little folks, from

Your nephew,

JOHNNY DAETWEILER.

Our next letter is from a little friend in East Norwalk, Conn., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my second letter to you. I enjoy reading Our Little Folks' page very much. The book I like best in the Bible is St. Matthew, because it tells of Christ and His Birth. The study I like best at school is Geography, because it tells about the earth. My Sunday School teacher is Mr. Hall and my school teacher is Mrs. Jersey. I do not want to take up all the room, for I know others want to write.

Yours sincerely,

CARLTON L'HOMMEDIEU.

Our next letter is from a little girl in South Carolina, and this is what she has written:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am seven years old. I have five brothers and five sisters. I go to school every day. I like to go to Sunday-school. My papa is a preacher. I hope to see this letter in print. I will close, with love to all the little folks.

CARRIE SPINKS.

Surely you may join our happy band, Carrie. We are glad to hear that your father is preaching the Gospel, and we hope and pray that he may be very successful in his work.

Very pleasant letters have come from Clara Brokaw, Elmer Jenkins and Eva May Piner. Besides these there are others which must be kept for another month.

Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.



WASHING DAY

Here is a letter from a little girl in Livingston, N. J.:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I am ten years old, and I am in the fifth grade. I attend the village school. My teacher's name is Miss Combs. I love her very much. I am also a member of the Baptist Sunday-school. I live on the farm, and have a rabbit and two pet cats. The prettiest thing I saw this year is Miss Mosher's crab cactus, and the nicest thing I hear is what our pastor says every Sunday to us. I get the AMERICAN MESSENGER every month from my teacher. With love to all the little folks. I remain,

Yours sincerely,

AMELIA BECK.

A little Kansas girl, whose home is in the town of Herington, has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am nine years old. I am in the third grade. The most beautiful thing I ever saw is a little baby. My sister has a little girl. She is four months old, and she is as sweet as anything can be.

MERLE J. WOOD.

You have given us a good answer to our question, Merle, and we gladly welcome both you and your little baby niece into our happy band.



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## Easter Day

By CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT

*Lily that blooms in the springtime,  
When we hear the bluebird's call,  
You fill the world with fragrance,  
Unfold for great and small,  
For the little child-believer,  
The pilgrim old and gray,  
For all who open a trustful heart  
To the Prince of Light to-day.*

*O wondrous Easter morning  
In the centuries long ago!  
The little flock assembled  
And spoke in voices low.  
Cold as the snow of Hermon  
Grief on their spirits lay;  
Then came the joyful tidings—  
"The Lord is risen to-day!"*

*And still that Easter Lily  
Distils a rare perfume;  
In every clime and country  
It finds perennial bloom.  
Vainly the sneering skeptic  
Would hold it up to scorn;  
The world breaks into singing  
On the fair Easter morn.*

*O, lift your faces sunward,  
Poor souls with grief oppressed!  
The Cross proclaims our ransom,  
Easter, our heavenly rest;  
Rest that will be a service  
Of joy and sweet accord,  
When face to face we see Him,  
Our glorious risen Lord.*

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## A Knight in Armor

By WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder the man who went into battle was armored in steel like a modern battleship. This defensive covering protected the ancient warrior from such missiles as arrows, lances, and many other deadly weapons. A knight armed *cap-a-pie* had a splendid panoply, and his defensive equipment made him a walking fortress.

You have seen the polished suits of mail in art stores and in museums, and you have fancied what it must have been to have lived "When Knighthood Was in Flower." But we need Knights in Armor to-day. Young men can enter the lists to-day clad in suits of mail. There are fierce battles to be fought for civic righteousness, and for purity, and honor, and good citizenship, in every community.

How can the young American show his patriotism, and his loyalty to lofty ideals in his own private character, and in the national life? He may be a modern knight armed *cap-a-pie*, and fighting for the right, the square deal, and justice for all. But no youth should enter this terrible conflict against temptations *within* his own breast, and *without*, unless he has on a suit of mail. He needs the toughest chain armor, making him invincible, as a walking arsenal.

In the first place his loins should be girt with truth. The Roman soldier considered his girdle the first and most important part of his armor. It kept his suit of mail in place. It was also used to support the sword. Many athletes to-day consider a strong belt indispensable in feats of prodigious strength. Truthfulness is one of the most essential traits of manhood. Falsehood will defeat any human being. Every lie leaves an indelible stain on the soul. But the habit of lying is easily formed. It may begin in childhood to shield the culprit from punishment. The first lie may be told to parents, teachers, or employers to avoid disgrace. There are many temptations

to lie in business, society, games, and athletic contests. We can lie in act as well as in word. To tell the truth, under all circumstances, requires great courage. To dare to tell the truth at all times is the glory of modern knighthood. Falsehood is the device of a coward. Every lie is a cowardly retreat. A bold knight faces the world, and dares to tell the truth whatever the consequences.

The knight must also have a breastplate. This piece of armor covered the most vital parts of the body. It was often made of tough steel plates, and protected the heart, lungs, and other vital organs. No organ demands more protection in warfare than the heart. That vital but vulnerable organ must have a strong covering. The modern knight must have his breast covered with the breastplate of righteousness. It is not safe for a youth to go into the awful battle with temptation without moral rectitude.

The new heart is given to the Christian soldier to make him invincible. Such a breastplate will protect the young knight from all forms of evil. It is not safe to trust only to will-power, and good resolutions in the fight of daily life. The breastplate of righteousness is impenetrable.

The feet of the knight should be shod with the gospel of peace. The ancient knights gave much attention to their foot-wear, for their fighting was hand-to-hand. The knight was compelled to have a firm footing, for if he was thrown to the ground with his heavy suit of armor, it was very difficult to rise. If his foot should slip, he might lose his life. His sandals or shoes were bound to his feet and ankles very securely. The Roman soldier had his sandal thickly studded with hobnails, like a modern football player.

The modern fighter with "graft" and other foes of society must have a solid footing. His footgear must render him immune from slipping. Peace with God in the soul, gives cheerfulness, steadiness, and hope. Fear and worry will make you lose the fight. The cheerful and hopeful knight will win the battle. Worry kills more men than war. Care eats away the heart like a canker. The modern knight must stand his ground. He must not retreat. He must never give up his principles, or surrender his convictions.

Faith is the shield of every true Christian soldier. This part of the knight's armament differs from all the rest, for it is not attached to the body. Being borne by the hand or arm, it can be shifted rapidly to protect different parts of the body. The larger shields of the ancients were made of wood for lightness, and were covered with hides of animals or other tough material, designed to withstand the effect of the fiery darts of the enemy. Arrows tipped with some inflammable substance were used in sieges, and sometimes against an enemy in the field. This was the custom among the ancient Romans, Greeks, and Hebrews. The blazing arrow was one of the most dangerous missiles. The malignant foe used not only fire-tipped arrows, but also arrows which had been covered with poison, to torture as well as to kill the enemy. Satan is the cruel foe of the Christian knight to-day. But faith will quench and extinguish his fire-tipped arrows. Faith in God and in His Word is an impenetrable shield.

The head of the knight must be protected. A hard stroke on the head will render the bravest man insensible. Such a hard knock will often kill. The head is a target in battle. So the ancients invented the massive and strong helmets, so that a blow might be received upon the helmet, and still the brain might remain uninjured. The Romans and Greeks used very strong helmets. The Christian knight is provided with the helmet of salvation. It will keep his brain steady, and will protect his thoughts from impurity. It will make him ready to take up arms for the weak,

and the defenseless, for women, and children, and for every noble cause.

I have written of five pieces of armor for defense. I will mention only *one* weapon for offense. Let us give our Christian knight a keen and tough sword of Damascus steel. The youth to-day needs the Word of God, which is the sword of the Spirit. In our Bible Schools we should learn to handle this sword skillfully. We must learn to fence and parry a blow from our adversary. I have described no pieces of armor for the back, for the valiant knight must always face the foe.

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## International Christian Endeavor Convention

ARRANGEMENTS are now being perfected for the Twenty-fifth International Christian Endeavor Convention, which will convene in Atlantic City, N. J., on July 6th next, and continue its sessions until the 12th. The Million Dollar Pier has been engaged for the entire week, and the meetings will be held in the two large halls and the large canvas pavilion. It is not to be inferred from this that the convention will be "all at sea," for the arrangements are as near perfect as years of experience, added to splendid executive ability, can possibly make them. Among the speakers will be such well known men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, Charles M. Sheldon, Booker T. Washington, Commander Eva Booth, and others equally eminent. The great questions of Personal Religion, Evangelism, Missions, Temperance, Civic Righteousness, Interdenominational Fellowship and International Brotherhood, will be discussed. Three new features are to be introduced: a Quiet Hour Service on the Pier in the beauty and freshness of the early morning; a Christian Endeavor Institute in several sections, to discuss, under expert leadership, the manifold phases of the work, and a Consultation Hour.

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## Companionship with Christ

How shall we know temptation when it comes? The answer is very plain: By means of our companionship with Christ. A young man of intemperate habits was converted. A former associate met him and asked him into a saloon to have a drink. He said: "I cannot; I have a friend with me." "Oh, that is all right; bring your friend with you," said the man. "No," said he, "the Lord Jesus Christ is my friend, and He

will not go into a saloon and does not wish me to go." This is the real test. Imagine Jesus with you, your Friend at your side, His eyes upon you—under such circumstances would you do the thing? This is no imagination. It is a reality. He is by our side. His eyes do see, His ears do hear, and His heart really cares.

How shall we meet temptation when we know it? First by quickly realizing our relationship with Christ, that His honor is wrapped up in us and that His confidence is fixed upon us; also by wielding strongly the weapon of "all prayer" and drawing quickly the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Pray as if all depended on God. Fight as if all depended on you. Keep face front. Remember, too, that Christ was tempted and is able to succor us from the grasp of Satan. Christ is the first aid for the tempted.

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## Losing Life

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." That is a startling statement of fact which probably means, that he who, by reserving his life for selfish purposes, rejecting Christ, and His salvation, but attains a present earthly experience of life, actually achieves that end by the forfeiture of his highest welfare, which he either forgets or else foolishly ignores, and thus misses the very essence of life, and loses his own soul in the bargain; whereas, he who receives Christ and follows Him, even unto death, shall find the more abundant life, whose joys are infinite in degree and everlasting in duration. The philosophy of it is that self-sacrifice is the way to permanent good and eternal life; and that selfishness is a consuming sin—a wasting sword among the resources of society, reducing the fairest and most fruitful portions of our high domain to a state of wretchedness and ruin. The present power and glory of the church is largely due to the self-sacrificing lives of our faithful, spiritual ancestors, and especially to that noble band of martyrs whose blood-tinge is upon every page and paragraph of our history, and whose integrity of soul endured the fether and fagot rather than belie their convictions or forsake the Master, no matter how big the price offered for such perfidy. The fact is, he who forgets himself will never be forgotten; but he who is selfish and sordid cannot live in the affectionate remembrance of his fellow-men, nor can God remember him with the gift of eternal life.

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# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## A Remarkable Transformation

THE great movement among the Miaos—aborigines in South China on the borders of Siam and Burma—has grown up in the past eight years. These people are coming to Christ by the thousands. One missionary, Mr. Adam of the C. I. M., has baptized 3,500. Besides the 10,000 already organized in Christian churches there are 10,000 more who consider themselves Christians. They had no written language until Mr. Adam reduced their speech to writing, translated the gospel of Mark, hymns and the catechism. Everywhere they are building their own churches and schools and supporting teachers and pastors.

"We counted the people," writes a missionary, "as they left service to-day. There were 920 and we did not count the children. Later in the day 600 partook of the Lord's Supper. And the prayer-meetings! Full of power! They have abandoned whiskey and their unspeakably wicked habits and are living regenerated lives. At sundown you may hear the prayers rising in the village homes."



## American Missions in Turkey

WHILE not making so large a proportion of converts in Turkey as in some other lands, nowhere in the world, says an observing writer, not even in China or Japan, are the results of the labors and influence of American missionaries more conspicuous or more generally recognized than in the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Bryce, the British ambassador to Washington, in one of his books says: "I cannot mention the American missionaries without a tribute to the admirable work they have done. They have been the only good influence that has worked from abroad upon the Turkish Empire." Sir William Ramsey, the famous British scientist, who has spent much time in Turkey, is quite as enthusiastic. The American missionaries have over 400 schools, 130 or more large churches in the centers of population, with congregations numbering as high as 2,000, besides a multitude of out-stations in the villages of Asia Minor.



## Clinic Pictures from China

BY DR. ELIZABETH E. ANDERSON

COME in a while, it is clinic hour. The Bible women outside are preaching to the waiting people. The nurses in the surgical room are beginning to dress the wounds and ulcers. Here comes a patient we have not seen before. "You were in the fire last night and badly burned? Then your house is destroyed, too. Will you come into the hospital a few days until you are well and rent a new house?" "Live here, are you not afraid of the fire devils? Why, I'd bring disaster upon you! Give me medicine now. I'll live out of doors three days until the spirits have been frightened away, then I will come." "But we are not afraid. Tell your friends and come in now to a comfortable bed." "You mean it, I will come." By the afternoon her surprise has increased to wonder. "Is this heaven? Who are these good fairies that take the needy in and care for them like sisters? Christians! Sisters through the love of Jesus Christ? That is all new. Tell me more." How she listened and "used her heart" in learning to read! A new light came into her face and soon we saw a transformed life. Each day seemed to open up new treasures for her, but it also awakened a paralyzed conscience. It meant sacrifices—the burning of many precious and beautiful presents—waves of sin. It meant the freeing of her slave girls—but with freedom she made them partakers of her new found joy and Saviour. Because of false accusations she was imprisoned. Would the wages for those old sins ever be paid? But what mattered that since she had gained Christ? It was not surprising that hus-

band and friends believed her insane. Coming into the hospital one day she pleaded for the Bible women to go home with her and preach to her friends. "One is sick and the other busy, we cannot go to-day, we will go to-morrow." "No, I've invited them in, my house is full now and waiting for you, come." Substitutes were quickly found. Could such zeal fail of a harvest? In a short time her husband was even more zealous on the Lord's side, and she and her household were baptized.

Shall we return to the clinic? Here is Mrs. Chu, who earns a little rice money by making paper money for mourners to burn at the graves of their dead. Her eyes have been long inflamed and as long neglected. Now when almost blind she seeks help. They may be improved but they require an operation. Those weeks spent in the wards opened up a new world-light for the eyes and a great light for the soul. A light that she let shine unto all who came into the house. She could not read, but a quick memory supplied her with texts and hymns which she daily taught to the other patients. It is with regret we see her near the time when, recovered, she may go out to battle with the busy world and seek a new occupation, for one of her first thoughts on knowing Christ was: "Now I cannot make worship money again."

Here is a bright-faced boy with a swollen face. While at play he has fallen on a bamboo stick. A large piece is still embedded in the muscles and causing a painful abscess. The distressed grandparents have learned from a boatman that if they take the child to the foreign doctors in the city he may be relieved. They have never seen foreigners, and even after the long journey it requires much persuasion to lead them into the examination room. With implicit trust the little fellow folds his hands and goes quietly to sleep under the anesthetic. A few minutes later the anxiety of the grandfather turns to joy as he carries the fragment of wood to his frightened wife and tells her how the wound has been cleansed and dressed. She and the boy stayed with us a week. His winning smile and her earnest attention to the Gospel made us long that the husband would delay his return. Even a week may bear fruit.

Those mentioned are just a few of the many who come and go. An hour in the clinic gives them a bit of the message and a tract to carry home; but we are especially glad for those who tarry with us in the bright cheery wards. There we may show them by love and care and daily lessons in Bible and song the real heart of the "happy words" we long for them to know.

ASSEMBLY HERALD.



## In Java and Sumatra

THE Netherlands Missionary Society, we are told, is founding colonies of Christians in Java and Sumatra similar to the Protestant *barrios* of the Philippines. The most successful is Pangharepan, established in 1886, as a Christian center in a densely Mohammedan region. The government granted a large tract of uncultivated land to the mission. Rice fields and plantations of coffee, cocoa, pepper and tea are in full operation. All the colonists bind themselves to work in the common mission gardens as well as in their own. The impression which the colony makes is admirable. The plantations are cleanly and wisely worked. Church, three schools, the mission house and the homes of the Christians are solidly built and attractively neat. The life of the colony is ordered on Christian principles. Christian elders assist the missionary in administration. A Chinese overseer, "a jewel of a Christian," superintends the colonizing work. Deaconesses care for the poor and sick. A Christian Young Men's Association gives instruction and guidance to the youth.

## Gospel Work in Colombia

MR. H. DUDLEY LYNCH of Santa Marta, Republic de Colombia, tells in the following communication of the disposal of a grant of Christian literature furnished by the American Tract Society:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of two packages containing tracts published in the Spanish and English languages. You will be glad to learn that on Sunday last your servant conducted an open-air meeting at the Company's docks, and we had a very large gathering of native and English-speaking people. Among those present were the crew of the United Fruit Company's steamer *Santa Marta*. Your servant chose for his text 2 Corinthians 5:20, and showed the necessity of messengers with the spirit of reconciliation. A short address in Spanish was given, a hymn in Spanish sung, and a number of tracts distributed in both languages. Quite a number of tracts were asked for by the messmen and others of the steamer *Santa Marta*.

"I am preparing by the help of the Master to arrange a program of work, make a plan, and put our needs before some friends that will interest themselves in foreign missions, and help to keep up such organizations as the American Tract Society.

"Your little books are working wonders among the people. They are being applied for hourly. That little pamphlet containing Moody's sermon on 'What Seek Ye?' is making a very great impression on the many that have thrown aside their religion and can only see their temporal saviour in the dollar. Pray for our success in extending the Master's Kingdom."



## Cave-Dwellers in Rumania

IN *Die Tägliche Umschau*, Dr. Emil Fischer, of Bucharest, publishes an article about ancient habits among inhabitants of Rumania, which so clearly illustrates the necessity of more missionary work in that nominally Christian land that we present a translation of some of his interesting statements.

According to the latest statistics, there are still in existence in Rumania over 54,000 cave-dwellings, in which a quarter of a million peasants live in circumstances almost as primitive as those of the ancient cave-dwellers of the stone age. These inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Rumania still use ancient plows, while wild pears and crab apples are the only fruit known to them. Their vegetables are wild herbs boiled with oil, which has been pressed from the seeds of the sunflower, the hemp, and the gourd. Until very few years ago, millet, the ancient grain of these people, was crushed by means of hand-mills and stored in primitive granaries as peculiarly shaped as those found in Central Africa. Medical men are still known as wizards among these peasants, and at funerals a repast named *coliba* is partaken of, which is like that prepared and eaten by the ancient heathen tribes of Europe. It consists of soaked and boiled corn. Thus, the customs of the stone age still prevail in rural Rumania.



## The Chinese Christian Students in North America

ONE of the most wide-awake and hopeful of the Christian organizations in America is the "Chinese Students' Christian Association" which is affiliated with the Y. M. C. A. of China and Korea. The object of this association is to unite all Christian Chinese students in North America in order to promote growth in Christian character and to carry on aggressive Christian work, especially by and for Chinese students. The Association is divided into four departments to develop the work for students in various parts of the country. Annual conferences are held and have proved of great inspiration and practical help to the stu-

dents who have met. In September last the second annual conference was held in Hartford, Conn., and two other similar meetings brought together students in Evanston, Ill., and at San Francisco. One former Harvard student, Mr. David Z. T. Yui, is to give his whole time to the work during the coming year. He was the winner of the Bowdoin prize of \$250 at Harvard last June, where he secured his Master of Arts degree.

Since the organization of the conference in 1909 the membership has increased from 39 to 166 and the influence of the association has been felt throughout the country.



## Where the Sorcerer Rules

IN many parts of New Guinea, we are told, the population is decreasing in a growing ratio owing to heathen beliefs and practices. According to Papuan belief, no one dies naturally; every dead person has been bewitched by an enemy, and his death must be avenged. When any one dies, the whole district is filled with fear, for no one is safe from being accused of witchcraft, and murdered in consequence. Especially when some considerable person dies, the whole neighborhood is unsafe for weeks and months; whole families and clans feel themselves threatened. They quit their villages and camp in the jungle in miserable, unhealthy hiding-places. They leave their plantations to be wasted and destroyed.

The sorcerer, often a man of the worst reputation, of course has an excellent trade; he offers, for ample payment, to get rid of offending persons. Often he gets paid by both sides, as he tells the "bewitched" person that he can remove the deadly spell. Thus these rascals become great lords, and often possess a large share of the property of the tribe. The fear of witchcraft, which never leaves the Papuan, gives them a great power, which they know how to use with profit. Missions have brought deliverance to the Papuans in more senses than one. The tribes which have received Christianity have lost fear of the sorcerer, and his power is broken. Among these tribes a swift increase of the population is already perceptible, especially on the north coast of German New Guinea.



## Illiterates in India and China

THE Christian Literature Society of India is calling attention to the deplorable illiteracy in the Far East. In the Indian Empire it is stated that there are 277,000,000 and in China 300,000,000 who cannot read and write their own languages. This illiteracy is one of the greatest of all hindrances to the progress of the Gospel. They cannot read, they cannot think, they cannot understand the teachings of Christianity. In India practically all the women and girls are illiterate, only 1 in 90 being able to read and write.



## The Little Land of Big Things

DR. GEORGE HEBER JONES has recently said: "Previous to 1905, before Korea's union with Japan, Japan faced America, and Korea was simply a backdoor neighbor; but since 1905, Japan has changed face. She is now facing Asia, big with possibilities and with policies, and Korea has become the front door of the Japanese Empire. Japan during the past five years has spent over \$40,000,000 in railroad exploitation in Korea; but those railroads are built of Pittsburgh rails, laid on Oregon ties, with locomotives from the Baldwin Company, and rolling-stock from the Pullman and other American companies. The Koreans have a genius for religion. There is dawning upon the Christian world a Korean interpretation of Christian life and practice. I used to hope to live to see the day when there would be a thousand Korean Christians. Now there are 250,000, and more believers in Jesus Christ."





### The Easter Call

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

*From the chill days, and from the waste and wither,  
As we go homing with the birds and flowers,  
What is it awakens and convokes us hither  
These first spring hours?*

*Is it the vernal slogan in the valley,  
The lighting of swift fires from hill to hill,  
The watchman robin's clear, insistent rally,  
The wildwood's will?*

*Does some strange lure, some elemental passion  
Lead us, blind creatures, through our changing days?  
Or is it wont and use that bids us fashion  
A chant of praise?*

*Hush! Through all storm and doubt and dread disaster  
One voice is dominant in earth and skies;  
One walketh in His garden—'tis the Master  
Who saith "Arise."*

## JANET FIELDING'S EASTER

By Lavilla Wright Macomber

MISS FIELDING paused in her nervous walk up and down the broad corridor of the sanitarium, to glance out of the heavy plate-glass door which stood at the end facing the lake.

"Positively disgusting!" she grumbled to herself. "Not a thing to be seen but those common, dirty shanties!"

Her eyes were resting on a row of working men's cottages on the opposite shore of the shallow lake, where long wash lines were strung from cottages to out-buildings and the women were passing busily in and out. She was not interested in them and her fitful gaze failed to take in the graceful groups of budding trees, which clothed the bluff-like ridge rising gradually in the background, with the massive columns and shining dome of the State capitol on the summit, which contrasted sharply against the deep blue sky and lent a touch of grandeur to the landscape. Down the corridor she could hear the cheery voice of the matron making her morning round of calls and the replies of the patients, hopeful, despondent or irritable as the case might be.

The prospect of being shut up at Easter time in a sanitarium where strict adherence to certain rules of diet was demanded by the little German doctor in charge, was the primary cause of Janet Fielding's discontent. All her life she had been accustomed to having her own way. Now, in her declining years, her health was breaking down and the prospect of a life of invalidism, cut off from the amusements and luxurious living which had been a part of her existence, was causing her mind to drift into a state of bitter melancholy.

The big clock in the run-hall below chimed the hour of eight and she turned through the swing-door into the elevator hall. As the gate clanged behind her in the hall below, she met Mrs. Bell, the matron, coming out of the reception-room.

Mrs. Bell's face brightened. "Going to the dining-room for breakfast? That's good! How are you feeling this morning?"

Miss Fielding looked down haughtily upon the plump little, white-gowned woman.

"Very well, I thank you," was her icy reply, continuing on her way to the sunny dining-room, where she took her place at one of the daintily appointed tables.

Opposite to Miss Fielding was Mrs. Stevens, a little white-haired woman, the wife of a minister. She was one of those sweet, sunny souls who are always looking for the good qualities in those with whom they come in contact.

Few of the patients cared to encounter Miss Fielding's cold responses to their attempts at acquaintanceship. Some made no attempt. Others, knowing her to be a woman of wealth and a leader in society, put up with her ways, being anxious to obtain favors later on; a very few read in the stern old face the pathetic story of an undisciplined soul passing through doubt and physical affliction and recognized the strong character and sympathetic nature, crippled by years of repression, but which if once guided into the right channel, might yet be a power for good. Mrs. Stevens was one of the latter few and remained undaunted by her companion's curt replies and continued to chat pleasantly throughout the meal.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Fielding, have you met Miss Stone in room 215?" she asked, as they passed out of the dining-room together. "The poor child must be very lonely in there by herself, for she is quite helpless and cannot afford a special nurse."

"Why is she here then?" questioned Miss Fielding coldly, paying no attention to Mrs. Stevens' query.

"Why, I think some one said she was injured in a street accident over in the city and was brought out here," replied Mrs. Stevens. She waited for some reply or show of interest, but neither were forthcoming and the two parted in the run-hall.

"Always calling my attention to some poor, distressed creature!" sneered Miss Fielding to herself.

Going to her room she scoured a light wrap and started toward the sun-parlor, which opened onto the wide, second-story veranda. Near the door was a thin-faced, delicate-looking girl reeling in a wheel-chair, who had evidently been left there by one of the nurses, to enjoy the morning sun. She turned her head at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Good-morning!" she said, smiling brightly. "You are Miss Fielding, are you not? Mrs. Stevens has spoken of you so frequently to me, that I feel as if I am already acquainted with you. I am Iva Stone," she concluded, glancing timidly into the expressionless face before her.

"Indeed," murmured Miss Fielding, arching her eyebrows and compressing her thin lips.

"Isn't the day beautiful?" continued Iva, apparently not noticing the rebuff. "The nurse wheeled me out on the porch a while ago and it seemed so good to see the white-caps come rolling in and to smell the spring air. She brought me some dear little pussy-willows, too," holding up a bunch of the green twigs covered with silky, gray catkins. "Oh, God is very good to let me have so many beautiful things to enjoy!" She gazed a moment into the cold gray eyes of her still silent companion and then said impulsively: "Oh, Miss Fielding, what do people do when they cannot carry their troubles to God? How sad their lives must be!"

Miss Fielding opened her mouth as if to speak, but closed it again instantly and her face again settled into its old, unlovely lines, as she passed out of the door without answering.

Iva gazed after her with a hurt expression on her face and her lips quivered. She was lonely in spite of her brave cheerfulness, and Miss Fielding's unfriendly attitude puzzled and hurt her.

On the veranda outside, Janet Fielding was pacing up and down. What had that girl meant by asking her that question? Was she preaching at her? "What do people do when they cannot carry their troubles to God?" she muttered, frowning impatiently as the words kept running through her mind. She was one of the most regular members of St. Martin's Church and contributed freely to its work, though in so doing she never made any attempt at personal sacrifice. She was strangely moved and also irritated by the young girl's appearance and manner of speaking. Iva seemed to bring back to her the face of Amy Richie, the dearly loved friend of her youth. Then as old associations crowded up, there came the memory of the man who had laid all the love of his high-minded young manhood at her feet, only to be spurned for lack of wealth and social standing. When, years later, he had married Amy Richie, Janet Fielding had promptly cut her old friend from her list of callers. The long years of experience in the shallow world of society were beginning to teach her her sad mistake, but she was loth to admit it even to herself.

When Miss Fielding again entered the sun-parlor on her way to the main corridor, she found the room empty and was surprised at the feeling of disappointment which came over her. The thin face and appealing eyes of the girl had touched her and she felt a sense of remorse for having repelled her advances toward friendship.

"I cannot get that girl's face out of my mind!" she exclaimed aloud, pushing aside the copy of a popular magazine in which she had failed to become interested.

She started up impatiently, and leaving her room, passed out into the corridor. Unconsciously her feet turned down the narrow hall which connected the main building with the newer addition, and she finally emerged into a wide, well-lighted corridor with windows facing the west. Her own expensive suite had been chosen on the main corridor, and she had never been in this part of the building before. The view from the window was obstructed by a tall growth of willows and soft manes just across the yard, and she turned to retrace her steps, glancing at the number over the door at the right.

"No. 215; why, that's the girl's room!" she murmured, as the conversation with Mrs. Stevens flashed through her mind.

She had stopped almost on the threshold and paused, uncertain whether to knock or retreat. Before she could do either, her attention was arrested by a glimpse through the half-open door.

On the dresser stood a pot of primula. A stream of sunlight touched the delicate flowers and threw them into bold relief against the mirror in the background.

On the cot near Miss Stone was lying, her face turned toward the flowers with such an expression of peace and content that the eyes of the lonely woman outside filled in spite of herself, for she read beneath the peaceful expression the traces of suffering patiently borne and her starved heart cried out for that which was lacking in her own life and which Iva Stone evidently had—the presence of the living Christ which enabled her to bear her pain with patience and sweetness.

The girl turned her head and caught a glimpse of some one tapping on the panel. "Come!" she called. "Oh, how do you do, Miss Fielding? Take the little rocker by the window. I have been enjoying the plant which the matron brought in. Is it not beautiful?"

"Miss Stone," began Miss Fielding abruptly, after glancing at the flowers and murmuring a reply, "I wish to apologize for my rudeness to you this morning."

"Oh, don't mention it!" interrupted Iva. "I never thought of being offended. I just thought you did not care to become acquainted and— What is the matter, Miss Fielding? Are you ill?" she concluded in alarm, at the expression on her visitor's face.

"Where did you get that photograph?" questioned Miss Fielding in a strained, unnatural voice.

Iva noted with surprise the direction of her gaze. "That is my mother."

(Continued on next page)

### EDITOR BROWNE

#### Of the Rockford "Morning Star"

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Drink and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me.

"Wishing you a continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. Stanley Browne,  
Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease generally supervenes. So when man or woman finds that coffee is a smooth but deadly enemy and health is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee be the cause of the troubles, for if left off 10 days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It must be boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, when the crisp flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfil its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centers broken down by coffee.

"There's a Reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



"Your mother!" ejaculated Miss Fielding, "Amy Richie your mother! Where is she now?"

"Mother died when I was but four years of age and father two years ago," sadly replied Iva.

Janet Fielding's face slowly relaxed and the tears flowed unheeded. "Your mother was my dearest friend years ago," she faltered, "before she was married, and I have never seen her since—through my own fault."

"Oh, I am so glad you told me!" exclaimed Iva, without observing the last words of the sorrowing woman. "I loved you for your own sake and now you are dearer than ever for having been mother's friend."

The appearance of the waitress with Iva's tray put an end to their conversation, and Miss Fielding started mechanically for the dining-room.

"Amy's daughter," she murmured over and over on the way down, unable to grasp the idea of the change that time had wrought.

She ate her luncheon in silence, her mind occupied with new desires and purposes. Afterward she paid a visit to the matron's office, and when she came out, the call-girl was sent with a message to the dormitory where roomed the call-nurse who was to be Iva Stone's special attendant.

In the doctor's consulting room Miss Fielding was outlining some of her plans concerning Iva.

The little man's near-sighted eyes lit up with pleasure as she talked. "God will certainly reward you for caring for this orphan," he said when she had finished. "I don't mind telling you, Miss Fielding, that I had come to think that God didn't have much to do with things, after all, but Miss Stone has been such a beautiful, living testimonial of the religion of Christ, that I am ashamed of my doubts, and with God's help I shall not let them enter my mind again," and he mentally thanked God for the trans-

forming power which had lifted the self-centered, nervous woman before him out of her lethargy and given her something to live for.

Up in Room No. 215 the nurse was opening a long, narrow box while Iva eyed it with some curiosity. "Oh, are you sure they are for me?" she questioned in astonishment. "Oh, oh, what beauties!" she exclaimed, as the nurse lifted from the box a heavy stalk of snowy, fragrant Easter lilies.

"An Easter greeting," was written on one of Miss Fielding's cards tucked in the corner.

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### The Little Slippery Place

"It was such a little spot of ice I slipped on," said the big, heavily-built man, who was laid up with a sprained ankle. "I had come all the way down the other street, that was so slippery, and avoided a fall, and I turned up this other street, where the sidewalks looked good and clean and not at all dangerous, and it was just a little strip of ice not six inches wide, where the water had trickled across the pavement. The late snow that was falling had covered it over, and before I knew it I was down."

It is quite often true in the spiritual as well as the physical world. It is the little slippery place that fells the young Christian. He would not go into a notorious gambling den or a low opera, or a rough-class dance hall, but it is the doubtful amusement with the light veil of the snow of propriety thrown over it; it is this that trips him. He would not be caught on the broad road of dishonesty, but he sees the chance for the little unfair advantage and takes it, and is tripped in the eyes of the worldling, who is looking to him for the personification of the Christ life. Let us watch for the little slippery places, the little glassy space veiled with snow.

EXCHANGE.

### "There is Another Man"

MANY years ago a heavy storm was raging off the coast of Spain. When the gale was at its height a dismasted vessel was observed by a British man-of-war. Every eye and glass was directed to the hapless craft, which was being driven by the storm to her doom. On the deck, which was nearly level with the sea, a canvas shelter was visible, and as this suggested that there might still be life on board, a boat manned by hardy sailors was lowered. Through the swell of the roaring sea they pulled, and coming within hail of the sinking vessel they shouted to attract the attention of any one who might be on board. A strange object rolled out of the canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat it proved to be a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shriveled as to be hardly left within his clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. They laid the emaciated form on the deck, and the sympathizing sailors gathered around, fearing that the exhaustion of this last effort had extinguished the flickering spark of life. As, with mingled feelings of horror and pity, they stood regarding the prostrate form, the man stirred, life came slowly throbbing back to the heart, and from the heart to the brain. As reason regained its throne, he opened his eyes, and looking up, said in broken syllables that were intelligible and no more: "There is another man."

Plucked himself from the jaws of death, the man's impulse was with his first breath to set on foot the rescue of his comrade. "There is another man!" No illustration could more admirably exhibit at once the spirit of all genuine philanthropy, and the spirit of the Christianity of Jesus and His servant the great Apostle Paul, the only true Christianity. It remembers "the other man!" The saved one goes to the other man, and in Christ's stead pleads with him to be reconciled unto God. He goes to Christ, and kneeling at a throne of grace, intercedes with the Great Intercessor for the other man's salvation.

The cry "Lord, save me, I perish!" is followed, as certain as the night follows day, by

"LORD, SAVE THEM, THEY PERISH!"

THE BRITISH MESSENGER.

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### A Peacemaker

A STORY has been told of a little girl who said to her mother one evening, "I was a peacemaker to-day."

"How was that?" asked her mother.

"I knew something that I didn't tell," was the unexpected reply.

Do we not all of us have frequent opportunities to make peace in this way? Perhaps we have thought of the work of the peacemakers as the stopping of quarrels rather than their prevention, but comparatively few of us will have occasion actively to separate those who are quarreling and induce them to be friends, and how much better that they should not quarrel at all!

Let no one think that the negative virtue of a discreet silence is an easy matter. The bit of gossip that would fill an awkward pause in the conversation is on the tip of the tongue—the secret weighs heavily on our minds and it would be a relief to talk it over with some one—but is it going to make trouble for anybody? Is it possible that the words that we speak could be misunderstood and distorted and repeated where they would rankle? "Blessed are the peacemakers," even those peacemakers who work only by refraining from doing harm with their tongues.

And what is this blessing that the peacemakers receive? "They shall be called sons of God." Yes, children of the great God, who knows and guards the secrets of all hearts—children who are like their Father.

EXCHANGE.

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### Leave To-Morrow with God

WOULD it not be better to leave to-morrow with God? That is what is troubling men—to-morrow's temptations, to-morrow's difficulties, to-morrow's burdens, to-morrow's duties.

Martin Luther, in his autobiography, says: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, who preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window-sill, especially at night. He hops onto the window-sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires for his need. From thence he always hops to a little tree near by, and lifts his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth."

H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE.

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### The Ideal Home

THE ideal picture of the Hebrew home is found in the one hundred and twenty-eighth Psalm. Men have been charmed by the poet's picture of an ideal Scottish home in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." "Home scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs." But an earlier picture of the home where religion is supreme is portrayed by the Psalmist as he contemplated the attractiveness and the blessedness of the Hebrew home. The ideal home is founded on the fear of God, and a godless home is a menace to both State and Church. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and a home that recognizes no relation to God is sure to be a dangerous spot in any land and a peril to the State. For religion is not merely a mood of the mind, but it is the source of all motives and the spring of all action. Godly homes make godly nations.

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

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### God's Unnoticed Gifts

God's best gifts are not even seen by those who do not make it the constant purpose of their life to receive them. It takes spiritual alertness to know anything of what is going on in the spiritual world of God's richest workings. Without such alertness and purpose in our lives, we shall no more be aware of the wealth of spiritual blessing and opportunity that God offers us all the time than a blind man going through the Grand Canyon would be of the glories about him. It has been said that "God never labels His choicest gifts"; they are offered so quietly that they are unnoticed save by the few whose lives are concentrated in an intensity of purpose to know Him and to do His will. But we may all let Christ create in us this keenness of vision to recognize our blessings, and give us the purpose and the power to lay hold on them.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

### A FOOD STORY

Makes a Woman of 70 "One in 10,000"

The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts:

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repugnant to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain.

"It was not until I began to use Grape-Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason." Look for it in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," to be found in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

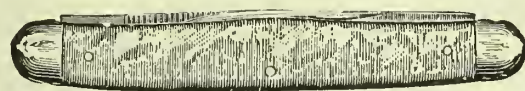
## PREMIUMS

Splendid Pocket Knives are offered to those who secure new subscriptions for the AMERICAN MESSENGER. These knives are manufactured by the well-known firm of T. F. Curley & Co., of New York City. All blades are hand forged from the best steel. Only the best material and the finest workmanship are used in the making of these knives.

As a special inducement we will send free to each new subscriber a copy in colors of the beautiful picture "The Good Shepherd," by the celebrated artist, B. Plockhorst, in a size suitable for framing.

### Pearl-Handled Knife

Given free and postpaid for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

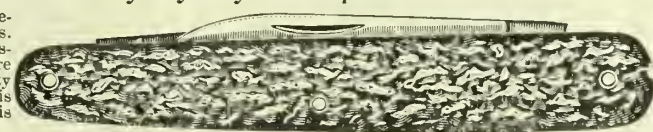


The handle is of heavy iridescent pearl. The bolsters and lining are German silver. The two blades are fine English hand-forged steel, carefully tempered and hardened. The large blade is a regular cutting blade and the other is a nail cleaner and file. The knife is 2 3/4 inches long. This knife is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

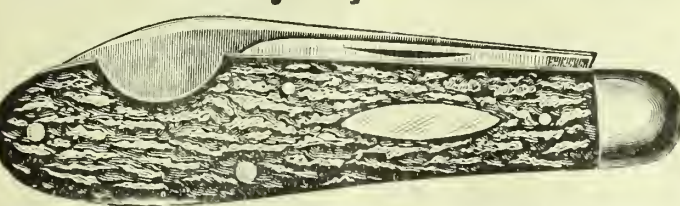
### Pocket Knife No. 2174

Given free for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

This Knife for gentlemen has two blades. Each blade opens easily. The blades are made of finest quality of steel. The handle is of patent stag, and is brass lined.



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This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good, firm hold. It has a German silver holster and name plate, and is brass lined. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy.

If you are interested, we will gladly send you a few sample copies of the paper to use in canvassing for new subscriptions. Address

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

American Messenger, 150 Nassau St., New York City



# THE TREASURY

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to occasional losses of letters containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

## Receipts of the American Tract Society during February, 1911.

DONATIONS (including \$364.60 for special objects), \$2,415.79.

### CALIFORNIA, \$45.50.

Mrs. Hunt, 50 cents; Los Angeles Third Presb. Church, \$25.00; Mr. Vanderveer, \$15.00; Mr. Smith, \$5.00.

### COLORADO, \$10.00.

Boulder, First Presb. Church, \$10.00.

### CONNECTICUT, \$24.14.

The Mrs. Heydecker, 30 cents; Norwich, First Congl. Church, \$8.84; Miss Hovey, \$5.00; Rev. Dr. Mead, \$10.00.

### DELAWARE, \$20.00.

Mr. Crosby, \$10.00; Miss Smith, \$10.00. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$51.00. Miss Lyman, \$1.00; Washington, Church of the Covenant, \$50.00.

### FLORIDA, \$312.00.

Mr. Cluett, \$25.00; Mr. Doan, \$10.00; Miss Brown, \$50.00; Mrs. Hillyer, \$1.00; Miss Washburn, \$1.00.

### GEORGIA, \$2.50.

Mrs. Morgan, \$2.50.

### ILLINOIS, \$154.05.

Mr. Mohr, \$5.00; Mrs. Klein, \$1.00; Mr. Elmers, \$1.05; Chicago Tract Society (of which \$75.00 is special for colportage), \$82.50; Woodstock, Presb. Church, \$7.50; Mr. Frew, \$2.00; Forrester Reformed Church Y. L. S., \$15.00; Sangamon Bottom Presb. Church, \$1.00; Mrs. Worden, Memorial to Mother, Mrs. Norcross, \$25.00; Mr. Peacock, \$5.00; Mrs. Bowen, \$2.00; Cisco Presb. Church, \$2.50; A friend, for Foreign Missions, \$1.00; Trenton Presb. Church, \$1.00; Mr. Blosser, \$1.00; Mr. Brass, for Arabian Mission Work, \$1.50.

### INDIANA, \$22.00.

Mr. Koch, \$5.00; A friend, \$1.00; Mrs. Chapin, \$5.00; Rev. Mr. Howk, \$10.00; Mrs. Anderson, \$1.00.

### IOWA, \$55.25.

Rev. Mr. Fismar, 65 cents; Mr. Weise, \$3.65; Ashton, Germ. Presb. Church, \$10.40; Mr. Voss, for Mission, 80 cents; Mrs. Pfenninger, \$1.00; Mr. Kohrs, \$1.00; Pella, First Christian Reformed Church, \$26.75; Mrs. Biesenbruck, \$10.00; Mr. Bell, \$1.00.

### KANSAS, \$22.80.

Mr. Schewe, for Foreign Mission, \$2.80; Rev. Mr. Entz, \$7.00; Mr. Seamans, \$13.00.

### KENTUCKY, \$8.00.

Mr. Kelly, \$2.00; Miss Wynne, \$1.00; Junior Christian Endeavor Society, Fourth Presb. Church, Louisville, \$5.00.

### MAINE, \$2.00.

Miss Hutchins, \$2.00.

### MARYLAND, \$2.00.

Mrs. Waters, \$2.00.

### MASSACHUSETTS, \$39.25.

Miss Pierson, 25 cents; Dr. Rogers, \$5.00; Honorable Mr. Lodge, \$10.00; Mr. Douglass, \$5.00; Mrs. Connor, \$5.00; Mrs. Orner, \$5.00; East Boston First Presb. Church, \$5.00; A friend on Abbot St., \$2.00; Mr. Curtis, \$1.00; Mr. Robitscheck, \$1.00.

### MICHIGAN, \$92.71.

Mr. Schmier, 65 cents; Detroit, Scovel Mem'l Presb. Church, \$3.00; Rev. Mr. Veltkamp, \$2.00; Zuthphen, Christian Reformed Church Y. P. Bible Class, \$5.00; Overeset, Reformed Church, \$36.09; Grand Haven First Reformed Church, \$3.33; Ottawa County Bible Society, \$15.00; Grand Rapids, Third Reformed Church, \$17.64; Detroit Bethany Presb. Church, \$10.00.

### MINNESOTA, \$6.00.

Mr. Steinigeweg, \$5.00; Mr. Groote, \$1.00.

### MISSISSIPPI, \$1.00.

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### MISSOURI, \$52.25.

Rev. Mr. Mohr, 70 cents; Mr. Dietz, \$1.00; "C. S.", \$10.55; Von Einer Freundin, \$10.00; Messrs. Clayton & Sons, \$5.00; St. Louis Presbytery toward Colporteur Rev. Mr. Gradinaroff's Salary, \$20.00; Parkville, Presb. Church, \$5.00.

### MONTANA, \$5.00.

Mr. Kennett, \$5.00.

### NEBRASKA, \$4.59.

Pella, Reformed Church of America, \$4.59.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$5.00.

Mrs. Baker, \$5.00.

### NEW JERSEY, \$398.21.

Sayreville, German Presb. Church, \$1.00; Mr. Meuser, 30 cents; Morristown, South St. Presb. Church, \$27.00; Rev. Mr. Killian, \$1.00; Mr. Dye, 31 cents; Mrs. Childs, \$10.10; Shrewsbury Presb. Church, \$5.00; Mr. Cortelyou, \$25.00; The Misses Kilburn, \$25.00; Mrs. Allen, \$20.00; Mrs. Robbins, \$5.00; Mr. Mankin, for Colporteur, \$2.00; Mr. Faubel, \$5.00; Mrs. Hart, \$2.00; Mr. Donohue, 50 cents; Mr. Weber, for mission work, \$20.00; A friend, for Home and Foreign Missions, \$200.00; Mr. and Mrs. Ayars, \$25.00; Mr. Lemmerz, \$2.00; Trenton, Pros-

pect St. Church, \$20.00; Miss Woodruff, \$2.00.

### NEW YORK, \$437.29.

"J. H. O.," \$5.00; King Testimonial Fund, \$18.00; Mrs. Robertson, \$5.00; Mr. Gray, to constitute his daughter, Edith Duff Gray Hubbard, a Life Member, \$30.00; Philadelphia, Gen'l Missionary Soc'y for German Baptist Churches in N. Y., \$5.00; Brooklyn, Bushwick Ave. Ger. Presb. S. S., \$5.00; Rev. Mr. Nathan, \$2.00; Miss Strong, \$20.00; Rochester, Brighton Presb. Church, \$12.00; Brooklyn, Lefferts Park Presb. S. S., \$10.00; Miss Nott, 48 cents; Mr. Ham, \$25.00; Rev. Mr. Speidel, 50 cents; Miss Kyte, \$1.00; Rev. Mr. Gulick, \$4.50; Mrs. Jones, \$1.00; Mrs. Sheldon, \$100.00; Brooklyn, Tompkins Ave. Congl. Church, \$25.00; Mr. Sweetman, \$15.00; Mr. Hasbrouck, \$5.00; Mrs. Thomas, for tract distribution, 50 cents; Mr. Knowlton, \$5.00; Miss Van Wagner, \$1.50; Miss Keyes, \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. Carrier, \$3.00; Fishkill-on-Hudson, Reformed Church, S. S., \$10.00; Miss Reynolds, \$50.00; Miss Williams, \$10.00; Malone, First Congl. Church, \$10.00; Stony Point Presb. Church, \$10.33; Mr. King, \$10.00; Miss Thomas, \$1.00; Miss Lyman, \$1.00; New Paltz, Reformed Church, \$13.48; Mrs. Bement, \$1.00; Mr. Wood, \$1.00; Pelham Manor, Huguenot Memorial Church, \$10.00; Mr. Randall, \$5.00.

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### OKLAHOMA, \$5.00.

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### SOUTH DAKOTA, \$21.11.

Mr. Gerken, \$4.30; Lennox, Ger. Presb. Ebenezer Frauen-Verein, \$10.00; Middleburg, Christian Reformed Church, \$6.81.

### VIRGINIA, \$5.00.

Mr. Lockhart, \$5.00.

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Mr. Young, \$2.50.

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Von Einer Missions Freundin, \$5.00; Mr. Mellentin, \$5.00; Hingham, Reformed Church, \$9.00; Mr. and Mrs. Rice, \$1.00.

### FOREIGN, \$15.08.

Russia, Mrs. Krahenbuhl, \$4.72; Germany, Miss Weber, \$2.36; Canada, Mr. Baldwin, \$1.00; Turkey, Rev. Mr. Christie, \$2.00; Cuba, Havana Christian Endeavor Society First Presb. Church, \$5.00.

### LEGACIES, \$3,025.00.

New York, Brooklyn, Estate of Susan A. R. Moses, \$1,000.00; New Jersey, Bonton, Estate of Mary Gaines Duryea, \$2,000.00; Wisconsin, Fond-du-Lac, Estate of Deborah P. Peeke, \$25.00.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$27.36. Income for Missionary Work, \$20.18. Income Payable to Annuitants, \$7.18.

## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to THE "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.

## American Tract Society

Organized 1825

Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants, and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publications of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 773,532,485 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$774,012.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution for the past year is \$24,090, being equivalent to 16,157,000 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,526,794.70.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 171,657; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 50,694, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in sixty-nine years 16,926,535, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,122,657.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

## Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

AMONG the acknowledgments that have been recently received in response to various grants of Christian literature are the following:

Mr. E. F. Cook, of the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South, writes:

"We wish to express our most grateful appreciation to the American Tract Society for the grant of Spanish tracts for the hospital in Monterey, Mexico."

A Christian worker in Asbury Park, N. J., writes:

"I thank you sincerely for your generous donation to God's work. He will ever bless and prosper you."

Mr. G. A. Brown, of Slippery Rock, Pa., writes:

"Your grant of tracts received. Thanks for the same. Will try to make good use of them."

A Christian co-laborer in Pigeon, Pa., writes:

"I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the tracts you sent. You have my thanks, and may our blessed Lord bless you in your great work."

The following letter has come from a Christian worker in Eddyville, Ky.:

"Last week I received the package of tracts you so kindly sent to me. They reached me safely and in good shape. I thank you very much for your kindness. Before many hours had elapsed I had distributed a number of them in the Prison. I hope and believe they will do good. They were graciously and eagerly received by the prisoners."

## Making New Friends

WE cannot urge our friends too strongly to avail themselves of the opportunity of making new friends for the AMERICAN MESSENGER, whose monthly visits will come like a benediction to every home into which it is introduced. Notice the special trial offer which is made on page 72 of this issue. Read also what others say of the AMERICAN MESSENGER:

"Permit me to express my appreciation of your paper. It has been in my husband's family at least forty years, and we have all watched its growth with interest. The work your Society is doing is also most commendable."

Another writes:

"I wish to state that your magazine is a real blessing to myself and family. May it be a wonderful power for good throughout the country in extending the Master's Kingdom."

Another subscriber says:

"The paper is a great help to me. I always find such beautiful reading, besides the help I obtain from the C. E. Prayer Meeting Topics and the Sunday-school Lessons."

Some one else has written:

"I love to read the helpful messages of comfort, good cheer and encouragement which are so plentifully distributed throughout your excellent paper."

Another correspondent says:

"I expect to take the AMERICAN MESSENGER as long as I live. My father took it for fifty years and it seems like one of the family. Its monthly visits are very welcome."

We have many other testimonials of a similar character, and they are coming to us all the time.

# HELPFUL PERIODICALS

## FOR THE HOME, CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

### The American Messenger

is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Sunday School Lessons, Prayer Meeting Topics, and much other interesting and instructive matter. The price is very low, being but Fifty Cents a year, or in Clubs Thirty Cents a year.

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is a delightful paper for the little ones. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for Primary Departments and infant classes; attractive pictures; large, clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copy, 30 cts.; five copies to one address, 25 cts. each; ten or more, 20 cts. each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cts. per copy additional.

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is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription is Thirty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents, forty or more, Eighteen cents.

### Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is Twenty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents a year.

Send for Sample Copies

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY  
150 Nassau Street New York



## Wait Patiently for Him

God doth not bid thee wait,  
To disappoint at last;  
A Golden promise, fair and great,  
In precept mold is cast,  
Soon shall the morning gild  
The dark horizon rim,  
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,  
"Wait patiently for Him."

The weary waiting times  
Are but the muffled fields  
Low precluding celestial chimes  
That hail His chariot wheels,  
Trust Him to tune thy voice  
To blend with seraphim;  
His "Wait" shall issue in "Rejoice!"  
"Wait patiently for Him."

He doth not bid thee wait,  
Like driftwood on the wave,  
For fickle chance or fixed fate  
To ruin or to save.  
Thine eyes shall surely see—  
No distant hope or dim—  
The Lord thy God arise for thee,  
"Wait patiently for him."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



## Where Some Grants Have Gone

Mr. W. J. Buchanan, the Business Manager of Monmouth College, Illinois, writes thus to the Secretary of the American Tract Society:

"We wish to thank you very heartily for your generous donation to our library. We always think of your splendid work with grateful hearts, and wish to be considered among your warmest friends."

The Superintendent of the Christian Home for Orphan Children in Jersey City writes:

"Please accept my hearty thanks to you for your kind donation to our Home of books for our library. As our Home is maintained on voluntary contributions I can assure you it was very much appreciated."

An evangelistic worker in the Bible and Tract Mission on the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, N. J., writes:

"Just a few lines, thanking you for the number of tracts sent us according to request of a few days ago. My time has certainly been taken up very much since receiving the same, and many of them have traveled far away since."

# Great Victories for the AMERICAN STANDARD BIBLE

At Cincinnati, on October 19, 1910, the General Convention of the

## Protestant Episcopal Church

adopted a resolution in favor of the permissive use of the Revised Version.

The American Standard Bible is recognized as the best translation by the editors of the International Sunday School Lessons and the publications of the great religious publishing houses.

The proof of what is being done is shown in one order recently received from "The Gideons" for

**25,000 AMERICAN STANDARD BIBLES**  
to be delivered by June 1st

and the presses and bindery will need to work night and day to supply them.

It required over 50 years to bring the King James revision into such general use as the American Standard is at the present time.

We have the most complete line of Bibles in existence, in all sizes of type, all styles of binding, and can supply a Bible or Testament to suit any one in the King James or American Standard Version. Also Prayer Books, Hymnals, and Devotional Books.

For sale by all leading Booksellers. Prices from 35 cents up. Send for booklet and price list to

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## Songs in Darkness

BY HELENA H. THOMAS

Two friends, long parted, exchanged confidences until twilight was followed by such darkness that little was visible, and still they talked on, for what cared they when each was within sound of a dear familiar voice. The story on the lips of the hostess was interrupted, however, when sweet notes from an adjoining room startled the guest and gave rise to the exclamation:

"Why, I never before heard a canary sing in total darkness! He must be begging for a light, dear little songster!"

"He shall have one, anyhow," was the laughing rejoinder of the woman who, after turning on the electric lights, re-seated herself, saying:

"Dick keeps his sweetest songs for the twilight hour, however, or for complete darkness, as a moment ago, but he had to be in training some time to do it. Shall I tell you how it came about?"

"Yes, indeed!" was the hearty rejoinder, "for I did not suppose it possible to train a canary to sing in the darkness."

"So I once thought, but Dick's nightly songs are an evidence of my error. I was the possessor of two other canaries when he was given to me, and when the rooms were flooded with sunlight the three sang so continuously that it was too much of a good thing, and so one day I exclaimed: 'You are young, Dick, and I must train you as a night singer.' Having a physician for a husband, I am often alone and lonely, until a late hour. Accordingly I began training him the following day by hanging his cage in a dark closet, and as far away from the other two singers as possible."

"And did you keep the little thing there throughout the day?" was the eager query.

"Yes, until the shadows began to fall, and the other birds' heads were under their wings, and then I would bring Dick into our living-room and whistle to him. For several nights I was not rewarded by as much as a chirp, but I persevered in my experiment, and after banishing him for a week to the dark closet I was encouraged by a chirp or two followed by a few notes, as if the little thing was experimenting to see if he could really sing in the evening; but the next night, greatly to my delight, he rivaled anything I had ever heard him attempt before. He sang in a joyous strain, as well, as if delighted to find out that he could sing for me while his feathered mates were sleeping."

"How long ago was that?" asked the guest.

"Three years."

"And did he continue to sing at night without further training?" was the next question.

"Oh, no, it required patience and perseverance to teach the little fellow that he must not exhaust his voice when flooded by sunlight, and many a day, after doing so and lapsing into silence at night, like the others, Dick was made to do penance in the dark closet until he learned what was expected of him, and now, if I am sitting alone in the dark, as I have a fondness for doing, and all is still, I have only to whistle a note or two if I want music; but often, as a moment ago, the dear little songster will burst out in gladness with-out any coaxing on my part."

"Well, well, he is surely a bird worth having!" was the hearty comment, "and I really covet one like him."

The stillness was unbroken for a moment or two, save for the sweet notes of the song-bird, and then, with a long-drawn sigh, the one who had trained him to such perfection said:

"And well you may, for his cheery songs have not only dispelled gloom, times without number, but they taught me, as well, to sing in my heart if not with my voice, when enveloped in darkness mentally."

"How so?" was the puzzled query.

"I did not write you for some time after my Kathleen died two years ago," was the low answer, "and so you had no hint of my despondent, rebellious condition for months after our first-born was taken from us; but the dear Lord

opened my eyes to the folly of so doing through the agency of my dear little night singer."

"How strange!" exclaimed her listener in an eager, expectant tone, as she looked into the sunny face of her friend, "for I can testify that you are the reverse of despondent now."

"Yes," was the smiling rejoinder, "but you would have thought differently could you have seen me prior to that memorable night. There was much sickness at the time, consequently, my husband was little at home, and I recall that I was glad of it, on the whole, as I could the better throw off restraint, and weep at will. This I did, one night, until so exhausted that I lost myself in sleep, but I awakened at two strokes of the clock and instantly I began to weep afresh, as my stricken heart cried out for that dear vanished form. Never until that night had I heard Dick sing after midnight, and so great was my surprise to hear him suddenly break forth into melody, that I forgot my grief, as he sang on and on, sang until apparently exhausted, and then all was silent save for chirps, which I understood meant that the little fellow was listening for customary words of praise. But how could I praise, even a bird, when so broken hearted!"

"I understand, dear," was the tremulous comment, as the speaker paused an instant, "for I am not a stranger to sorrow, you know."

"I had to, though," was the cheery reply, "for Dick would not cease chirping until I gave him the praise he deserved, and then all was still, save the voice of conscience, which, after a little, whispered: 'That bird is braver than you are, for it sings in the darkness, while you have not offered one song of praise since your sun went under a cloud, not one.' And then, little by little, I saw myself; saw how when flooded by sunlight, with all my loved ones about me, I had sung God's praises, but how, when enveloped in darkness of sorrow, I not only was songless but rebellious, as well."

"Yes, yes," continued the chastened speaker, after a pause, "I saw my sinful self so clearly that when I wept again it was over my remissness rather than for my precious dead, and I not only prayed for forgiveness but I resolved, as well, that I, too, would break forth into songs of praise, even in the darkest night. And ever since then, thanks to my little night singer, and the voice divine, I have been enabled to cry from a full heart:

"Thou art my God! When I say o'er those words,  
I see a light beyond the night; and hear  
Voices far richer than the songs of birds."

Mine eyes with happy tears then oversaw,  
The thoughts I have are sweetest that can be;

My mind's a cup with life above the brim;  
Fine incense circles 'round all that I see;  
In every sound I hear a holy hymn."



## Taking Root in the Heart

A MISSIONARY in Texas, Mr. S. Sorenson, received a grant of tracts from the American Tract Society a few months ago. He writes:

"Permit me to thank you for your kind grant of tracts. They are now taking root in the hearts of those who are devouring their contents. Knowing the sure fruit to be the same as the seed, I rejoice. When I was a boy sailor, your tracts entered my heart, now thirty years ago. I was saved by God's gift, on the Atlantic Ocean. Let heaven and earth rejoice!"



## Strong, Beautiful and Convincing

are the two books advertised on page 77 of the present issue of this paper—"The Great Morning," and Vol. II. of "Religion Rationalized."

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In Vol. II. of "Religion Rationalized," we have a most satisfactory climax to the subject for which the solid foundation was laid in Volume I., and it would seem as though the reader must be unusually slow of comprehension or wilfully blind who is not convinced by the author's clear and simple arguments of the Supreme Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ which makes Him different from every other man and of the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures which differentiate them from all other books.

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## Homeward Bound

O, HERE'S to the man at the bottom of the ship,

And the man at the top as well,  
And the man between,  
When the decks careen  
Under the ocean swell.  
When the night grows black,  
And the spuming wrack  
Of the gale drives high the foam;  
Then here's to the man,  
To the sailor man,  
Who is steering the good ship home.

When the fog mist twilts its sullen shroud  
Beneath and above and around;  
When the darkness lowers,  
And the whistle roars  
With dismal recurring sound;  
When the stars are a blot,  
And the ship is a spot  
By itself in the shapeless gloam,  
Then here's to the man,  
To the sailor man,  
Who is guiding the good ship home.

There are loving hearts awaiting us  
In our homes across the sea;  
They are praying for us,  
They are staying for us,  
By mountain and prairie and lea;  
When the vessel creaks,  
And the tempest shrieks  
Its challenge across the foam,  
They remember the man,  
The sailor man,  
Who is helping the good ship home.

And when we have sailed the voyage o'er  
On the sea of Life so wide;  
When the bar is past  
And the vessel fast  
In the harbor at high tide;  
When the billows' roar  
Is heard no more,  
And clear is the sky's blue dome,  
Though tempest-tossed,  
May none be lost  
When the good ship reaches home.  
REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

## Queer Answers to Easy Questions

A FEW years ago, Professor Coe, of Northwestern University, gave nine questions to the students of that institution, to test their knowledge of the Bible. They were as follows:

What is the Pentateuch?  
Does the book of Jude belong to the Old Testament or to the New?  
Name one of the patriarchs of the Old Testament.  
Name one of the judges of the Old Testament.  
Name three of the kings of Israel.  
Name three prophets.  
Give one of the beatitudes.  
Quote a verse of the letter to the Romans.

The answers to these questions were, many of them, quite extraordinary.

One of them named as among the judges—Solomon, Jeremiah and Leviticus.

Among the prophets were Matthew, Luke and John.

Among the kings of Israel, Herod and Ananias.

ONWARD.

## Mr. "McMix"

He was a sturdy Scotchman, with no education and no vestige of a shred of humor. He stood before the new city hall, gazing up at the simple legend over the portal. Then he turned to his wife.

"Annie," he said, "d'ye see hoo the Scots will be iver cappin' them a'? I dinna ken who this mon McMIX may be, but his name above the door yonder makes me heart leap with pride."

A passer-by, happening to overhear the worthy laborer's remarks, could not refrain from smiling. The building bore the date, MCMIX.

EXCHANGE.

## The Brotherhood Idea

THE expression, "The Brotherhood Idea," has come to have a definite and technical significance. It stands for virile Christianity; it signifies the regeneration, religious education and Christian zeal of sane men of affairs in behalf of the Church of Christ among men; it represents a movement of men for men, which promises a competency of men in the organized religious activities of our time, with the result that Satan is becoming daily more afraid of the Church, and the causes that fatten on vice more and more at enmity toward the Church.

It is well. The best thing that could come to pass would be the making of the Church hateful to iniquity because everywhere and every time the Church effectively and consistently opposes iniquity. But it takes a Church strong with clean men to adequately antagonize the vices and the institutions that make men weak.

The Brotherhood idea involves tireless effort for the temporal and eternal weal of men, and it embraces as courageous an onslaught upon all that hinders the temporal and eternal welfare of men.

BROTHERHOOD STAR.

✱ ✱

## Prohibition in Iceland

KING FREDERIK, of Denmark, it is said, enjoys the unique distinction of being the first European king to sign a prohibition law. This he did for Iceland two years ago, and the law is to go into operation January 1, 1912. In 1909 the Iceland legislature adopted a bill which forbids the importation of all kinds of spirituous and fermented liquors, except for industrial and medical purposes. When the measure was ready for the signature of King Frederik the liquor interests made a great demonstration against the law, and threatened the king with their displeasure. The burden of their remonstrance was that they would have a financial loss. But the king was not affrighted and accordingly signed the Iceland bill, and went further to declare that whenever the Danish Rigsdag should adopt such a law for Denmark he would gladly sign it also.

✱ ✱

## Willie's Trouble

THE sympathetic neighbor asked: "Is your little brother ill this morning, Johnny? I heard him crying in the most heartrending manner."  
"No, not exactly," Johnny explained, "but Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry, and mother has been trying to comb his hair."

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JOHN IV.

Salvation by faith.

30 He must increase, but I must decrease.

31 He that cometh from above is above all:<sup>a</sup> he that is of the earth is earthly,<sup>b</sup> and speaketh of the earth: he that cometh from heaven is above all.

32 And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth; and no man receiveth his testimony.<sup>c</sup>

33 He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true.<sup>d</sup>

34 For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God:<sup>e</sup> for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.<sup>f</sup>

35 The Father loveth the Son,

<sup>a</sup> Ch. 6:33; 8:23; Eph. 1:20, 21. <sup>b</sup> 1 Cor. 15:47. <sup>c</sup> ch. 1:11. <sup>d</sup> 1 John 5:10. <sup>e</sup> ch. 7:15. <sup>f</sup> Feb. 45:7; Isa. 11:2; 60:21; ch. 1:16; Col.

now rejoices to be lost sight of in his greater glory.

30. He; Christ. Must increase; in influence and honor.

31. He that cometh; Christ. Is above all; in character and work, and ought to be honored above all. Is of the earth; as are John and all merely human teachers. Is earthly; inferior in character and teaching, and ought to hold an inferior place.

32. Seen and heard; in heaven with his Father. No man; few compared with the whole, and none uninfluenced by the Holy Spirit.

33. Hath set to his seal that God is true; by believing in Christ, he acknowledged that what God hath said concerning him is true.

34. By measure; John and the apostles received the Holy Spirit only in a certain measure, but Christ without measure.

35. Hath given all things; pertaining to the salvation of men. Into his hand; as Mediator, that he might give eternal life to all who should believe in him. Compare chap. 17:2.

#### INSTRUCTIONS.

7. As all men are naturally destitute of the love of God, no one should think it strange that he must experience that change which Christ called being born again.

9. It is not necessary, in order to believe a fact and receive the benefit of it, that a man should understand the manner in which it is accomplished; and he should not let his ignorance of what God has not revealed hinder him from receiving and treating as true what he has revealed.

and hath given all things A. D. 33 into his hand.<sup>g</sup>

36 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;<sup>h</sup> and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.<sup>i</sup>

#### CHAPTER IV.

1 Christ talketh with a woman of Samaria, and revealeth himself unto her. 27 His disciples marvel. 31 He declareth to them his seal to God's glory. 32 Many Samaritans believe on him. 33 He departeth into Galilee, and healeth the ruler's son that lay sick at Capernaum.

WHEN therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees

1:13. <sup>g</sup> Matt. 26:13. <sup>h</sup> Heb. 2:4; ver. 15, 16. <sup>i</sup> Rom. 1:13.

complished; and he should not let his ignorance of what God has not revealed hinder him from receiving and treating as true what he has revealed.

11. As Jesus knew the truth of what he taught, all are bound to believe it, and to let it have its due influence over their hearts and lives.

20. The reason why men do not believe what Christ has taught is, that they love error, they do evil, and his truth on this account condemns them.

26. When sinners in great numbers come to the Saviour, some men, if it lessen the number who follow them, are greatly grieved. But good men, with right views, rejoice in every accession to the number of Christ's followers. They are delighted to see him increase, though it cause them to decrease.

30. It is a high spiritual attainment to be willing that others should excel us in usefulness and honor.

35. As all things pertaining to the souls of men are in the hands of Christ and at his disposal, the eternal life of those who believe in him, and the eternal death of those who continue to reject him, are certain.

#### CHAPTER IV.

1. How the Pharisees had heard; he was aware that the knowledge of his growing popularity excited their envy and ill-will, which he wished for the present to avoid.

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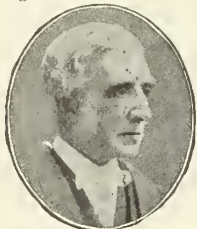
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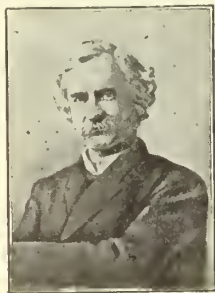
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## A Decoration Day Surrender

BY ELLA MELZINA EVANS

HIRAM BENTLY was counted close-fisted by all of his neighbors. He was the richest man in the neighborhood, had the largest farm, the biggest barns, and he and his wife lived alone in a great roomy house, luxuriously furnished; still he was counted penurious. He paid his farm hands the lowest wages for which he could get them to work, sold all his farm produce and live stock for the highest prices, and was constantly on the lookout for bargains from somebody who had to sell on account of being hard up.

"I don't see what he is saving it all up for; he can't take it with him into the next world, and he has neither child nor chick to leave it to," said Sally Sloan, in a voice of indignation at the missionary meeting one May afternoon.

"No more has he of his own," Grandma Hopkins replied, as she looked up from the apron she was hemming. "But there's his brother Silas's children. A little of his money would come in handy to them I'm thinkin'."

"Umph!" Sally Sloan sniffed, with a toss of her head. "Nary a cent of it will they get, the poor things! But dear knows, they need it bad enough now their father is dead. But that won't make any difference to Hiram Bently, seeing as he never spoke to Silas, after he went against his wishes and married that poor Rainer girl. She couldn't help being poor, and she has made a good wife for Silas, and a good mother to his children, too—only they had so much sickness and bad luck that Silas couldn't seem to get ahead. If Hiram had been decent enough to give him a lift, he'd have got along all right; but now the poor fellow is dead, and his wife and children will have a hard struggle of it," and Sally's voice ended with a sigh.

"It's a downright shame the way he always treated Silas!" Mrs. Amos Brown declared indignantly. "They went to the war together when Silas was a mere boy, but as Sally says, Hiram has never spoken to him since he married the Rainer girl, although they have lived in the same neighborhood all their lives, and both have marched out to the cemetery on Decoration Days to show respect to their comrades' graves. I've been a wondering what Hiram will do this Decoration Day, when poor Silas is a-layin' out there himself. Do you 'spose he'll be mean enough to pass his grave by?"

"He's mean enough to do anything," Sally replied tersely. "His brother has been dead nearly a year, and he has never done one thing to keep poor Silas's family from starving to death, and if it hadn't been for the neighbors, I guess they'd have gone to bed hungry more than once last winter. I haven't any use for old Hi Bently at all, although I will say his wife seems to be a decent sort of a body, only he don't give her any chance to help Silas's folks. But it's five o'clock, and I must be going home," and Sally arose and folded up her sewing.

"I have been thinking that we might go over to Brighton to visit your sister Esther's folks to-morrow, Nancy," Hiram Bently said to his wife, as he washed his hands at the kitchen sink, while Mrs. Bently lifted the steaming supper.

"But, to-morrow is Decoration Day, Hiram," she reminded him in a tone of surprise. "Aren't you going to march with the boys to decorate the soldiers' graves?"

"No, I'm not," Hiram answered her gruffly, as he sat down at the table. "I've done enough decorating of graves. Somebody else can do it from now on."

"But, Hiram," Mrs. Bently said in a pained tone, while she poured out the coffee, "you are not carrying that grudge against poor Silas clear into the grave, are you?" There were tears in her eyes as she handed him his cup.

"Haven't I told you never to mention that name in this house?" He glared at her fiercely. "When he married that pauper against my will, after all I had done for him as an older brother, he forfeited all right to any kinship with me, and feeling as I do toward him, I would be a hypocrite if I threw so much as a single flower on his grave."

## To-day Thy Mercy Calls Us.

O. Allen.

(JESU DILECTISSIME.)

R. H. McCartney.

1. To-day Thy mer-cy calls us, To wash a-way our sin,  
2. To-day Thy gate is o-pen, And all who en-ter in  
3. To-day our Fa-ther calls us, His ho-ly Spir-it waits;  
4. O all-em-brac-ing mer-cy! O ev-er-o-pen door!

How-ev-er great our tres-pass, What-ev-er we have been;  
Shall find a Fa-ther's wel-come, And par-don for their sin.  
His bless-ed an-gels gath-er A-round the heav'n-ly gates:  
What shall we do with-out Thee When heart and eyes run o'er?

How-ev-er long from mer-cy Our hearts have turned a-way,  
The past shall be for-got-ten, A pres-ent joy be giv'n,  
No ques-tion will be asked us How oft-en we have come;  
When all things seem a-gainst us, To drive us to de-spair,

Thy pre-cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to-day.  
A fu-ture grace be promised, A glo-rious crown in heav'n.  
Al-though we oft have wandered, It is our Fa-ther's home.  
We know one gate is o-pen, One ear will hear our pray'r. A-men.

This beautiful hymn is taken from the new book just published by the Biglow and Main Company, entitled "The Mission Hymnal." (Copyright, 1911, by The General Clergy Relief Fund.)

Mrs. Bently did not reply, but making an excuse about something on the stove, left the room for a few minutes; and when she came back her face was as calm as usual, except for a suspicious redness around the eyes. However, her husband did not appear to notice it, and the supper was finished in silence.

After supper Mr. Bently went out to the barn, where Jake Deal and his wife, Martha, were milking the cows. They worked for Hiram Bently and his wife, and lived in a little cottage down at the foot of the orchard. Although Jake shared the opinion of the neighbors in regard to Hiram's meanness, Martha had learned to love the gentle Mrs. Bently, and it was on her account that they stayed on year after year.

As Martha always helped with the milking in the evenings and had the milk to attend to, Mrs. Bently did up the evening work at the house herself. She had just finished washing the supper dishes, and was setting the table ready for breakfast, when she saw Martha coming up the walk, accompanied by a little boy and a tiny maiden.

"Whose children are they, Martha, and where did you find them?" she asked delightedly, as she smiled a welcome.

"Why, ma'am," Martha hesitated. "Don't you know whose children they are?"

"Silas's!" Mrs. Bently pronounced the name scarcely above a whisper. "I recognize them now, although I did not at first. I have never been so close to them before. What did you want, dears?" And she glanced uneasily in the direction of the barn.

Sturdy little Bobby, who was eight years old, eyed her for a moment gravely; then lifting up the lid of a basket which he had been carrying, he showed a great bunch of wild flowers.

"We picked 'em in the woods, Flossie and me," he explained, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the blue-eyed little maiden of five summers, who smiled up into Mrs. Bently's eyes so bewitchingly, that after casting another quick, nervous glance toward the barn, that good woman put both arms around the little tot and kissed her over and over again.

"S-s-s-h! He's comin' now!" At Martha's note of warning, she quickly straightened up again, and hastily stepped back a short distance.

"They're for our papa's grave," Bobby continued, in a voice which suddenly trembled, as he carefully lifted the flowers out and held them proudly up to view. "We was 'fraid nobody'd 'member our papa, 'cause you see he ain't never had a grave before on Decoration Day," and Bobby swallowed hard at the big lump in his throat and winked fast so as to keep the tears out of his eyes, but in spite of his best efforts, two big shiny ones ran down his cheeks.

Hiram Bently had instantly recognized the visitors as his brother's children, and he strode toward them wrathfully, intending to order them off his place. But when he looked into Bobby's manly little face and saw the two big tears roll down his cheeks, he couldn't say a word, although he still frowned angrily.

"Other Decoration Days," the small voice continued, as Bobby got the lump swallowed, "we helped our papa pick flowers himself for other man's graves. But we was 'fraid nobody'd 'member to pick flowers for him, so me and Flossie, we went out our own selves, and we picked a whole big lot of the very best-est ones we could find, and we wants Uncle Hiram to put 'em on our papa's grave," and Bobby held the flowers out toward Mr. Bently.

That gentleman started as though he had been struck in the face, when the words "Uncle Hiram" fell so easily from Bobby's lips. He started to deny the relationship, but for the second time found it impossible to say what he had meant to, so instead, he blurted out angrily: "I suppose your mother sent you here and told you to do all this?"

"No, her doesn't know we comed," Bobby's truthful black eyes looked for a moment straight into his uncle's face with a look so like that of the boy Silas of long ago, that Hiram Bently, in spite of himself, felt a lump suddenly come into his own throat. "I 'spect mebbe we was naughty," a troubled look came over Bobby's face, "but I was 'fraid her wouldn't 'low us to come, 'cause her said you didn't like us. But we just had to come 'cause the other sojers might forget to put flowers on our papa's grave, but when you're his brudder, I didn't fink you'd forget," and Bobby suddenly broke down and sobbed as though his little heart would break.

"You did just right, Bobby boy. Your Uncle Hiram won't forget his brother's grave." Hiram Bently's voice was husky and his hand trembled, as he patted Bobby on the shoulder. His wife gave one bewildered rapturous glance at him, and then she suddenly gathered little Flossie into her hungering arms, and held her close, while Mr. Bently in the same unfamiliar voice continued to talk soothingly to Bobby, his hand patting away at the little shoulder.

"You did just right, Bobby, to come to your Uncle Hiram," he repeated for the third time. "Of course I'll put the flowers on your papa's grave, and I am going to hitch up right away and go to town so I can get a nice big bunch of red and white roses to put on his grave, too. And if you'll just straighten up now like a man, and come down to the barn and help me hitch up, I'll take you and Flossie home again, and your Aunt Nancy can go along, too, and wait at your house till I come back from town."

"Well, I can't get over the wonder of it yet!" Sally Sloan exclaimed at the next missionary meeting. "To think of Hiram Bently just a fairly covering Silas's grave over with flowers—and most of 'em high priced greenhouse flowers at that!"

"Yes, but that isn't much compared to his taking Silas's whole family right over to his house to live with him and Mrs. Bently. That's what I call gettin' liberal like. Marthy Deal was a tellin' me you'd never know he was the same man. He's raised Jake's wages and hers, too, and he's going to help build a new church. And she says his devotion to Silas's children is wonderful—specially little Bobby." And Mrs. Amos Brown was compelled to pause for lack of breath.

"A little child shall lead them," Grandma Hopkins quoted reverently, as she wiped the happy tears from her eyes.

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### Staying Power

Good impulses are abundant and cheap. They will never hold you in a sharp fight unless you have the staying power which Christ imparts. To stand the sneers of scoffers, to resist the sudden rush for wealth, to conquer fleshly appetites, to hold an unruly temper under control, to keep base passions subdued, and to direct all your plans and purposes straight toward the highest mark, requires a power above your own. Christ's mastery of you will give you self-mastery; yes, and mastery over the powers of darkness and of hell. Faith will fire the last shot, and when the battle of life ends, you will stand among the crowned conquerors in glory.

DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

## The Spirit of Evangelism

BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

are busy, others possibly because of slothfulness, still others on account of indifference, and not a few because of the failure to appreciate what prayer really accomplishes.

Canon Ryle of the Church of England is quoted as saying that in the time of the Revival of 1857 it was found that all men of power were men of prayer; that history revealed the same fact; that whether Christians loved the liturgy or were indifferent to it; whether they were cultured or uncultured, whether they were Calvinistic or Arminian, their power was always equal to the time spent in prayer and waiting before God.

The public life must also not be forgotten. It must be in accord with the message. One cannot preach about prayer and be prayerless; speak concerning power and be powerless; call others to consecration and himself live a selfish life; or talk about the concern of Jesus and himself be unconcerned. There are trees the spread of whose roots underground equal the spread of their branches above ground. The private life and the public life must be equal. The soul-winning pastor must watch with exceeding care his life.

The pulpit life must also be kept in mind. There is one theme that can interest all classes and conditions of people, command the attention of the indifferent, cause the stubborn will to bend, and break the stony heart; that theme is Jesus. He must be presented as one who enters into all details of one's practical, every-day life, strengthening and helping, and He must be presented in so personal a manner that each individual listening will feel that he alone is being considered.

### Personal Evangelism

Since it is true that the majority of the members of the Church have never won a soul to Christ, there is no more important subject than that of personal evangelism. He who is not a soul winner has not yet reached the greatest heights of spiritual experience, nor gone to the greatest depths of spiritual power. There are two thoughts which must always be remembered. The first is that men without Christ are lost. Take that thought out of your thinking and you will cut the nerve of personal effort. It is perfectly natural for you to say, "Why should I be too deeply concerned if the danger is not great?" but if the Christless life is a hopeless life, then to be unconcerned is to be guilty of a grievous sin.

The second thought is that we are responsible for those who are round about us. I am my brother's keeper, whether I am willing to acknowledge it or not; and I must speak to the servant in my employ, the boy in my store, the friend whom I meet and the business associate with whom I am brought in contact, and if I fail to speak, then one day I must render a strict account to Him who has given me the commission to go forth seeking the lost. When Christian parents fail to speak to their children about their salvation, they not infrequently grow to manhood and womanhood, unconcerned and unsaved; then they are most difficult to approach.

Two business men rode into the city of Boston together to their places of business for over twenty years; one was a Christian, the other was not. By a singular providence they were both dying the same day. The man who was not a Christian said to his wife, "The Doctor tells me that my friend is dying too." "Yes," she said, "he is." He was still for a moment, and then said, "Isn't it strange

that interested as we have been in each other and intimate as we have been through the years my friend has never spoken to me about Christ, and yet he knew that I was not a Christian?" Alas, it is true that many of us have failed in the same way.

### Trained Evangelists

There are certain men who are called of God to do evangelistic work along special lines. Their call to this particular kind of service is as definite as was the call originally to the ministry. Because of the fact that they are thus called, and also on account of special and unique gifts, they ought to be in charge of no particular Church; they should be absolutely free to exercise their gifts whenever the door of opportunity swings open before them. Their gifts are special and should be encouraged. Their messages are too intense for the steady life of the Church. They chafe under the restrictions of the individual pastorate as the bird beats its wings against its cage. They are called to go forth as Paul went from city to city, as the Wesleys and Whitfield went everywhere preaching, as Finney preached, and as Moody exercised his gifts. There are certain places where they are especially needed.

The Western frontier presents a field white to the harvest. I can think of no greater encouragement to the missionary than to have a trained evangelist, with the stamp of God's approval and the confidence of his Church, stand beside him to work through the weeks, lifting him sometimes out of his discouragement, and giving him strength to put forth new effort in behalf of the unsaved.

The evangelist is often needed to assist pastors who have grown discouraged. Sometimes in the smaller cities and towns the pastor is discouraged because the circle in which he moves is small, because he seems to be accomplishing so little, and because there is so much of routine about his service, and God hardly ever uses a discouraged man. Therefore it is good for the evangelist to stand by the pastor's side, giving him cheer and inspiration, helping him to gain a new vision, suggesting to him new methods of service, and starting him out not infrequently upon the greatest usefulness of his life.

Very frequently the most successful pastors in the Church need the assistance of a trained evangelist. The pastor is able to bring his hearer up to the line, but cannot persuade him to cross over. Every pastor has in his congregation men and women who might be started in the right way of thinking by a new voice, a new method or a new suggestion as regards truth, and the presence of a trained and honored evangelist under such circumstances would bring great joy to the pastor's heart.

There is a field for the evangelist and it is a very white one. There are two things to remember.

First, every evangelist should be under denominational control.

Second, the Church really ought to train her evangelists and then guard them when once they are in the field, lest all unintentionally they make mistakes. The fields are white to-day unto the harvest, and whether we be laboring as pastors, individual Church members, or trained evangelists, I think there never has been such a day for the winning of souls to Christ as this; only to-morrow will be better, and as each day comes, the opportunity will be greater.

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VANGELISM is a spirit and not a method. One may be thoroughly posted as regards method and utterly fail in evangelistic effort. He may commit to memory certain words of Scripture which have been used with success by other workmen in the Master's service, he may familiarize himself with the work of other successful servants of Christ, and still sadly fail in his work. But when the Spirit of God is in full possession of the life, when the will is surrendered, when there is a disposition to do anything in any way as commanded by the Spirit, the work cannot but be crowned with success.

This is a day when Evangelism seems to be on trial. There are those who say the plans of other years will not do for this year, and the methods of other men cannot be applied to the work of to-day. It has also been stated that because we have been disposed to question the effectiveness of Evangelism, we have lost ground in the Church, and that there is a corresponding decrease of interest and enthusiasm. Personally I feel that the skies are brightening with new promise and hope. If ground has been lost, it may be regained, and in certain parts of the world at least I am quite confident that we are entering upon a new era of successful Christian work with brighter prospects for the future than I have known for years.

### Pastoral Evangelism

The pastor is pre-eminently the soul winner in his own parish. No one can take his place. If he is not faithful in the fulfilment of his obligations, he will of course one day be called to a strict account. If he is to be in the truest sense of the word a success, there are certain points which must be emphasized. One may be the pastor of the Church, fulfilling the ordinary duties of the pastorate, and be without marked effectiveness in the winning of souls, but if in his God-given, God-exalted position, the pastor is to be the truest success, then the following points must be remembered: Close attention must be paid to the private life. Great sermons have been known to be preached by men who were not right in the sight of God. They were great from a homiletical standpoint, great as regards oratory, and truly great with respect to eloquence; but no power of intellect and no ability to sway an audience can take the place of a clean heart, a right life and a pure motive if one is to be a winner of souls.

When the pastor is right in his home, his study, his devotions, and his relations both to God and to men, he has a right to lay claim to spiritual blessing which always means power.

The prayer-life must also be carefully considered. Many ministers fail here. Some of us because we



# The Tercentenary of the English Bible

By Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D.



It is fitting that the whole English-speaking world should celebrate the Tercentenary of the English Bible. The so-called King James Version of the Bible was first published in the year 1611, and its history is part of the warp and woof of our modern Christian civilization.

In the year 1603 James the First came from Scotland to London to be crowned king of England. On his journey he was waited upon by a delegation of Puritans who appealed to him to save them and the national church from the despotism of their enemies, the Ritualists. He was pleased to be an umpire in a theological disputation, claiming to be a theologian himself, and so he appointed a Conference to be held at Hampton Court, in January, 1604, when he promised to hear the grievances of the Puritans.

## The Origin of the Authorized Version

Hampton Court is only about twelve miles from London, and is the largest royal palace in Great Britain. It has a thousand rooms, and in the drawing-room, in January, 1604, James the First was moderator in the Hampton Court Conference between the Puritans and the Ritualists. The king sympathized with the High Church party, but the Puritans won the day, and to them we are mainly indebted for the King James Version. Their representative was the astute Dr. Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and to him belongs the distinction of raising the question of a revision of the Scriptures. These were his words as he argued for a new translation of the Bible: "Those which were allowed in the reigns of King Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth were corrupt and not answerable to the truth." Then this scholar proved his position by many quotations from the Great Bible and the Bishop's Bible. Dr. Reynolds was answered by Baneroff, bishop of London, who retorted, "If every man's humor is to be followed, there will be no end of translations." King James surprised many people when he took the side of the Puritans in their contention for a new translation of the Bible. But he took a fling at the Puritans when he said, "I have never yet seen a Bible well translated into English, and the worst of all the translations I have seen is the Geneva." It is said that an English lady had given him a copy of the Geneva Bible, and he considered that the notes were full of treasonable utterances against the divine right of kings. So he said: "Let there be no marginal notes."

The king showed wisdom in arranging for this great undertaking. Fifty-four scholars were selected both from Puritans and from High Churchmen. The King also endeavored to secure the services of every Biblical scholar of any reputation in his kingdom. A set of rules was drawn up for the direction of the revisers and the Bishop's Bible was used as the basis of the new translation. There should be no marginal notes, except for explaining Hebrew and Greek words. This one rule probably resulted in making the Authorized Version the Bible of all denominations in England. If this precaution had not been taken, probably England would have had many Bibles, each, in the notes, revealing the peculiar theological tenets of its devotees.

The revisers were divided into six groups to which were assigned different portions of the Scriptures. It is interesting to recall how King James arranged the remuneration of the translators. Dr. Westcott states that the King requested patrons of church preferments not to fill up vacancies until his pleasure had been consulted, and in this way, "seven of the forty-seven translators were raised to Episcopate dignity, and more than twice seven were settled in other comfortable livings." The King spoke grandly of remunerating the revisers for their immediate expenses, but the translators received nothing but free entertainment when they assembled for their work of translation.

The King's letter states that fifty-four revisers had been selected, but in the final list only forty-seven names appeared. Death may have called some of the revisers from their work, for although the preliminaries were arranged before the close of the year 1604, fully two years elapsed before the work actually commenced. It was the year 1607 when the work of revision began. The forty-seven scholars met at Oxford, at Westminster and at Cambridge. There were nearly five years of hard work for these revisers. Among them were six professors of Hebrew besides many other ripe Oriental scholars. The deans of Westminster and Chester were to direct the company at Westminster, the professors of Hebrew and Greek occupying that post in the universities. The revisers studied the Hebrew and Greek, and used all the helps available, including the Bishop's Bible, the translations of Tyndale, Matthew, Coverdale, White-Church, and the Genevan versions, and others. Never before had such a body of able scholars given so much time and care and thorough investigation to a translation of the Bible. They consulted the translations and the commentators in all languages, Chaldee, Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. At last their labors were finished, and they declared in humility and courage: "We have at length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see."

This Authorized Version appeared in the year 1611, "newly translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised by his majesty's special command." Richard Barker of London was the printer, and we are informed that he had to pay well for the perpetual right. It was well called the Authorized Version, for the weight of ecclesiastical authority was given exclusively to this version. The favor of King James was given to the new version, for it had been planned by him, and it was appointed to be read in all the churches. But there were some bitter and bold critics of the new version. Hugh Broughton was a man of influence in the realm, and yet he said that the new version "bred in him a sadness which would grieve him while life lasted," because, he declared, "it is so ill done." He told the king that he "would rather be torn in pieces by wild horses than see it urged on the churches." It took nearly fifty years for the King James Version to win its way to the hearts of the English people. But it was superior to all former versions, and it won its victorious sway by pure merit.

## A Wonderful Influence

For three hundred years the King James Version has had a tremendous influence in the world. The celebrated English lawyer, Selden, praised it in these words: "The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original the best." A Roman Catholic, Father Faber, wrote: "Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert scarcely knows how he can forget. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

No revision of the King James version was undertaken until 1870, but in June of that year a famous group of scholars was gathered in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, and began the task of giving the world a new version of the Bible. It required about fourteen years to accomplish their undertaking, and in 1885 these scholars gave the world the Revised Version. Later on there appeared the American Standard Edition of the Revised Version.

Think for a moment of the low price at which the Bible can be sold to-day! In the olden times the art of printing was a slow and expensive process. Think of Wycliffe's copyists writing with a pen, and producing one of his Bibles in ten months. To-day a London firm can produce Bibles at the rate of two copies every minute. So there has been a wonderful reduction in the price of Bibles. It cost about the equivalent of two hundred dollars to produce one of Wycliffe's Bibles. To-day a copy of the Gospels can be bought for two cents, and an entire Bible for five cents.

Among the old Bibles in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London is a large folio volume, strongly bound as in the olden days, printed in black letters, while the ink has retained its color for three hundred years. It is a copy of the original King James Bible, bearing on the title page the words: "Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majestie. Anno Dom. 1611."

## An Interesting Exhibit

The British Museum has arranged an interesting exhibition of Bibles in connection with the celebration of the Tercentenary. The exhibition will contain two sections, one of manuscripts and one of printed books. The manuscripts will illustrate the history of the Bible from earliest times, beginning with examples of Hebrew and Greek originals. The printed books will begin with a copy of Tyndale's New Testament produced in 1526, which is the first example of a portion of the Bible printed in England. There will also be an exhibition of "Peculiar Bibles" or editions which have become famous because of some typographical error or other mistake. There are about twenty of these peculiar Bibles, such as the Breeches Bible, the Vinegar Bible, the Treacle Bible, the Bug Bible, etc. It was costly business in the olden days in England for a publisher to print a Bible with a typographical error. For instance, Robert Barker and Martin Lucas printed an authorized edition of the Bible in London in 1631, and by mistake the negative was left out of one of the commandments. The king ordered that the printers should be fined fifteen thousand dollars. This edition is called the Wicked Bible, and only four copies are known to be in existence. There is also an exhibition in this collection of Bibles, at the British Museum, the most valuable printed book in the world. It is a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, which was printed at Mentz, Germany. The Gutenberg press was working in Mentz about the year 1450, and the first entire book that issued from that press is said to have been the Latin Bible, known now as the Mazarin Bible. In 1597 the Ashburnham copy of this Bible sold for twenty thousand dollars.

When the King James Bible was first printed in 1611, it made 1464 large folio pages. The cumbersome wood-block type, was laboriously set by hand, and the printing press was very primitive and slow-going.

The Tercentenary will awaken new interest in the history of the Bible. It will show what a mighty hold the Bible has upon the world. Fifteen million copies of the Bible were sold last year, which is said to be one million more than had ever been sold in one single year before. Millions of people around the world can exclaim to-day with Heine: "What a book! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abyss of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, life and death, the whole drama of humanity, are in this book."



# THE WORLD IN BOSTON

By FRANK W. HAROLD

**P**REPARATIONS for the great missionary exposition officially known as "The World in Boston," toward which for months past the interest of church leaders, Christian workers, and business men of Boston, and a considerable section of New England has been directed, have rapidly matured, and by the time that this article appears in the columns of the AMERICAN MESSENGER the doors will be open. This notable religious exhibition will occupy the entire Mechanics Building on Huntington Avenue in Boston for a period of four weeks.

Samuel B. Capen, LL.D., of Boston, Chairman of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is the President of the organization; Bishop William Lawrence, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Eastern Massachusetts; President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, Providence, R. I.; Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., President of the World's Society of Christian Endeavor; and Miss Caroline Hazard, former President of Wellesley College, are among the other officials of the undertaking.

Preparations for the exposition began two years ago, the magnitude of the project indicating to the originators of the plan the need of long and careful planning. With the passing months details have been worked out for the presentation in the concrete of the meaning of the word "Missions." To this end features from all parts of the world have been secured and a multitude of volunteers, numbering almost 20,000, have been enrolled, instructed and drilled to take part in the exposition. These 20,000 volunteers come from some five hundred churches in Boston and its suburbs, and through study and much practice by rehearsal, have fitted themselves to describe the exhibits, answer questions and give detailed and intelligent information to visitors.

The word "Exposition" as applied to "The World in Boston" carries its full meaning. Its significance when used with reference to a food exhibit, an automobile show or a sportsman's display, is no greater than in connection with "The World in Boston." This will be apparent when it is understood that this missionary "Exposition" embraces a presentation in the form of "Exhibits" of all phases of missionary work and history, from those which reveal and reproduce the actual conditions at Ellis Island, N. Y., where the home missionary meets the newly arrived immigrant, to scenes depicting the surroundings and the work of men and women in far off foreign fields. The underlying thought is to present to the eye a demonstration of the progress of missions, which, in this country hitherto, has been made known chiefly by the written or printed word. England successfully has held expositions of this nature, but "The World in Boston" is the first, on a large scale, to be attempted in America.

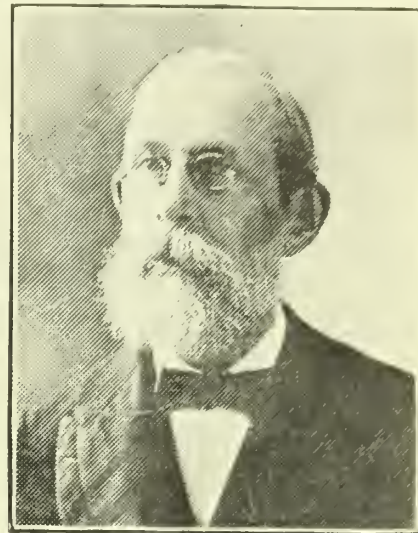
In all the carefully thought out plans for "The World in Boston," the Board of Trustees and others, who are organizing this great missionary demonstration, have had before them the thought that the success of the Boston Exposition would surely lead to a long series of similar demonstrations of the work of missions in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. As nearly as possible perfection has been striven for in every department, so that "The World in Boston" could be taken as a satisfactory standard by succeeding expositions.

The appeal is made through the eye, a more receptive organ of impression than the ear. In the past it has been the ear through which the most efforts have been directed in driving home the principles and the results of missions. Thousands of people in the churches know little about the great fields or the tremendous enterprise of missions, and this ignorance begets indifference. Outside of the churches there are tens of thousands who are absolutely indifferent and who feel no obligation and no responsibility for carrying out the Great Commission. It is expected that "The World in Boston," with its presentation of things which are attractive and pleasant to the eye, will draw through its gates large numbers of the two classes of people which have been mentioned. After that has been done, the responsibility of driving home the lesson will be upon the thousands of stewards who have charge of the exhibits and who populate the various scenes of non-Christian countries.

## Some Striking Contrasts

Briefly the Exposition strives to show the native life in non-Christian lands, in order to impress the contrast with life in the countries which follow the banner of the Cross, to demonstrate the work of missions, and to show the results of Christian work and the influence of Christianity upon the people, and the customs of the lands which have not heard the gospel. It is proposed to do this in various ways.

There are presented actual scenes from many countries. Japan is depicted by a Japanese street and a scene from that attractive country as nearly true to life as it is possible to make it, including a Japanese garden, a Buddhist temple, a tree house, and all the scenic accessories which a visitor to Japan would find. A tall pagoda dominates the Chinese village, and the various structures which form the group include a temple, cobbler's shop, an apothecary's shop, a Chinese house with a Christian chapel, and scenes showing the missionaries at work. In the India scene visitors may see the temples of Silence. There will be found a wayside shrine, a Kali temple, an India bazaar, and most interesting of all, perhaps, a Zenana, the women's apartments in the home of an Indian gentleman. Another foreign scene is an African village with a real Congo house, various native industries, the idol's house and a missionary's home.



DR. SAMUEL B. CAPEN

Mohammedan lands are represented in smaller scenes. Considerable space is devoted to medical missions, and these are shown in contrast with the methods of the native doctors of many heathen nations. The work among lepers and industrial missions also have a space.

A good deal of attention is being paid to the Home Mission department of work. In fact, a half dozen large sections of the Exposition are devoted to scenes depicting the evangelizing effort made along Home Mission lines. In the section devoted to the American Indians there is a genuine tepee, with scenes on the plains, and an Indian chapel. The educational and industrial work among the Negroes of the South is demonstrated. In order to show by contrast the development of the Negro race, the great unsettled and unchurched areas of the far west are vividly brought home to visitors by a frontier scene with such accessories as a log cabin, a sod house, a colportage wagon, and a little chapel; while a section of the immigrant station at Ellis Island shows to visitors the effort which is made to transform the never ending stream of immigrants into good American citizens who know the touch of the gospel. Porto Rico and Hawaii as well as many other countries which have not been mentioned have their place in the Exposition.

On the second floor of the great Exposition building, there is a comprehensive exhibit of educational missions. Visitors here see the native schools of China and India side by side with the mission schools and the modern educational institutions which have grown up in these lands. Especially interesting in this section of the Exhibition is the exhibit of the educational work among the children of all non-Christian lands. Other features which have a place are tableaux of every day scenes in the home life of all peoples, and moving pictures of the work of missions in all parts of the world.

Believing that other expositions will follow "The World in Boston," the Missionary Exposition Company has been organized in New York, a number of wealthy men interested in Christian work being financially interested. This company is constructing much of the permanent material for "The World in Boston," and the purpose is, after the Boston Exposition is over, to rent this material to committees in other cities where it is proposed to have expositions. This company will also aid through its permanent staff, in the organization and management of expositions in any part of the United States and Canada. It is controlled through the ownership of a small part of the common stock by the Young People's Missionary Movement. While its purpose is educational, should there be any profit derived from the rental of material after the payment of the company's certificates of in-



THE LIVINGSTONE EPISODE IN THE PAGEANT OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT



debtedness, the money would naturally go into the treasury of the Young People's Missionary Movement.

The great musical feature of the Exposition is the Pageant of Darkness and Light. This is a musical drama or oratorio of great historical events in the history of missions. It is made up of five episodes of the North, East, South, and West, with a final triumphal episode. The Pageant was written for and first presented at "The Orient in London" Missionary Exposition in 1908.

The Episode of the North has to do with an incident of missionary influence among the American Indians. That of the South tells the story of the discovery of Livingstone by Stanley in Central Africa. The Episode of the East is dramatic, telling the story of the sacrifice of widows in India upon the funeral pyre of their husbands, and of the abolition of this terrible rite by the English Government. The scene of the fourth episode is laid in Hawaii and the incident involving the defiance by Kapiolani, the Christian queen of Hawaii, of Pele, the goddess of the Lake of Fire, in the volcano of Kilauea, is dramatically told. Two hundred people participate in each episode and five thousand are enrolled for the whole Pageant.

Mention should be made of the fact that the American Tract Society has furnished an interesting exhibit of its publications, which illustrate some of the manifold phases of its world-wide missionary work.

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### "There's a Blessing in It"

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

"EVERY cloud has a silver lining," we are told, and the same truth finds expression in the ancient saying: "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses appears." The Bible is full of comforting passages, assuring the children of God that their Heavenly Father is watching over them day and night, and that no evil shall come nigh their dwelling. We assent to this readily enough while the sun is shining, but in the Valley of the Shadow we are afraid, and forget to say, "Thou art with me!"

Miss Charlotte Hawes, formerly a resident of Boston and well known in musical and philanthropic circles, told the writer that not long ago she was unexpectedly called to the side of a woman whose house, with all its treasures, was at that very moment in flames on the opposite side of the street. The woman herself, suffering from burns and cuts, had barely escaped with her life a few moments before. Now she sat rigid and silent in her chair, her eyes closed, almost lifeless from shock and despair.

"I leaned over her," said Miss Hawes, "and whispered just these words: 'There's a blessing in it!' The woman opened her eyes and stared at me. I repeated my message, and by degrees she began to speak, to listen and to feel some slight degree of comfort. When I left her I said, 'Now go to bed and sleep; and if you wake in the night, say to yourself "There's a blessing in it!" over and over, until you fall asleep again.' The next morning I found her much better, physically and mentally. She clung to me and rejoiced in the comfort I had been able to give her. Day by day she improved, and a few weeks ago I heard from her own lips that, through the agency of that destructive fire, a domestic trouble of long standing had been healed; that now she could plainly see the 'blessing,' and therefore she was thankful for the loss of her property."

Let us recall those words, when we need them most: "There's a blessing in it!"



A MISSIONARY SCENE IN AFRICA



A SCENE FROM THE INDIA SECTION OF THE ORIENT IN LONDON

### The Printed Messenger

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

"THERE was a man sent from God, whose name was John," we read in Holy Writ. God is always sending men forth as His messengers, although there is not always on hand so good a man as John the Baptist to dispatch on the errands of the Kingdom. But the Almighty also works through other ministries.

In the olden days the publication of the Divine Will was effected through tables of stone, waxen tablets and palimpsests, and to-day it is coming through numberless forms and shapes of printed matter. If the record of many a good piece of work in the way of missionary propaganda or of social salvation were written down, as God sees it, the explanation of the good accomplished would be found in the entry, "There was a paper sent from God, whose name was"—let us say, the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

We are not setting press over against personality, or arraying man against manuscript, when we call attention to the fact (which the history both of missions and of evangelism again and again has illustrated) that metal types can accomplish certain results which human agents cannot effect, for the printed page goes where men do not or cannot come, and thus, so to speak, the press projects personality throughout the world. What the best preachers of London or New York are saying to-day may be read with profit and delight to-morrow or at some later day amid the snows of Armenia, the rice-fields of China, the hot plains of India, or even the tablelands of Thibet.

#### The Mission of a Tract

Many a soul now in heaven was redeemed from heathendom by some tract that fluttered down at his feet on some lonely highway, or that was found in the recesses of some hut where perhaps years before a colporter had spent a night. The uses to which Christian literature can be put are manifold, and the full results of the work, which the American Tract Society has so effectively done, but which it desires to do far more extensively, if only the necessary funds are provided, will never be known on this side of eternity.

When the public appreciates the fact that a religious periodical, in so far as it sets forth a pure gospel teaching, is God's messenger, traveling afar on twentieth century roads of ministry to the highest needs of men, its interest will be, not perfunctory but sympathetic, lively, and co-operatively active. It becomes, in this view of the case, the privilege and duty of a Christian man to subscribe for one or more religious periodicals, to read them himself, and (not stopping there) to extend their benefit to others. A good periodical is a kind of proxy evangelist. There are those who support "substitutes" on the foreign field—will they not also bear the expense of sending printed messengers, serving as a small army of substitutes, far afield in every land and in every tongue?

The "power of the press," as an expression is a platitude, but as a fact it is fraught with tremendous consequences for good or evil for all mankind. The modern church needs a new vision of the spiritual possibilities of the printing press, and, so far from its being a fact that the printed page will interpose between a man and his work, it is by the very improvement of the quality, and multiplication of the quantity, of Christian literature in this complex age, that the witness of all able advocates of the gospel who anywhere are laboring for the coming of God's Kingdom may be compacted into a permanent testimony, and then projected with telling effect to the ends of the earth.

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### The Bird with a Broken Pinion

BY IRMA B. MATTHEWS

"I walked in the woodland meadows,  
Where sweet the thrushes sing,  
And found on a bed of mosses,  
A bird with a broken wing.  
I healed its wing, and each morning  
It sang its old sweet strain,  
But the bird with the broken pinion  
Never soared as high again."

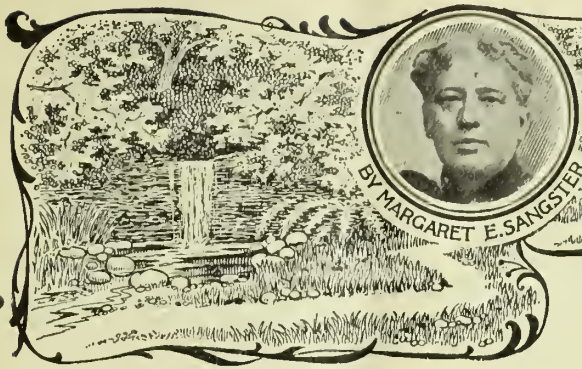
My readers are all familiar, I dare say, with the sweet song from which I have quoted, and know the lesson that the poet taught, but there are many more lessons to be learned from the crippled bird than those the poet mentions, and one of these was brought home to me rather forcibly last winter, so much so that I wish to share the thought with others.

It was during a terrible snow storm that an acquaintance going through the woods found in a huge snow-drift a quail with its wing broken, which was slowly starving to death. The man picked the little bird up carefully and carried it home, where it was fed and cared for, and the wing was partially healed. Poor little Bob-white, however, can never fly again, and yet what a gay jolly little fellow he is, whistling his merry call just the same as though he was in the fields surrounded by his friends. Never once has he shown any signs of discontent because for the rest of his life he must run along on the ground instead of soaring through the air, nor has he appeared dissatisfied with his home among humans instead of with those of his kind.

But how often do we show the same contented spirit? If we wish to soar aloft, and God lays His hand upon us and says we must walk, then what do we do? Like Bob-white do we still sing our sweetest songs for the help of others? Are we still happy knowing that others are filling the places to which we may not attain? Though we are shut in from a world of usefulness, are we still bright and cheerful?

It was most certainly a sermon that the little bird preached to me with his cheerful whistle, but He without whose knowledge a sparrow may not fall, often uses these little things, I am sure, to show His children the error of their ways and His tender love and care.





## DAYS OF RENEWAL

**I** WONDER if the thought ever comes to you, as it often does to me, that this earth upon which we tread is the same which ages ago was the home of those whose names are as familiar to us as household words; the home of the patriarchs and prophets, of Moses, the Law Giver; of David, the King; of Daniel, the saint; of those children of God who communed with Him in the desert, fought great armies at His command, lived, wrought, suffered and conquered in His Name, with only a dim foreshadowing in their minds of the glorious time when the Son of God should walk the earth in the form of man?

To some of these the Lord revealed Himself in strangely visible shape long before He was born in Bethlehem. Jacob and Joshua and perhaps Elisha and the three in the fiery furnace, on whom its heat had no power, must have seen Him, and doubtless there were many others who in exile or prison or wonderful hours of exaltation in the midst of circumstances of trial, had communion with God and realized the Divine Presence. It was reserved for us in our modern day to know, when we walk the earth in its days of renewal, often as the Spring comes back, that Jesus Christ walked this same earth, wandered over its hills and dales and spent nights of prayer beneath the stars to which we lift our eyes. Robert Murray McChesney in a poem which I learned in my childhood sang:

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O Sea of Galilee!  
For the glorious One Who came to save  
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow,  
But thou hast loveliness far above  
What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,  
And palms in thy soft air,  
But that Sharon's fair and dewy rose  
Once spread its fragrance there.

When the young Scotch minister visited the Holy Land more than seventy years ago, he was everywhere reminded of the time when the Master dwelt amid those scenes, wrought His miracles, called men to His side, healed the sick, raised the dead to life and finally, in the flower of His manhood, died upon the Cross to make atonement for the world's sin. Sometimes to-day we sing:

"There is a green hill far away  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all.

"Oh, dearly, dearly hath He loved,  
And we must love Him too;  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And strive His work to do."

### The Eternal Love of Jesus

It makes no difference to us in what part of the world we live, what ocean washes the shores of our continent nearest to our earthly home, because everywhere on the earth we may remember that Jesus loved us from all eternity and loves us to all eternity. We have the same wants, needs and desires and very likely the same temptations, struggles and battles that the men and women of our race have had in all the Springs and Winters from the days of Eden until now. Just as days of renewal come annually to the earth, we may well pray to God that they may come to these hearts of ours. Sometimes it seems a very little thing to be an atom on this planet. When we think of the myriads

of human beings who have lived and loved and suffered and gone into another world, when the rush of the past generations sweeps over us as sometimes the mighty billows come thundering in upon the Atlantic coast, we feel how insignificant we are. Can it be that we are more in the sight of God than a single grain of sand on the long white shore, or a single flicker of star-dust in the long splendor of the Milky Way? In this consideration of ourselves, naturally as it may be, we show our folly. Every unit in the race counted enough in the sight of God for Him to give His only Son that it might be saved.

"So near, so very near to God,  
Nearer I cannot be,  
For in the person of His Son  
I am as near as He.

"So dear, so very dear to God,  
Dearer I cannot be,  
For the love wherewith He loves His Son  
Is the love He giveth me."

By the intimate companionship with our Saviour to which we are entitled, we may think of Him as of our Elder Brother. As He revealed Himself to Philip and Andrew, to James and John, he still reveals Himself to us. There are some of us who have seen Him always, from the days of our earliest childhood when we knelt beside our mother's knee saying, "—Jesus, gentle Shepherd, hear me," on through the varying days of life's experience until we have gone over the hills and far away, almost to the sunset shore. There are some who have had a glimpse of Him in times of bitter trial, perhaps by the grave of a loved one, or in an hour of mental anguish over disappointment or defeat. To some He has revealed Himself as He did to St. Paul, in a strange moment when the heavens were opened, when we were suddenly halted and through the rifted sky saw the face of the Son of God and heard Him call us by name. There are men and women in the world to-day whose day of renewal came to them as to the Apostle Paul, in one moment of blinding light, transfiguring them forevermore.

Some of us have seen the Christ as the Chevalier Bunsen did, in the countenance of one very dear. When he was dying, this good man turned to his wife and said: "In thy face have I seen the Christ." It is a privilege of every one who loves and serves the Master thus to show Him to others on the road, to friends, kindred and the loved ones at home.

### Renewal of Opportunity

Almost imperceptibly we find ourselves drifting away from certain lines of opportunity and not invariably do we look for others. We reach periods of limitation, we grow older and part with something of the enthusiasm of youth. We are traveling, and in constant change of scene and frequent meeting with strangers we lose a little of the sense of responsibility which never left us in the familiar usages of the homeland. We are beset by infirmities not insuperable and yet sufficiently disturbing to be offered as excuses for omissions of duty, and these become our obstacles on the field of service.

It may be by accident, as we think, by a chance conversation, a poem we read in the newspaper, an anecdote that we hear or a book which comes in our way, that we determine to seek a renewal of opportunities to do personal work for Jesus Christ. Let us not forget that as the violet diffuses its perfume and the rose reveals its presence in a room by its delicate grace and exquisite color, the Christian may most frequently find an opportunity for winning souls to Christ by simply being Christ-like.

I once knew a good woman who resolved that in season and out of season, every day of her life, she would speak to some one on the subject of personal religion. She meant well, but she made mistakes, and in the tactless and blundering manner

of her speech she occasionally did more harm than good. There are times when silence is better than speech. There are times when the Lord is most honored by the servant who does not try to preach, but whose constant practicing is beyond reproach. As Keble said,

"Mock souls there are who little dream  
Their daily life an angel's theme,  
Nor that the rod they bear so calm  
In heaven may be a martyr's palm."

Truly I believe that we should seek a renewal of opportunities for service. Those who seek will surely find. If the right stuff is in us, if we truly love the Master and our hearts have been right with Him, though for a while we may have seemed to dwell apart, to have walked aloof from Him and to have done Him small service, there will come to us, as the leaves and blossoms have come to the trees after the Winter, and as the Summer will come to the earth after the Spring, the gladness of knowing that morning by morning and evening by evening we are helping Him somewhere in His work, and are bringing those to Him who shall be His forevermore.

### A Remedy for Depression

Many devout Christians suffer from periods of depression. It seems to them that the Lord has hidden His face. They complain of mental inertia, of spiritual apathy, of prayer that rises no higher than the ceiling. In this time of dearth and desolation they fancy that they have committed a sin which will never be pardoned, as though indeed such a sin were possible while Christ lives and intercedes; and they go about wrapped in gloom and accepting no comfort. Carried to its utmost measure, this melancholia may result in madness. The singular thing is that the most saintly people, those who live and walk in close intimacy with their Lord, are at times the victims of this morbidness. Usually it has a physical basis, for body and soul are partners, and the one is very dependent upon the other.

Again and again the cloud lifts and the sunshine returns radiant as ever, and then the one who felt so far from God has a vivid realization that God was close beside him all the time. This wall that seemed to be built between God and the soul was no wall. It was hardly a curtain. It was merely a thin veil which for a time excluded the light. If such an experience comes to any one who is loving and serving the Lord, the best remedy is to go on working without a thought about feeling. Do thy work, O groping soul; stretch out a hand in the dark and clasp a hand that was pierced for thee. Remember that days of renewal are sure to come when the waste places shall be flooded with crystal streams, and even thy desert shall blossom as the rose. May always follows December. There is never a period of drought that is not later succeeded by the rains that fall from heaven.

Never yet was a springtime  
Late, though lingered the snow;  
That the sap stirred not at the whisper  
Of the South wind, sweet and low;  
Never yet was a springtime  
When the huds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the Summer  
Are folded under the mold;  
Life, that has no dying,  
Is Love's, to have and to hold;  
Till sudden, the bourgeoning Easter:  
The song! the green and the gold!

We should anticipate our days of renewal in our individual lives, and should claim them with the same faith with which we ask for our daily bread. In the larger sense, the church, too, should seek for its days of renewal; its periods of religious awakening and revival are as much to be desired as Spring after Winter, and harvest after Spring.



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## Editorial

### The Eighty-Sixth Anniversary of the American Tract Society

The Eighty-sixth Anniversary of the  
American Tract Society will be held in the  
Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue  
and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City,  
on Wednesday, May 10, 1911.

This will be the regular annual meeting  
of the Society, at which a report of the  
year's work will be presented, and officers  
for the coming year will be elected.

Eminent speakers will address the meet-  
ing, including Mr. William Phillips Hall,  
President of the Society, Rev. Willard L.  
Beard, District Secretary of the American  
Board, who will speak on "The Influence  
of Literature in the Remaking of China,"  
Rev. Robert Walker, of New York City,  
who will speak on "Our Foreign Popula-  
tion, God's Challenge to America," and Mr.  
Joseph E. McAfee, Associate Secretary of  
the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Further particulars concerning this An-  
niversary will be given in both the religious  
and the secular press.

## The Purpose of Christianity

Christianity is the greatest institution in this  
world. From whatever point of view we consider  
it, Christianity is the most important and the most  
vital thing known to humanity. Because of this  
very fact it is of transcendent interest for us to  
inquire, "What is the purpose of Christianity?"  
and upon the answer to that question depends our  
estimate of the value of the Christian faith.

Christianity is the religion revealed by God to  
humanity from the earliest period of man's exist-  
ence upon the earth. It finds its special manifesta-  
tion and its crowning glory in the life and person  
of Jesus Christ. In the teachings of Jesus we find  
the clearest and the most explicit statement of the  
principles of the religion which He established.  
From His lips also there fell a succinct yet com-  
prehensive statement of the purpose of Christianity,  
when He said: "God sent not the Son into the  
world to judge the world; but that the world should  
be saved through Him."

To put it in a single word, the great purpose of  
Christianity is Salvation. This means redemption  
from sin in all its forms, and relief from all the  
evil consequences that flow from wilful transgres-  
sion of the divine law.

The purpose of Christianity is to save human  
souls from spiritual death, and this is effected  
through faith in Jesus Christ, in whom we have  
the gift of eternal life. It should be noted that our  
salvation is won through Christ, and through Him  
alone. It does not come to us through any system  
of ethics, through the exercise of philanthropy,  
through the performance of "good works," however  
numerous or beneficent they may be, nor through  
the process which is called evolution. Our salva-  
tion is wrought out through Christ, the Saviour of  
the world, and it is by His grace that we are made  
free from the curse of sin.

We must not fail to notice, however, that salva-  
tion through Christ brings many attendant bless-  
ings in its train. The sacrifice which Jesus Christ  
made upon the Cross at Calvary is the divine  
measure of the value of a human soul, and when  
the worth of a human soul is once understood it  
enhances the value of all else that pertains to  
human life.

The purpose of Christianity is to save humanity  
now and forever, to redeem mankind from the  
pains and penalties of sin both here and in the  
world to come. In the attainment of this purpose  
Christianity seeks for the uplift of humanity in  
every possible way. This is the reason that the  
most highly civilized nations in the world to-day  
are also the most Christian. In seeking to promote  
the eternal welfare of mankind Christianity has  
also accomplished more than any other religion for  
the amelioration of man's temporal welfare. No-  
where is human life more highly treasured than  
where men have heard of the price that was paid  
by Jesus Christ for the eternal redemption of im-  
mortal souls.

The purpose of Christianity has been stated in  
the one word, salvation. But that purpose has not  
yet been fully attained, nor can it be considered as  
fulfilled until the whole world has heard the mes-  
sage of the Gospel. The question that confronts  
the Christian Church is, How may the purpose of  
Christianity be more effectively carried out?

There should be a greater unity among Chris-  
tians. This is an age of union Christian effort, and  
there is a greater spirit of unity among many of  
the denominations than ever before. And yet we  
are far from the realization of the prayer of Christ  
that His disciples might all be one. Only when  
Christianity presents a solid and united front will  
it be in a position to carry to full fruition the  
beneficent purpose for which it was established  
among men.

## Good News from Foreign Lands

THE cash appropriations which the American  
Tract Society has sent to mission stations abroad  
within the past few months have called forth most  
grateful words of appreciation from the mission-  
aries who are in charge of the work of producing  
and circulating Christian literature in the ver-  
nacular of the countries where they are stationed.

Because of the limitations of space we cannot  
reproduce these acknowledgments in full. We pre-  
sent, however, some quotations from these letters  
which throw an interesting light upon the religious  
situation in foreign lands.

Rev. John Giffen, of the American Mission in  
Cairo, Egypt, writes:

"It gives me pleasure to acknowledge receipt of  
your check. I am passing the grant to Rev. Dr.  
Finney, who has charge of our two periodicals, the  
*Huda* and the *Nagm-al-Mashraq*. Both of these  
are issued weekly. The former is for adults, and  
the latter for the youth of the Sabbath Schools  
and the day schools. These are the only ones of  
their kind issued in Egypt in the vernacular."

Mr. W. W. Wallace, the Treasurer of the Madura  
Mission of the American Board in India, writes:

"I have great pleasure in acknowledging receipt  
of the draft to be devoted to the creation and cir-  
culation of Christian literature. On behalf of  
the Mission I wish to assure you that the donation  
is greatly appreciated, and will be used for the  
purposes indicated in the most thorough and con-  
scientious way."

Mr. Charles W. Perkins, Treasurer of the Ameri-  
can Baptist Foreign Mission Society, writes:

"Thank you very much for your gift, which shall  
be applied, as you instruct, for the creation and  
circulation of Christian literature in the vernacular  
in Burma. We run our own Mission Press in the  
city of Rangoon, in which we print in nine differ-  
ent languages, and this gift will enable us to make  
free distribution of some of our literature, for  
which we should otherwise have to make a charge."

Mr. Franklin E. Hoskins of the Syria Mission  
thus acknowledges the receipt of a cash appropria-  
tion for the work of the American Mission Press  
in Beirut:

"Your gift is exceedingly welcome, and has been  
credited as usual to our Old Testament Commem-  
ory Fund. The Commentary on Isaiah is now  
passing through the Press, and will be issued in the  
series before many months have passed.

"It is a great pleasure to record the steady in-  
crease and call for all sorts of tract literature in  
the Arabic language. We are continually receiving  
calls for specimens and samples of our more recent  
publications from all parts of the Arabic speaking  
world. At the same time a large number of our  
native preachers and workers are watching anx-  
iously for the appearance of every new volume of  
the Old Testament Commentary.

"Please accept our thanks for your most recent  
gift. In the name of our Mission and corps of  
native workers I extend our best wishes to the  
Society, for still more abundant blessing in the  
years to come."

Dr. L. B. Wolf, General Secretary of the Board  
of Foreign Missions of the General Synod of the  
Evangelical Lutheran Church, has written:

"Many thanks for the check to be devoted to the  
Guntur Mission Field in India, for the creation  
and circulation of Christian literature in the ver-  
nacular. I shall take great pleasure in forward-  
ing this to our workers in India, and I know it will  
be highly appreciated. Our Mission employs four  
colporters who devote all their time to the distribu-  
tion of vernacular literature and Bibles."

Rev. C. S. Lacheret, the General Agent of the  
Religious Tract Society of Paris, France, has writ-  
ten thus:

"There has been transmitted to me your donation  
for this Society's work. At its last meeting our  
Committee instructed me to express to your Society  
its most sincere appreciation of your Christian  
sympathy in transmitting this appropriation. We  
pray that the dear Lord may abundantly bless your  
Society in its work of advancing the Kingdom of  
Christ in the world."



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

MAY 7

## Lessons From Great Lives—Ruth

Ruth 1:14-22

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., May 1. Ruth the toiler. Ruth 2:1-8.  
T., May 2. A humble faith. Ruth 2:12.  
W., May 3. A kind daughter. Ruth 1:8.  
Th., May 4. A constant friend. Ruth 1:16, 17.  
F., May 5. Dignified poverty. Ruth 1:19-22.  
S., May 6. Christ's Gentile ancestor. Ruth 4:18-17.

In a time of severe famine a man of Bethlehem, with his wife and two sons, went into the land of Moab, in order to find subsistence. After ten years only one of these four persons remained alive, and that one was Naomi. First the father died, and then the two sons, leaving Naomi alone; and yet not wholly alone, for the sons had espoused in the country two of the daughters of Moab, whose names were Orpah and Ruth.

Naomi resolved to return to her own land. It was her intention to go alone. But as friends were wont to do, and is still the custom in the East, her two daughters-in-law went part of the way to see her off. Then the moment of parting came. They kissed each other and wept together. The daughters both declared they would go to the land of Israel with her. Like a wise woman, Naomi declined to take advantage of their impulses, and urged them strongly to return to their own land. Orpah was prevailed upon to return, but Ruth clung unto her. Ruth could not consent to abandon Naomi. Her reply is beautiful beyond expression: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

### Influencing Another

There are many lessons we may learn from Ruth's resolve. For one thing, her decision was influenced by the action of another. Naomi's return to her true place brought Ruth to a decision. The return of backsliding parents has often led to the conversion of their children. In "Pilgrim's Progress" Christian influenced his wife toward Christ, and the wife in turn influenced their children. Friend takes friend. Neighbor takes neighbor. Human love is a highly suitable means for Divine love to use. We see here, too, the influence of quiet consistent piety. Naomi had been living for ten years in the sight of Ruth.

### Decision Tested

Ruth's decision was put to a strong test. Every such decision is liable to be so tested. There was the test of present discouragement. There was the going back of Orpah. There was the test of prospective difficulties. Naomi pointed these out plainly. There will be such tests for all who make the decision to join Christ and His people.

As with Ruth, our decision must be a choice of God. "Thy God shall be my God." Ruth's choice was the choice of the God of Israel. She would submit to Him, and trust Him—"Under whose wings thou art come to trust." But further, every such decision involves the choice also of God's cause and people: "Thy people shall be my people." God has a people still. Ruth teaches us to cast our lot with them.

### No Regrets

As with Ruth, those who make choice of God and His people shall never have cause to regret it. Our motive in serving God should not be chiefly for reward; but God does take good care of His followers. Ruth began gleaning. She did not know but she should go gleaning all her days. But God took care of her. He provided for her an honored home in Israel. She married Boaz; her son was Obed; his son was Jesse, the father of David the King. God will take care of His own. It pays to choose His side. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

MAY 14

## The Universal Duty of Making Pledges

Ps. 61:5-8

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., May 8. Jacob's pledge. Gen. 28:20-22.  
T., May 9. Foolish pledges. Judg. 11:30, 34-36.  
W., May 10. Joshua's pledge. Josh. 24:14, 15.  
Th., May 11. A pledge rejected. 1 Kings 18:21, 22.  
F., May 12. Unwritten pledges. Luke 16:13.  
S., May 13. Living the pledge. Ps. 66:11-13.

The Christian Endeavor and all kindred societies are founded on a pledge. But, as with the Psalmist, our vows are made to God in the presence of God's people. Some thoughtless people decry the making of pledges or vows because, as they say, so many fail to keep them. But bear in mind all sorts of people are making pledges and taking vows all the time. Matrimony is a vow. A business note is a vow. A business letter sealing a bargain is a vow. A social engagement is a vow or pledge. Any promise to do the right is a vow. Let those who object to pledges remember this, that to fail to resolve is the worst of all failures; for not to resolve is simply to give up trying to do the right.

### Giving Myself License

But a second difficulty with this attitude is that refusing to make vows to do better things is making provision beforehand not to do better things. Yes, it is better to make vows, even if we do sometimes through inadvertence or through temptation break them, than not to make them at all. It has a better effect on our characters. If our wills are weak, as we say, the way to strengthen them is not to let them lie dormant, if that were possible, but to use them—to give them good lusty exercise in the right direction. Nothing so weakens a man's will as deferring to choose. The man who is afraid of formulating his moral purpose is either a coward or a fool. Nothing worthy of praise is ever achieved in this world until it is defined and planned for.

### Plan Your Life

When a man wishes to build a house, he does not go out into the yard and plunge his spade into the first sod he happens to light upon. No, before he builds he draws a plan and estimates the cost and signs his contracts, in which, as far as possible, even every nail and screw is provided for. And neither does a man nor woman build a character hap-hazard. That, too, must have its period of plan-making and cost-estimate and contract. That is the pledging period. One thing you may be sure, you will never get good accidentally. There is no danger that you will waken up some fine morning and hardly know yourself, because you have suddenly become so good. We must resolve and resolve and resolve again. And we must also try and try and try again. We must resolve on the mountain-top and try in the valley.

### His Vow Saved Him

I remember reading that the late Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull made it a rule of his life never to walk between the rails on a railway track. Once he was walking where there were a great many tracks, when suddenly he saw two trains rushing upon him from opposite directions. There was not a moment to think. He fell back on his previous resolution, the vow made to himself, and stood still. His life was saved. The trains whizzed by him on either side. He was, according to his formerly made resolution, between the tracks and not between the rails. The earlier resolution it was that saved him when caught in a sudden peril. Just so, many a soul has been saved in the midst of a sudden and terrible onslaught of temptation, just by some fixed resolution or pledge or vow that was formed in an hour of calm or of spiritual exaltation.

Pledges based on human strength are frail indeed, but based on divine strength they are impregnable. "My grace is sufficient for thee," says Christ.

MAY 21

## Growing Into Larger Work

Mark 4:26-32

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., May 15. Advancement by toll. Matt. 25:14-29.  
T., May 16. Secret of growth. 1 Kings 4:22.  
W., May 17. Promise of enlargement. Isa. 64:1-6.  
Th., May 18. Growth through service. Gen. 39:2-6.  
F., May 19. God gives increase. 1 Cor. 3:6-9.  
S., May 20. How Moses grew. Heb. 3:1-6.

"The son of the owner of a great railroad system is preparing to take his father's place by working up from the very bottom. That is what we as Christians must do, if we would succeed in our Father's business." It is right that we should aim to grow into larger work.

Let us change the figure from the growth of seed or a plant, as stated in the Scripture verses, and think of growth in usefulness as the result of faithfulness. People grow into larger work by faithfulness in the smaller work.

Faithfulness implies, first, a firm adherence to the person of Christ. It means loyalty. It is required of us as Christian stewards that we be found faithful and loyal to our Master. The whole world joins in execrating a deserter. He is hated by enemy and friend alike. What is wanted is fidelity to Christ. Faithfulness brings promotion—growth into larger work.

### Call for Reliability

This fidelity implies also a careful and exact performance of the duties assigned us. It is required in a steward that he be found faithful; that means reliable in his work. That is a prime quality in all business or professional success. Business houses want clerks who are reliable. Manufacturers want men who are reliable. The call everywhere is for men of fidelity and reliability.

In a terrible gale in 1851 the beautiful lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, near Boston, was destroyed. Two men were in it at the time. A great multitude gathered on the shore, waiting in anxious distress to witness its expected fall. But every hour the bell tolled the time, and constantly the light shone out into the darkness to warn the sailor from the dangerous spot. No wind could silence the bell; no wave extinguish the light. But at last one wave, one giant wave, mightier than all the rest, rose up and threw its arms around the tower, and laid it low in the sea. Then alone was the bell silent. Then alone did the light cease to shine. Just such faithfulness to duty as was shone by those lighthouse keepers is the fidelity we should show to the duties Christ assigns us.

### The Grace of Continuance

This fidelity implies moreover faithful continuance in well-doing. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." There is nothing in the history of Pompeii that invests it with a deeper interest than the spot where a soldier of Rome displayed a most heroic fidelity. That fatal day on which Vesuvius, at the foot of which the city stood, burst out into an eruption that shook the earth, a sentinel kept watch by the gate which looked on the burning mountain. Amidst the fearful disorder the sentinel had been forgotten; and as Rome required her sentinels, happen what might, to hold their posts until relieved by the guard or set at liberty by other officers, he had to choose between death and honor. Pattern of fidelity, he stands by his post. Slowly but surely the ashes rise on his manly form; now they reach his breast, and now covering his lips, they choke his breathing. He also "was faithful unto death." After centuries they found his skeleton standing erect in a marble niche clad in its rusty armor, the helmet on his empty skull, and his bony fingers still closing upon his spear. Be thou, fellow-Christian, likewise faithful unto death, and yours shall be a crown of eternal life and glory.

MAY 28

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. V. Missions in Japan and Korea

Acts 17:1-14

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., May 22. Refusing Christ. Matt. 8:28-34.  
T., May 23. The call. Acts 16:9, 10.  
W., May 24. Missionary examples. 1 Thess. 1:5-10.  
Th., May 25. Spiritual darkness. Rom. 1:18-25.  
F., May 26. The light. 2 Cor. 4:6, 7.  
S., May 27. The effect. Acts 2:41-47.

### Progress in Japan

It seems incredible that within the lifetime of many now living there were placed in different parts of Japan edicts on which were official announcements offering rewards for the arrest of any persons found either professing or propagating the Christian faith. In contrast one finds to-day a Japanese Protestant Christian community of over 80,000 communicants. The number of adherents is counted at over 200,000. The best educated men in the nation are in favor of Christianity. Many of the official class and members of Parliament are Christians, as are some of the chief men in the army and navy, and also a large number of the students in higher institutions of learning. In 1909 the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Japan was celebrated by a great gathering for prayer and a decision to enter upon an evangelistic campaign in the hope of soon doubling the membership of the churches. At the end of its first half-century of Christian work Japan has 800 missionaries, 80,000 Protestant Christians, 1,300 Japanese pastors and other workers, and 186 Christian schools.

The past year was a year of revivals in many parts of the country. One took place at Osaka, a great commercial metropolis. Workers representing 42 churches and preaching places united, and 104 speakers participated. Each of the large mass meetings was attended by over 2,000, and the church services throughout the city were crowded day after day. Over 1,300 persons registered as inquirers or as applicants for baptism—a number equal to one-third of the total church membership of the city. The cause of Christ has taken a great leap forward in Japan—partly due to the favorable impression made by the unselfish benevolent work done by Christians, missionaries and natives, among the soldiers engaged in the war with Russia. Yet, let us not forget, there are 30,000,000 of Japanese yet who have never heard of Christ except in a general way.

### Progress in Korea

In 1884 missions were begun in Korea. On Christmas Day, 1887, seven baptized Christians in Seoul united behind closed doors in the first celebration of the Lord's Supper. To-day the land is wide open to the gospel. There are over 200,000 native Christians and the number is increasing at the rate of over thirty per cent. each year. The Koreans are Bible-studying Christians; they are liberal-giving Christians; they are personal-working Christians. They are praying Christians. The Bible is the book having the largest sale among them. It has been disseminated even to the remotest villages. It is no uncommon thing for Christians there to make a ten days' journey to attend a gathering for Bible study. At Pyeng Yang, in connection with one church, the mid-week prayer meeting has long had an average attendance of 1,100. Eighty per cent. of the work of the Korean Church is self-supporting. They are the most liberal-giving Christians, according to means, in the world. It is said that if the Western Churches will press forward their missionary efforts with anything like suitable fidelity that Korea bids fair to be the first non-Christian nation to become Christianized in modern times.



## Exposition of the International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph.D.

MAY 7

### Uzziah, King of Judah Humbled 2 Chronicles 26

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Prov. 16:18.

#### A Good Beginning

Uzziah (called Azariah in the parallel narrative in 2 Kings 15) was the son of King Amaziah, who was slain by a band of conspirators in Lachish, whither he had fled from Jerusalem. Amaziah was a brave but vainglorious soldier, and the victories he won over the Edomites in the earlier part of his reign were more than counterbalanced by the inglorious disaster which he met in the latter part of his rule, when he recklessly challenged the King of Israel to battle and met with a most crushing and humiliating defeat.

Uzziah became king when only sixteen years old. He seems to have inherited his father's warlike spirit, and at the very outset of his reign he continued the conquest of the Edomites by fortifying Eloth, an important city at the head of the eastern branch of the Red Sea, "thus putting Judah in a position to renew the rich commerce with India which Solomon had established."

#### Glorious Achievements

The early years of Uzziah's long reign of fifty-two years were distinguished by his supremacy over the Philistines, the Arabians and the Ammonites.

A new era of fortification was introduced by Uzziah, and Jerusalem was strengthened by the building of towers, designed to make it impregnable against any foreign foe. Uzziah also organized a powerful army of fighting men, numbering over three hundred thousand soldiers, who were well equipped with all kinds of armor, both for defense and offense. Moreover, he introduced artillery of a primitive kind, corresponding to the *catapulta* and *ballista* of the Roman army.

#### Great Prosperity

It is evident that under Uzziah's early rule the people of Judah enjoyed great prosperity, for not only did the king develop the military strength of the nation, but he also lent his aid to the cultivation of the soil and the promotion of agricultural pursuits.

#### Uzziah's Pride and Fall

Like many other Jewish kings Uzziah was carried away by his great military success and the abounding material prosperity which attended his reign.

The account of his pride of spirit and the terrible affliction which came as a divine rebuke to his arrogance is dramatically told by the Chronicler.

In the pride of his kingship Uzziah essayed to do that which by divine command only the priests might do. With a censor in his hand he went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar. Azariah, the high priest, withstood the king with eighty priests as bold as himself. This was one of the most courageous protests ever made.

There was no need, however, for Azariah to use physical force. The divine displeasure was manifested in the leprosy which broke out in Uzziah's forehead, and he himself hastened to go out, because the Lord had smitten him. His condition necessitated his seclusion, and Jotham, his son, reigned in his stead. When Uzziah died, he was buried, not in the royal sepulcher, but in the burying field that was attached thereto, for as a leper, his remains would have contaminated the graves of his ancestors.

#### Practical Lessons

One misstep may spoil a whole career, and a single sin may blot a whole character.

Reverence in God's house is required of all. God does not regard station or nobility, but He requires of all who enter His sanctuary humble and devout obedience to His commands.

MAY 14

### Isaiah's Vision and call to Service (Home Missionary Lesson)

Isaiah 6

**GOLDEN TEXT.** I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. Isaiah 6:8.

#### Prompt Obedience to a Divine Call

Isaiah's call to service came in the form of a vision, which he saw in the year that King Uzziah died. This vision is fully described in the text of our lesson, and need not be repeated here.

Isaiah was immediately responsive to the heavenly vision which he had received. At first he lamented his unfitness for the revelation which had been vouchsafed him. But when his lips had been touched with the coal of fire from off the altar, his spirit was strengthened, and he was ready to respond to the Lord's query, "Whom shall I send?" by saying, "Here am I; send me."

Isaiah's career as a prophet extended over some sixty years. His prophetic writings are full of deep spirituality and Messianic promise. He is the great evangelical prophet of the Old Testament, and the book that bears his name has been well called the "Gospel in the Old Testament."

Tradition relates that he suffered martyrdom under King Manasseh, who is said to have sawn asunder the prophet who dared to rebuke his idolatrous practices.

Isaiah was peculiarly a prophet sent to his own people. He was appointed to preach to the nation of Judah, and his ministry was largely in his own city of Jerusalem. In other words he may be rightfully considered a home missionary of Old Testament times, and it is for this reason that a portion of his prophecy has been selected as the basis for a home missionary lesson.

#### The Home Missionary Enterprise

The greatest problem that confronts our native land to-day is the home missionary problem. This problem involves the question as to how the non-Christian portion of our population shall be reached with the saving truths of the Gospel and brought into fellowship with the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The success of the home missionary enterprise means the complete Christianization of our beloved land, which is now, as Dr. A. F. Schauffler has well said, "Christian only in spots."

The home missionary problem is a complex one. It involves the Christianization of the vast numbers of immigrants who come to our shores. It includes the purification of our great cities, within which are enacted scenes of vice and crime that appall every sense of decency and which constitute one of the black spots upon our civilization. It means the effort to reach the lonely dwellers in the remote portions of our country, where travel is infrequent, and where from the lack of population it is almost impossible to maintain regular church services.

But with all its complexity the home missionary problem is not impossible of solution, for with God all things are possible, and every devout Christian must believe that some day the vision will be fulfilled wherein this land shall become as God's own country, redeemed from sin and glorious in righteousness.

#### Suggestive Hints

Every individual Christian should be a home missionary. The opportunities for home missionary work are abundant. Let us ask for divine grace that we may be enabled to see where we can be witnesses for Christ.

Every tract and book and every printed page bearing the precious story of the Gospel may be considered as doing the work of a home missionary. Let us scatter these printed messengers of truth as widely as possible, for each one is a herald of Christ.

MAY 21

### Song of the Vineyard (Temperance Lesson)

Isaiah 5:1-12

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. Isa. 5:22.

#### The Vineyard of the Lord

In the opening verses of the fifth chapter of the Book of Isaiah we read of a vineyard, which was planted in a very fruitful hill. Great pains had been taken with this vineyard, for the owner had "dugged it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it . . . and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes."

#### The Doom of Unfruitfulness

Everything that could have been done for the vineyard was done, but in vain. And because of its utter unfruitfulness, this was the doom pronounced upon it by the Lord: "I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be trodden down; and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned nor hoed; but there shall come up briars and thorns; I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it. For the vineyard of Jehovah is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant; and he looked for justice, but, behold, oppression; for righteousness, but, behold, a cry."

#### The Woe of Intemperance

It is clearly indicated in the text of our lesson that one reason why the vineyard which Jehovah had planted was unfruitful was because the people of Judah were addicted to the use of strong drink. The doom of woe which Isaiah pronounces upon those that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink is the inevitable consequence of intemperance.

Indulgence in intoxicating drink blights the judgment, so that those who are under its influence call evil good, and good evil; they put darkness for light, and light for darkness, bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. They put the passing gratification of an unholy appetite in the balance as against the keeping of the body pure as a temple of God. They put time in place of eternity, and reap the wages of sin instead of the gift of eternal life.

#### The Temperance Situation

The evils of intemperance are rampant in many sections of our land. Yet there is ground for encouragement, when we consider certain facts. Great progress has been made in the matter of scientific temperance instruction. About fifty years ago there was not a single State that provided such instruction. To-day there is not a single State where such instruction is not given.

The canteen has been driven out, permanently, as we hope, from the army, and the grog ration has long been abolished in the American navy. Whole States and many hundreds of counties are now under prohibitory laws, while total abstinence is insisted upon as a condition of employment by many railroads and other corporations.

#### Danger Signals to be Heeded

Yet we must not be too elated over these encouraging features. Herculean efforts are being made by the liquor interests to stem the tide of temperance and to foster the drinking habits of the people, wherever they find it possible so to do.

In two years there has been no State added to the Prohibition column, and the reports of the Internal Revenue Department do not show any material decrease in the amount of liquor consumed in our land.

In Kansas, for fifty years under prohibition, the battle must be fought over again, for the State Legislature has just decided that the question of constitutional prohibition shall be resubmitted to the citizens of that State.

These and other danger signals indicate that the friends of temperance must be alert, determined and aggressive, or else the ground already won will be lost.

Let us make a valiant stand for temperance and push forward until victory shall crown the effort to banish the curse of liquor from our beloved land.

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MAY 28

### Micah's Picture of Universal Peace

(International Peace Lesson)

Micah 4:1-8

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Micah 4:3.

#### The Prophet Micah

Micah was a younger contemporary of the prophet Isaiah. He is described as a Morasthite, that is, an inhabitant of Moresheth-gath, a village in the west of Judah. He prophesied under Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings of Judah, for a period of about fifty years, if we reckon from near the beginning of Jotham's reign to the end of Hezekiah's reign.

#### The Prophecy of Micah

Micah was one of the so-called Minor Prophets, but his message was one of major importance, both for the people of the period when he lived and for the nations of to-day.

The Book of Micah is written in an elevated and vehement style, with frequent transitions. A remarkable similarity has been noted between the words of Micah (chap. 4:1-3) and those of Isaiah (chap. 2:2-4), which would indicate either that one quoted from the other or that both quoted from some other prophetic writing or utterance.

Micah's prophecy may be divided into three sections, each beginning with the summons, "Hear ye!" The first section (chaps. 1 and 2) tells of judgment first on Samaria and then on Judah. The second section (chaps. 3-5) passes from words of denunciation into the prophecy of salvation and the glorious reign of a Davidic king of Zion. The third section (chaps. 6 and 7) includes a description of the true religion required by Jehovah, a lament over the general corruption of the times, concluding with expressions of confidence in the better times to come, which confidence is grounded upon the promises of Jehovah.

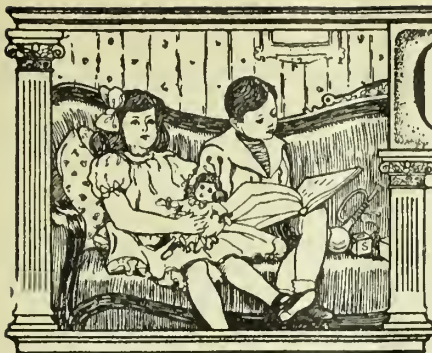
#### The Message of Peace

The words of Micah's prophecy selected for our study in this lesson present a beautiful picture of the reign of peace. In Micah's vision the chief feature of the coming kingdom of the Messiah is that it will be a kingdom of peace, for then swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. There shall be no more pillage nor oppression, but every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.

#### The Prince of Peace

The Messiah whom Micah foretold is indeed the Prince of Peace. His coming meant goodwill and peace among men, and it made possible the consummation of peace between man and God. Jesus Christ is not fully understood by those who fail to recognize in Him the incarnation of the spirit of universal and eternal peace, and the mission of Christianity is not apprehended by those who maintain that Christian nations should be the most warlike nations on the face of the earth.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## Beautiful Things

We have already printed many letters in answer to the question, "What is the most beautiful thing which you have ever seen or heard of?" The answers that have been received show that there are many beautiful things in the world, and that some of our little folks like one thing and some another. This month we have several more letters on this interesting subject. The first of these comes from a little boy in Finnesville, N. J., who was welcomed into our circle some time ago. He writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I think the most beautiful thing I ever heard of is the love of Jesus. The most beautiful thing I ever saw was our peach orchard, when the rain had frozen on it, and then the sun came out, and all the trees looked as if they were covered with diamonds. I do not go to school, for my mamma teaches me at home, but I am going in the spring. I go to two Sunday-schools every Sunday morning, when the weather is nice. I am learning a piece to sing on Missionary Sunday. It is to the same tune as "Coming Through the Rye." The words are:

"If a body have a penny,  
Easy 'tis to spend.  
There are sweet things, oh, so many.  
And of tops no end!  
There's a store just on the corner,  
Full of things to buy.  
Can I pass it with my pennies?  
I am going to try.

"Do you ask me for my secret?  
Then I'll tell to you  
Why I wish to save my money,  
'Tis the reason true.  
There are many little children,  
Not so large as I,  
And to help them with my pennies  
I am going to try.

"Some are here and some are yonder,  
Far across the sea,  
If they grow up little heathen,  
They shall not blame me.  
Now you know my little secret—  
Know the reason why,  
Though 'tis hard to save my pennies,  
I am going to try."

Your loving little nephew,  
HERBERT GANO CROUSE.

You have given a splendid answer to our question, Herbert. Surely the love of Jesus is the most beautiful thing that we have ever heard about. Your little missionary song is very good, and we hope our little folks, as they grow up, will give some of their money to help the American Tract Society send the sweet story of the love of Jesus to those who have never heard it before.

Our next letter is from a little girl in Lexington, O., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am in the fourth grade, and I am nine years old. I live in the country, and have a mile to go to school. I have a cat and a dog. The cat's name is Daisy, and the dog's name is Togo. The most beautiful thing I ever saw was the birds in summer time. With love to all the little folks.

KATIE ELMHART.

A New York boy, who lives in Bellvale, has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am ten years old, and in the fifth grade. I live on a farm. I think one of the most beautiful things is an orchard of fruit trees, when in blossom in the spring. My sister has written you a letter. I will close, with love to all the little folks.

CLIFFORD QUACKENBUSH.

Clifford's little sister writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old. I have four brothers and one sister. I like to go to Sunday-school. I think one of the most beautiful things in the world is a bed of pansies. With love to all the little folks.

AMY QUACKENBUSH.

We are pleased to have received so many letters telling about the beautiful things which our little folks have seen or heard of. Surely we should thank our Heavenly Father because He has put so many beautiful things in the world about us, and most of all we should praise Him for the gift of His dear Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Do you wish to know what Uncle Harry thinks is the most beautiful thing in the world? Why, he thinks that the most beautiful thing in the world is a noble, Christian life, and the most beautiful life that was ever lived was the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.



THE GREAT SUN DROPS  
BEHIND THE HILL  
LEAVING OUR GARDEN  
DARK AND STILL  
BUT IN THE TWINKLING  
SKY O'ERHEAD

THE ANGEL'S WIDE STAR-  
GARDENS SPREAD  
WE SEE THE STAR-  
FLOWERS BLOSSOM OUT  
AND THE BUSY ANGELS  
WORK ABOUT



A Minnesota boy, whose home is in Ellsworth, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am ten years old, and am in the fourth grade at school. I go to Sunday-school in the summer time. The most beautiful thing I ever saw is a nice big garden of flowers. As my letter is getting quite long, I will close with love to Uncle Harry and the young folks.

EDWARD POPKES.

We are glad to hear from you, Edward. Write again and tell us why you go to Sunday-school only in the summer.

## Our Mail Bag

The first letter in Our Mail Bag comes from a boy in Northfield, N. J., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am thirteen years old. I go to the Northfield School. My teacher's name is Mrs. Belden. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Meeker. I am in the sixth grade in school and in the second grade in Sunday-school. I have a baby brother. His name is Charles William. My mother has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for five years. Please leave a little space for my letter, for it is the first one to go in print.

LOUIS FENSHE.

Some one who lives in Kimmundy, Ill., has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have been reading the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and like it well. I am going to join the happy band. I am thirteen years old, and weigh about one hundred pounds. My hair is a light color and my eyes are blue. I live one mile from the schoolhouse. I have missed only two days this term. There are only six scholars going this year. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Shaffer, and our schoolhouse is named Elder. We live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. We have six cows and nine horses. I help milk and attend to the horses.

W. C. SOUTHWARD.

A pleasant letter from Woodbourne, N. Y., reads as follows:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. My school teacher's name is Miss Cushner, and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Dolan. I have about one mile to go both to day school and to Sunday-school. I did not miss any Sunday last year in my Sunday-school, and I am going to try not to miss any this year. I live on a farm, and we have one horse, two cows, and forty chickens. Papa has tapped our trees, and we are going to make maple syrup. I hope to see my letter in print. With love to all the little folks.

Your loving niece,

MABEL CASTON.

I hope you were able to make lots of maple syrup, Mabel. Did you ever try maple sugar on snow? Many years ago, when Uncle Harry lived up in the Adirondack Mountains, he enjoyed the sugaring time and helped to make maple syrup and to eat some of the sugar on snow, too.

Elma Wilkins, who lives in Shandon, O., has sent us a pleasant letter. Helen Bookstaver, who lives at Crystal Run, N. Y., says: "I love to read Our Little Folks' page very much." Other interesting letters are in hand, but we have no more room, and they must wait for another time.

## Our Next Subject

So many of our little folks have mentioned flowers in their letters recently that we will take as our next subject: "What is the most interesting flower, tree or plant that you have ever seen or read about?" This is the springtime, and many of our little folks will be out in their gardens during the coming weeks, and we would like to hear about some of the beautiful flowers that are growing under their care. Some of our older boys and girls are studying botany, and perhaps they can tell us of some very curious plants about which they have studied. Now let us have a large number of letters, and do not fail to write promptly, for we would like to have some letters to print on this interesting subject in our next issue.

Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## Giving Thanks

A LITTLE strength was lost each day,  
A little hope dropped by the way,  
The feet dragged slowly up the road,  
The shoulders bent beneath their load,  
Courage seemed dying in the heart,  
The will played but a feeble part.  
Night brought no ease,  
Day no surcease,  
From heavy cares or wearying smart.  
Then why give thanks?

Somehow strength lasted through the day,  
Hope joined with courage in the way;  
The feet still kept the uphill road,  
The shoulders did not drop their load,  
An unseen Power sustained the heart  
When flesh and will failed in their part,  
While God gave light  
By day and night,  
And also grace to bear the smart.  
For this give thanks—

Thanks for the daily bread which feeds  
The body's wants, the spirit's needs;  
Thanks for the keen, the quick'ning word,  
"He only lives who lives in God,"  
Whether his time on earth is spent  
In lordly house or labor's tent.

Thanks for the light  
By day and night  
Which shows the way the Master went.  
And He gave thanks.

BRITISH WEEKLY.



## A Hero's Welcome

BY KATHARINE ELISE CHAPMAN

WHAT young man does not hope to be a hero? What girl is not a hero-worshiper in her secret heart? Flowery May may be called our hero-month; for just as she begins to gather into her garland-brocaded skirts the roses of June, we pluck all this wealth of leaf and blossom to lay it, bedewed with tears, upon the graves of our heroes.

In a stone-sealed sepulcher hard by the quiet convent garden of Piepus at Paris, lies one of the heroes of American history. Every year, on Decoration Day, a few Americans meet there to place a wreath upon this tomb, and to fasten the Stars and Stripes above; for General Marquis de Lafayette was truly an American—the adopted son of our nation.

General Lafayette came three times to America: the first time, a boy of nineteen, to fight; the second time, a man seasoned and tried by hardship and adversity, as the guest of his beloved friend Washington, whose home offered him a refuge from the prison and the guillotine; the third time, an old man of seventy, as the invited guest—no, not the guest; the honored and adored son of this new United States.

In 1824, at the invitation of Congress, Lafayette, having refused the offer of a man-of-war, came on the ship *Cadmus*, which had been placed at his disposal by the United States. An event like this had scarcely happened before in history.

Within less than fifty years, the small, struggling, impoverished thirteen colonies had expanded into a prosperous territory already reaching out toward the Rockies, and soon to overleap them. From one end to the other of this wide domain, the people were thrilled with the ardor of welcome; their gratitude rose to an exaltation. Lafayette came to them as their own; and they stood stoutly by their rights in him. They would not permit either Congress or the President to claim him as a special guest. Never before was a hero permitted to see such results of his devotion—never before were such honors and affection lavished upon a national benefactor from a foreign shore. His ovation was thousands of miles long, and broad as Liberty itself.

On the arrival of the *Cadmus* in New York Harbor on August 15, 1824, the pilot boarded the ship, and almost at the same instant the guns of Fort Lafayette began to boom from the shore.

But as it was the Sabbath, the public greeting was deferred, and Lafayette was quietly conveyed to the home of the Vice-President, Mr. Tompkins, on Staten Island.

Perhaps the beautiful bay of New York never looked so lovely as when, on the following day, it was crowded with craft of the lightest, most graceful construction, flag-decorated and flower-adorned. At one o'clock the steamer *Chancellor Livingston* bore the General toward the Battery, and the cannon of Fort Lafayette boomed again. Water and shore were alive with bands of music. Lafayette's feet touched the soil of the United States amid the roar of cannon, the swell of music, and the burst of simultaneous welcome from two hundred thousand voices. Water-craft and shore were black with people and white with tossing handkerchiefs.

And what did the people see?

An old man, plain of face, his bare head showing a few scattered locks of auburn almost turned to white; a man leaning upon the arm of his companion and walking with a limp—and the shouts burst out more tumultuously than ever, but this time mingled with tears. The people had not forgotten where that wound had been made.

"Welcome, Lafayette," was upon every badge, upon every floral and evergreen arch, upon every lip. Surrounded by his guards, and attended by a brilliant staff of officers, he rode down the lines of troops and militia, who lowered their arms and standards to him as he passed; while the guns of both fort and man-of-war kept up a continuous parley.

But the great event of that wonderful day occurred when the doors of City Hall were thrown open, and the General received the jubilant greetings of the people. For more than two hours Lafayette stood, shaking the horny hand of toil as well as the kid-gloved fingers of the old Knickerbockers. Mothers held up their children for him to bless—an honor to boast of in old age. Old veterans of the Revolution, his comrades, shook his hand with streaming tears. These scenes were but the prelude to the triumphs which he received incessantly along the whole line of his travels.

Lafayette's personal suite was very modest. It consisted only of his son George, his private secretary, M. Levasseur, and his faithful valet. Young Levasseur was a keen and sprightly recorder of daily events. When President Monroe walked the length of the East

Room to receive General Lafayette as he entered, and "embraced him like a brother"; and when, following this, introductions all round were given to everybody in the room, Levasseur, used to court precedences and dignities, was delighted with this republican simplicity. That same simplicity was further illustrated while the General's party was crossing Chesapeake Bay. Many prominent Americans were on board, among them John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. The ladies' cabin was set aside for the General and his two companions. Levasseur wondered where the others were to sleep, until he saw mattresses being placed on the floor of the dining cabin. Was the Secretary of State of the United States to sleep upon the floor! Horrified at this, George Lafayette and Levasseur rushed to Mr. Adams with entreaties, each offering his own bed. The Secretary smilingly but positively refused, saying that his bed was comfortable and he liked that way of sleeping. It was only at the urgent entreaty of the General, who wished his old friend near him, that a fourth bed was placed in his cabin for Mr. Adams.

While ascending the Ohio River, near Shawneetown, Ill., the steamer *Artizan*, carrying a great company, including several governors, was "snagged" in midnight darkness. The steamer shook horribly, and the hold was filling with water. Every one on board began to call: "Lafayette, Lafayette! put him in the boat!" Lafayette positively refused to leave, saying he would sooner go down with the steamer; but the captain, assuming command, had his precious freight lifted bodily and lowered into the one boat, along with a load of other passengers. Upon reaching the shore, the General discovered that his son George was not with him; and the old hero, who had faced a thousand terrors without blenching, went into despair over his supposed loss. He ran along the shore, calling "George, George, George!" and refused to be comforted until the last boatload had arrived with the young man, who, being a worthy son of his father, had stayed behind until every one else was safe.

Lafayette naturally wished to see the old French towns upon the Mississippi, including New Orleans and Saint Louis. At the pressing invitation of Governor Coles, he also visited Kaskaskia in Illinois, the oldest settlement by the French in the Mississippi Valley. Here the party met with a picturesque and romantic incident. The enterprising Levasseur, while visiting an Indian encampment in the neighborhood, met a young Indian woman who spoke surprisingly good French and expressed a burning desire to meet Lafayette.

"I keep as my most precious relic," she said, "a letter from him to my father

who was a chieftain, and fought under his command with a company of his own braves." She drew from her bosom a carefully wrapped packet and produced the letter, yellow with time, showing the handwriting of Lafayette. It was addressed to Panisseeowa, chief of one of the Six Nations, thanking him for his courage and tried friendship.

That evening the young woman was escorted to the presence of Lafayette, at the house of General Edgar. As she shrank from appearing among the finely dressed ladies in her blanket, Lafayette descended to a lower room to meet her. She herself had had a romantic history. Given by her father in childhood into the care of Pierre Mesnard, Indian agent at Kaskaskia, she had been brought up with his own children, until, won by the love of a young brave, she had returned to the forest as his bride. She took the offered hand of Lafayette with deep emotion, expressed in poetical diction. The General assured her that he well remembered her father and his loyal services.

Lafayette followed in the footsteps of the Master, in devoting his life and means to the cause of freedom for all men. His return to visit those for whom he had fought and suffered was one of the most glorious triumphs ever accorded to a man. But when He who "was wounded for our transgressions" comes again in the glory of His Father with all His holy angels, what pæans will pour up from earth and Heaven! and what honor and joy to be among those who love His appearing!



## Alphabet Proverbs

A GRAIN of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Boasters are cousins to the untruthful. Confession of a fault makes half amends. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shooteth at others, and woundeth herself. Foolish fear doubles danger. God reacheth us good things by our own hands. He has worked hard who has nothing to do. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it. One hour to-day is two to-morrow. Proud looks make foul work in fair faces. Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. Trees that bear most, hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You will never lose by doing a good turn. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

EXCHANGE.

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AMERICAN MESSENGER

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150 Nassau Street, New York.



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## In West China

REV. WILLIAM E. SOUTER, Honorary Secretary of the West China Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Chungking, writes:

"We had a good Annual Meeting. Rev. Bishop Bashford, D.D., was in the chair, and Rev. J. F. Goucher, D.D., from Baltimore was the principal speaker. The attendance was over forty—not at all bad for our small community. We were glad to have the testimony of these two eminent men as to the efficient work our Society is doing. The large measure of support received from the missionaries on the field is a proof that the Society is a very live one.

"The grant so kindly made by the American Tract Society for last year was of great assistance to us in providing Gospel tracts for free distribution."

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## Chinese Coolies Converted in Africa

"We have been often hearing," writes a missionary in China, "of Chinese coolies deported from South Africa to their native land, coming to varied mission stations with letters of introduction from Christian workers in South Africa. A party of these men returning to China applied on one of the boats to the captain for a place to meet, and there they gathered for prayer and the study of the Scriptures during the voyage. One of these men told the missionary that while on the *Rand* he and others came under the influence of a remarkable man, a Norwegian, a self-supporting missionary to the coolies and others working there. He preached in their language to blacks, whites and yellows, as occasion offered. He learned Chinese by working with Chinamen in a carpenter's shop. This coolie himself was one of a batch of forty Chinese, who, coming under the spell of this Norwegian, learned the story of Jesus' love, gave up their evil practices, and entered their names as applicants for baptism; and when they were returning to China they received open letters to various missions there from Christians in Africa."

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## World Mission Plans

THE Continuation Committee appointed by the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, Scotland, last June, is to have its first long business session in England, May 16 to 20, 1911. The Committee consists of thirty-five members, ten representing mission boards of the United States and Canada, ten British societies, ten the Continent of Europe, and five from South Africa, Australasia, Japan, China and India. The United States furnishes the chairman in Mr. John R. Mott, and other American members include the Rev. Dr. T. S. Barbour, Boston, Baptist; the Rev. Dr. J. L. Barton, Boston, Congregational; the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, New York, Presbyterian; the Rev. Dr. J. F. Goucher, Baltimore, Methodist North; the Rev. Dr. W. R. Lambuth, Nashville, Methodist South; Canon Tucker, of Toronto Cathedral, Anglican; the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Watson, Philadelphia, United Presbyterian, and Mr. Silas McBee, New York, Episcopal. Practically all of these men will attend, some crossing the ocean expressly to do so. Questions to be acted upon include occupation of literature to prevent duplication, Christian literature on the fields and missionary information at home, the founding of an "International Missionary Review," a permanent body to deal with matters arising between missions and governments, and the wisdom of providing an international Missionary Committee. The Bishop of Durham has invited the members of the Committee to be his guests at Auckland Castle, near Durham, while the Committee is in session.

## A Missionary Policy for the Sunday-School

THE Young People's Missionary Movement, which met last summer at Silver Bay, adopted a missionary policy for the Sunday-school which is sent out as a message to the world at large. The policy, which its framers believe to be a standard practicable for all local Sunday-schools, embraces the following items: "The creation of a missionary atmosphere by the use of hymns, mention of missions and missionary workers, and the use of maps and charts; definite prayer for missions; a missionary committee to direct missionary instruction, plan exercises, gather material, arrange for special missionary days, provide a missionary library, etc.; weekly missionary offerings; a monthly missionary program or exercise to be used at the opening or closing of the school; missionary instruction, either from the platform or by monthly or other regular missionary lesson; missionary section of the Sunday-school library; cultivation of the spirit of consecration; suggestions for adult classes for a missionary course of study of eight weeks at least once a year."

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## God Cares

A LITTLE more than two months ago in the village of Sha Hoh, near the leper village, which is about two miles from the East Gate of the city of Canton, a mother brought her little son, late one afternoon. She was not a leper, neither was the boy, but the poor little fellow was dumb, paralyzed, and an epileptic. She being a heathen woman, having no thought of love in her heart, put him down on the ground without clothes and food and left him there.

The next day the superintendent of the home for untainted children was going to his place and saw him lying there, but as he was hurrying along to fill an engagement with a doctor who was waiting for him, he did not stop long enough to see what was the matter with the boy, and did not think any more about it until some little time after he had retired for the night. However, as soon as it came to his mind he got up out of his bed and started out in search of the boy, who had in some way managed to crawl into a little hut. The superintendent picked him up and took him to his home, where he could examine him more closely, and to his surprise he found that the boy was one mass of sores and filth. After about three hours of continuous washing and cleaning he succeeded in changing the appearance of the boy. He gave him some food and put him to bed. He has now learned to use his arms and can walk a few steps, and the last I heard from him was that he had spoken two words. So Sun Tak (for that is what the superintendent named him) is not only saved from the dreadful disease of leprosy being added to his already sad condition, but he is in a home where he can learn something of Jesus.

ARTHUR M. HANSON OF CANTON, CHINA.

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## A Great Prayer Meeting in Korea

"I HAVE just attended," writes an American writer, "a prayer-meeting in Yua Mot Kal Church, in Korea. It was a dark and stormy night. A Korean had led me thither, and the people did not know that a traveler from the West was to be there, but I found about a thousand Christians gathered together. No well-known personality would succeed in any town in the United States in gathering together a thousand church members for a prayer-meeting, but eventually there were 1,200 gathered on that evening. These Christians reckoned it worth a long journey to assemble for prayer. The spirit of prayer runs through their daily life."

## Twelve Wonderful Facts

DR. ARTHUR T. PIERSON writes:

"In the history of Japan there are several wonderful facts that should never be lost sight of; twelve of these we might record:

"1. The opening of doors after centuries of seclusion and exclusion.

"2. The fall of the dual government and the restoration of the Emperor to sole power.

"3. The national attitude toward Western knowledge and civilization.

"4. The new era of railway, telegraph, newspapers, and education.

"5. The revision of legal codes and courts on the highest modern models.

"6. The inaugurating of constitutional government with two houses of parliament, cabinet, etc.

"7. The nation rapidly taking its place among the leading nations of the world.

"8. Moderation and wisdom shown in revolutionary upheavals, etc.

"9. The establishment of social and religious liberty and equality throughout the Empire.

"10. The waging of two great wars with exceptional humanity and success.

"11. The founding and progress of the Church of Christ in the Empire.

"12. The example furnished by the native Church of organic unity, and a new comprehensive creed."

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## Bible Women in the Philippines

IN Jaro, Philippine Islands, the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society maintains a Bible Training School for women, under the care of an American woman, Miss A. V. Johnson. During vacation these women go out to work. They know their people as missionaries do not, and they enter doors that are barred to Americans. Speaking of the distribution of twenty-five such women over last vacation, Miss Johnson says: "These students were distributed through Negros and Panay, going out two by two, visiting homes, getting children together, talking to people at markets, and selling Christian books. Each couple has a time book and keeps records of homes visited, meetings held and books sold. Upward of three hundred villages were visited." Miss Johnson says that the joy of these young missionaries upon their return to school, the stories of their reception in different towns, how some did not want them at all when they first came, but were unwilling later on that they should return to school, was most touching, and full of human interest. Many said: "You do not need more education. Stay with us and help us, for we know so little of the outside world, of God, and of the Bible truths." American Baptists support a great number of these Bible women, some after they have left school. Their work in the Philippines is accomplishing much, according to many accounts.

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## Becoming Open Disciples

It is said there are about 50,000 people in the country around Ezroum, Trapezunt, Chaldia and NeoCaesaria (Asia Minor) who, though outwardly conforming to Mohammedanism, have for generations remained secret Christians. They are called "Stavriotes." They have gone to mosques, but use Christian prayers there, have had two names, one Christian and the other Moslem, and have administered secret baptism and used Christian marriage ceremonies. Their whole story recalls the Jews of Spain in the sixteenth century who accepted Catholicism, became priests and even bishops while secretly continuing their Mosaic worship. With the announcement of religious freedom these secret Christians are throwing off the mask and openly announcing themselves followers of Christ.

## Portugal and Missions

MISSIONARY societies have been deeply concerned over changes in Portugal, for various Protestant missionary societies are at work in Portuguese colonies. The American Board, representing Congregationalists of America, and the Foreign Board, representing American Methodists, have work and workers at Angola, Southwest Africa, Methodists are in Portuguese East Africa, and in the Madeira Islands, and British societies are at work in many Portuguese colonies. The Methodist Foreign Board has received word from Bishop Hartzell, of Africa, and of his interview with Dr. Afonso Costa, Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs, and Capt. Azevedo Gomes, Minister of Colonies and Marine in the new Portugal government. Dr. Costa assured the bishop, so he reports, that Portugal is not anti-religious but anti-Jesuit; that perfect religious liberty is to be given, and the help of Protestants of America was asked. The complete separation of Church and State is soon to be accomplished. Public schools will be modeled after American, while church schools, of which the Wesleyan Methodist College at Oporto is an example, will be allowed to continue religious instruction on condition that children be not forced to attend these schools, save as desired by parents. The same policy is to be followed in the Portuguese colonies. Bishop Hartzell reports both ministers much interested in American missionary industrial work, especially in Africa, where are millions of native Africans living under the flag of Portugal.

✱ ✱

## Indian Christian Women

"WITH the exception of the small Parsi community and of a very few reformed Hindu and Moslem sects," writes Miss de Selincourt in *East and the West*, "it is only among Indian Christians that women of culture and education are as yet to be found; consequently we have this significant fact, that almost without exception the women leaders in India to-day are Christian. Does the Government seek women fitted to fill important educational or medical posts? It must turn for them to the Indian Christian community. At a National Congress held not long ago in North India, the only woman speaker was a Christian; moreover, she was not merely the only woman; she was also, as it happened, the only Christian who took a prominent part in the Congress; all the other leaders were men and non-Christians. One of the strongest apologies for Christianity in India to-day is the small but magnificent band of Indian Christian women and the fact that it is the religion of Christ that has made possible lives such as that of the late Miss Lilavati Singh, vice-principal of the first women's college to be founded in India, and of her still more famous compatriot, Pandita Ramabai, who has gathered round her, near Poona, 1,500 widows, whom she has rescued from lives of misery and organized into a marvelously successful industrial colony."

✱ ✱

## Union on the Foreign Field

THE corporation of Jaffna College, Ceylon, have just voted to throw in their lot with the movement toward a union college for all Ceylon. Thus we see unity on the mission field going on apace. Four denominations have been merged into the United Church of South India. Eight denominations in Japan are working shoulder to shoulder with a common hymn book, a single volume of reports and the closest co-operation in all educational and evangelistic methods. The churches of Tientsin, China, are discussing their uniting in one organization to be known as the Chinese Christian Church.

AMERICAN BOARD NEWS BULLETIN.





## MAY DAY ON THE MESA

By Hope Daring

"Don't get lonely, little woman. You had better go with me."

Nellie Deering shook her head. "No, James, I will be better off at home to-day. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear. I will be home before dark."

James Deering kissed his wife, then walked down to where, at the gate of the grounds surrounding his home, his fine driving team was hitched. He sprang into the carriage, waved his hand to Nellie, and drove off, to make a business trip to the nearest town.

Mrs. Deering stood still on the veranda, watching her husband. She was a slender and fair woman of thirty. Her pale face wore a sad expression, and already a few silver threads were visible in her glistening hair. A quick sigh parted her lips.

"To-morrow is May Day, and our little May's birthday. How am I going to live through the day, here in sight of her grave?"

She sank into a chair, straining her eyes to see far out on the mesa. There, in the little new cemetery, she could distinguish a gleam of white. It was a stone that marked the grave where, three months before, the Deerings had buried their only child, a girl of six.

### COFFEE CONGESTION

Causes a Variety of Ails

A happy old lady in Wisconsin says: "During the time I was a coffee drinker I was subject to sick headaches, sometimes lasting 2 or 3 days, totally unfitting me for anything."

"To this affliction was added, some years ago, a trouble with my heart that was very painful, accompanied by a smothering sensation and faintness."

"Dyspepsia, also, came to make life harder to bear. I took all sorts of patent medicines but none of them helped me for any length of time."

"The doctors frequently told me that coffee was not good for me; but without coffee I felt as if I had no breakfast. I finally decided about 2 years ago to abandon the use of coffee entirely, and as I had read a great deal about Postum I concluded to try that for a breakfast beverage."

"I liked the taste of it and was particularly pleased to notice that it did not 'come up' as coffee used to. The bad spells with my heart grew less and less frequent, and my health ceased altogether, and I have not had an attack of sick headache for more than a year. My digestion is good, too, and I am thankful that I am once more a healthy woman. I know my wonderful restoration to health came from quitting coffee and using Postum." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is this. Coffee has a direct action on the liver with some people, and causes partial congestion of that organ preventing the natural outlet of the secretions. Then may follow biliousness, sallow skin, headaches, constipation and finally a change of the blood corpuscles and nervous prostration.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Deering Bee Ranch occupied one side of a cañon which opened upon the mesa or table-land, that adjoined their home. The house stood midway up the sloping wall, where a wide cliff jutted out. It overlooked the great plain below, a plain which extended even to the borders of the bare, mysterious, yet strangely-beautiful desert. Springs, back among the rocks gave James Deering an abundant water supply. He had installed a gasoline engine and a rude system of irrigation, and they had made possible fine flower and vegetable gardens, as well as a profusion of vines and shrubs. Young fruit trees were growing, and there was a fine field of alfalfa. The bee hives were scattered about over the cañon walls where the chaparral and the wild flowers provided the bees with honey.

The Deerings had lived there only a year. While Nellie had greatly missed her friends, she had been happy and well contented. With her husband she had seen the possibilities of the region. There was talk of an irrigation ditch to cross the mesa. For a time she could teach little May herself; the future would bring churches and schoolhouses. Then had come, suddenly, unexpectedly, the short illness and death of May.

Again a sigh parted the mother's lips. Oh, the loneliness of the days! The utter weariness of the coming years!

"If only there was something here into which I could throw myself, in which I could forget myself while doing for others!" she murmured. "James is all to me that a husband could be; I should have died without him. But I am sick for the friendships, the neighborliness of my old life, and I live—here!"

Once more she looked across the mesa, then a sea of lush green grass and wild flowers. There were three houses in sight, and there were no others within a distance of four miles.

"And in those three houses there is not a single person for whom I care. I have no neighbors or friends in all this land."

The nearest house was a snug little cottage. There lived a woman known throughout that region as Liz Brown. She was holding the claim while her husband was at work in the mines that were a few miles back in the mountains. Mrs. Brown was loud-voiced. She drank and swore with the miners who congregated at her home. She also washed and mended their clothes and cared for them when they were sick. From the first Nellie had shrank from her, with the feeling of the woman who, ever sheltered in a home of culture and refinement, can comprehend nothing of such a life as Liz had had from babyhood.

"And yet that woman was attracted by May. The child loved her, as she loved everybody," Nellie thought.

Not far from Mrs. Brown's home stood a long, low hut thatched with tules, the coarse reeds found growing in wet places. There dwelt a Mexican family. Señora Carro was dirty and indolent, and her babies were but half-clothed and never washed.

"If only they were children for whom I could care! And a new baby came to that crowded, squalid home a month ago—came there where a half dozen were before it, while my heart and arms are empty."

The third house was little more than a shed. It was inhabited by an old man named Kenyon. He had a small flock of sheep and spent his days with them, pasturing them on the mesa when the grass was good, and driving them far up on the mountains when the late summer drouth had burned the grass below to a dull brown.

After a time Nellie rose and entered the house. There was all her work to be

done, and she was a famous housekeeper. As she washed dishes, swept and dusted, and made ready for the late dinner to be served when her husband returned, she thought continually of the morrow, the anniversary of May's birth. The day had always been a joyous one in the little household.

Nellie Deering was a Christian. She knew that the going of her child into the beyond was God's will. She knew that her beloved was safe where no shadow would ever fall across her pathway. She tried to be resigned, but the loneliness of her life and the emptiness of her days appalled her. On May's last birthday, just before they left their old home, the little girl had greatly enjoyed hanging May baskets. She had been a loving, generous child, and to her, birthday giving had meant the gifts that she could bestow upon others, rather than the ones heaped upon herself.

"And now I can give her nothing. I will go up the cañon and gather wild flowers to take to her grave in the morning," Nellie said to herself, when her household tasks were done.

She took a large basket upon her arm. Descending to the cañon's entrance she followed the well-defined trail that wound along between the sloping, wooded sides. Wild flowers grew in abundance. There were poppies, larkspurs, the white gillias which the Mexican woman, who had helped them settle had taught May to call "evening snow," shooting stars, and lupines. These last covered great expanses of the wall, their blossoms shading from silvery white to indigo blue, and ever swaying in the slightest current of air.

"How little May had loved the blossom time of their new home!" Nellie exclaimed to herself as she wandered on, culling the fairest blooms for her basket. Gradually the sunshine and the soft caressing air, the blooming flowers and the singing birds, the wondrous ministry of the outdoor world and the sweet, sad memories of other days wrought their work of healing upon the woman's nature. Still she thought of her child and of that child's natal day, but it was with a newly-awakened desire to perpetuate May's memory by some helpful deed. Whom could she help?

The sunset's flush was flooding the westward hills with soft rosy light when James Deering reached home. Dinner was ready. No sooner were husband and wife seated opposite each other than he said:

"Nellie, dear, what has happened? You look so bright and interested."

She leaned forward, as if she would touch him. "O James! To-morrow is her birthday, her first birthday away from us. We must do something for others, because we cannot do it for her."

The strong man's lips quivered. May's death had wrung his very heart, yet, for love's sake, he had refused to voice his grief and thought only of his wife. "I am glad to hear you say that, Nellie. What can we do?"

She told him her plans, told them with tears and smiles. To all James Deering gave hearty assent.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. and Mrs. Deering started for the mesa. They drove, and with them they carried three May baskets. Those differed widely in size and contents. The first stop was before the home of Liz Brown. James held the horses, while his wife advanced, to knock upon the door. It opened at once, to disclose Liz's scowling face.

"I'm thinking you've made a mistake, Mrs. Deering. Didn't you know I lived here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brown. If you will let me come in, I will tell you why I came."

Liz retreated a step, and the other woman entered the clean, comfortable room. In one hand the caller held a tiny wicker basket filled with scarlet geranium blossoms from her own garden. She said:

"Mrs. Brown, had my little girl lived, she would have been six years old to-day. She never had a birthday here; we moved on the ranch in June of last year. It was little May's delight to hang May baskets, to give on her birthday, rather than to look for gifts from others. Her father's and my heart cry out for our darling to-day, and we want to give our neighbors, because we cannot give to her.

Will you take these flowers and this little kodak picture of May as her gift on her birthday to you?"

"But why—O Mrs. Deering! She was a dear, and I—I used to think she loved me."

"She did, and that is why I brought these things. Mrs. Brown, first my love and then my grief made me selfish. Perhaps I am so yet, but I want friends. Let us be real neighbors. I am sure we can help each other."

It was a half hour later when Nellie emerged from the house. Mrs. Brown walked out to the waiting carriage with her. There were the traces of tears on both faces. Liz held out her hand to James Deering.

"Do you care to take it? In spite of my roughness, Mr. Deering, I'm an honest woman, and your wife is going to help me lead a better life."

Next they drove to the Carroes. It was a huge market basket that Mr. Deering carried to the door, one too heavy for Nellie to lift. Then he retired, while his wife went forward to where the señora sat, dirty, her hair uncombed, yet with the look of a Madonna upon her face as she bent over the babe upon her knee.

"What is the matter, Señora Carro?" "It is sick, my little one. I love it, Señora. If only I could do for them as you did for the blessed angel that our Holy Mother took to her bosom!"

Again Nellie lingered for a long time. She told the Mexican woman how to bathe the baby and how to prepare its food. From the basket she brought dainty little garments which her own daughter had worn when a baby, as well as clothing for the other children.

"They were hers, and you give them to us?" the Señora asked hesitatingly.



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**AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY**  
150 Nassau Street New York



"Yes, because it is her birthday. She is in heaven; we cannot give gifts to her, but we can give them to your children, in her name."

When Nellie took her place at her husband's side she did not speak. For five minutes they rode in silence, the horse headed for the old shepherd's home. Then James Deering said:

"Well, dear?"

"O James! I've found a whole mission field. It's wide and untilled. They are dear children. Of course they need—well, many things besides washing. We will do for them and the poor mother, will we not?"

"Yes, Nellie, and I'll help the father on. Carro means well and is willing to work, but he doesn't know a thing about ranching and raising cattle. What he needs is a start, and I will give him that."

A little later they were at Kenyon's door. The day before James had learned of the shepherd's illness. When the old man saw the basket of food and heard why it was brought, tears stood in his eyes.

"And to think that you remembered me! Many's the time I've thought of you two since the little grave was made here on the mesa. Once I had a little girl, but the good Lord took her and her mother, too. I know, ma'am, what the past few months have been to you."

They made him comfortable and stayed for a time, to talk of the good times that the future was to bring to the mesa. Ere they started for home they drove to the cemetery, where they covered May's grave with flowers.

"I am sure she knows and is glad, James," Nellie said softly. "Better days are coming for you and me as well as for our neighbors. We have shared with them our most precious memory. Never again can we be indifferent to them and their needs. I have found friends and work to do."

#### Imperishable

BUILD thou a temple high,  
Its towers mounting to the sky,  
Its turrets flashing in the sun;  
And when 'tis done,  
There comes at last a fatal day  
When down it crumbles to decay.

Build thou a goodly name,  
All weft of a resplendent fame  
As one who served his fellow-man,  
And through his span  
Did well the Father's work away—  
'Twill last to the Eternal Day!

SELECTED.

#### His Way is Best

His way is best.  
How long I spent in learning  
'Twas only for my highest good He  
planned,  
And all the while His loving heart was  
yearning  
That He might lead me gently by the  
hand,  
And end unrest.

His way is best.  
I cease from needless scheming,  
And leave the ruling of my life to Him.  
All will be well, though now all wrong 'tis  
seeming,  
All will be clear that now to me is dim,  
So I am blest.

His way is best.  
I may not know the reason  
Of all the darkness I am passing thro';  
But this I know, that every testing season  
He makes a blessing if to Him I'm true,  
And so I rest.

His way is best.  
When I shall cross the river,  
And see my King, my Saviour, face to  
face,  
I'll praise His name forever and forever  
For all the way He led, for all the  
grace  
With which He blessed.

SELECTED

#### "Face Frontward, Please"

BY REV. NELSON BURDICK CHESTER

THE elevator was crowded. The words quoted above were the admonition of the operator to the latest occupant, and were intended for the protection of the passenger from injury by the opening and closing of the gate. To the writer they seemed worthy of a wider application. There could not be a better motto for the Christian, especially in the stirring times in which our lot is cast. It is so easy, and the temptation is so great, either to look backward to times that were in some ways more comfortable, or to settle down into the rut of present conditions, that most of us need the admonition.

"Face frontward" to embrace new opportunities. It is what great business houses are doing. They are not satisfied with a good thing while a better thing is possible. Good machinery is thrown out to make room for better. Good old

methods are cast aside because newer ones are found to produce better results. If we are to keep up with the procession, or even to keep in sight of it, we must "face frontward." If we try to walk backward we shall be outstripped by those who have their eyes on the goal.

"Face frontward" to meet difficulties. When an army turns its back on the foe the fight is lost. We have good authority for forward movements, but none for retreats. The blackest times of Israel's history were the rallying points for national and religious progress. Moses led what looked like a forlorn hope when he started from Egypt with a horde of timid slaves. But all they needed was a real leader. On the banks of the Red Sea, in obedience to Jehovah, he issues the command, "Go forward!" The sea that had lately been a barrier becomes a highway over which the people pass to freedom and progress. The time would fail to tell of Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah and the other great prophets of Old Testament times who achieved similar results by the same habit of facing the situation and defying the foe as David defied Goliath, "in the name of the God of the armies of Israel." In the New Testament, hear the great apostle to the Gentiles, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the goal." After a strenuous life in the service of Christ, he was in prison when he wrote those words, and expected martyrdom, which came later. Yet, in spite of all that he saw, or rather because of some things which others did not see, he continued to "face frontward."

But the noblest example of all, and that which means most to us, is the example of our Master. He was on His last journey to Jerusalem. He knew how it was to end. With eyes wide open, with clear apprehension of all that He was to suffer, "He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." Had He faltered then, had He turned aside to Galilee, where the people would have welcomed Him, where now would have been the Christian Church? It would never have been born. Let the Church imitate her Master, and "face frontward" into the very storm center of opposition, and there will be no question of her real and permanent success. We are not worthy of victory as long as we are afraid of defeat. We may lose a few pet opinions that were never true or were grossly exaggerated, or even some that are true, but not applicable to present-day conditions. Never mind if we do. We shall gain infinitely more than we lose. Nobody minds shedding old clothes to put on new ones. We live in a revolutionary period. Everything is unsettled. Politics, education and religion are all in a fluid state. Now comes a great test for humanity and human institutions. As long as we turn our faces to our problem, our task and our opportunity, we are safe. But if we look longingly and lovingly backward, we are lost. These are days of great gifts to philanthropy and religion. Much ingenuity is employed in searching out new ways of applying these gifts. There is an opportunity for some wealthy lover of truth and progress to defray the expense of inscribing over every pulpit and every Church door the double quotation, "Remember Lot's Wife." "Face Frontward, Please."

EXCHANGE.

#### An Alpine Custom

In some of the Alpine districts of Piedmont and Savoy, in which the entire population consists of shepherds dwelling in scattered habitations, a beautiful and reverent custom still prevails. As the shades of evening are closing in on the valley, and only the crests of the mountain ridges remain lighted by the last rays of the departing sun, the shepherd whose dwelling is situated highest on the mountainside takes his Alpine horn, and, using it as a speaking trumpet, cries to the valley below "Praise God, the Lord!" Each of the neighboring shepherds takes up the cry in turn as it reaches him, and thus for the space of about a quarter of an hour the quiet Alpine glen echoes from side to side with the solemn cry of "Praise the Lord," until the reiterated call dies away in the far distance.

#### Standing the Test

DURING the Revolution, when defections from the ranks were occurring on every side, it was necessary that the strictest discipline should be enforced. Consequently, if any one were even suspected of harboring disloyal feelings, it was likely to go hard with him.

One evening, during the hard winter at Valley Forge, a soldier was discovered creeping back to camp from a little grove in the vicinity. He was immediately called up before the commanding officer and sternly questioned. The only answer he could give was that he had gone into the woods to pray. He was asked, skeptically, if he were in the habit of spending hours in prayer, and answered, "Yes."

"Then, down on your knees and pray now! You never had such need before!" the officer thundered.

The poor man, expecting instant death, knelt and prayed fervently for strength in his great hour of need. The petition was eloquent and moving, such as could have emanated only from one who was in the habit of holding daily communion with God. When he had finished, the officer bade him go, declaring he was convinced of the truth of his story. "You could not have done so well at review," he said, "had you not been often at drill." The private had stood the test.

EXCHANGE.

#### The Way to Heaven

A poor child, straying into a Sunday-school one day, simply asked: "Is this the way to heaven?" The superintendent was for a moment startled. Was the school, indeed, the way to heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were his teachers intent on the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to class the question went round with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school. Oh, superintendents, teachers, make sure of this one thing: with all your efforts to impart knowledge make the salvation of the soul of paramount interest; whether your school be a model or struggling up to perfection, be sure that every scholar shall feel that it is "the way to heaven."

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

#### DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is not Suited

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food; the old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried all kinds of breakfast foods, but they were all soft, starchy messes, which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating."

"A friend persuaded me to quit coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice."

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have any headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way. Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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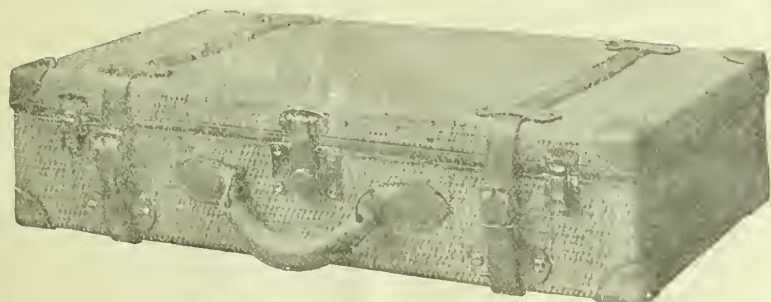
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# THE TREASURY

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#### DELAWARE, \$100.00.

Mr. Gilchrist, to constitute himself a Life Director, \$100.

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$16.00.

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#### NORTH CAROLINA, \$2.00.

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## American Tract Society

This Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the Immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publications of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 773,532,485 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$774,012.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is \$24,090, being equivalent to 16,157,000 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,526,794.70.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 171,657; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 50,694, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in sixty-nine years 16,926,533, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,122,657.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.



## Gratuitous Distribution

REV. S. SORESENSEN, a missionary among the Spanish-speaking people in Texas, writes to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society:

"I received to-day your two parcels of precious tracts in Spanish, free of all charges. I will send you report of distribution incidents in due time."

Henry Carlsen, a Christian worker in South Amboy, N. J., sends this acknowledgment of a grant:

"I thank you for myself and in behalf of the people who may be blessed by reading the tracts for the donation of those beautiful tracts which you sent me. I assure you that I shall distribute them according to my best judgment and the ability which God has given me, when opportunity presents itself."

The Pastor of the First German Baptist Church of Los Angeles, Cal., writes:

"Let me thank you for the literature you sent, which will be distributed among the inmates of the prisons, the hospitals, etc., in this city. God bless you in your work, and the persons who have enabled you to do it."



## An Answer to Prayer

One of the Christian workers in the Moody Church of Chicago, Ill., has written thus of a grant:

"It indeed came as a surprise, yet not as one either, when I tell you that I have been praying for it, for I knew the need. Oh, how wonderfully God answers prayer. I assure you it is deeply appreciated, and while you may never see the results of all your work, as I do not, some day we will have the joy of seeing many redeemed through a tract that we have given out, never having seen the person who received it. Only recently one of my dear girls was saved through just a hymn wafted across the street, beginning 'No one can help but Jesus.' That brought her over to the street meeting. Then she was handed a tract. After a day or two she came to me, my address being on the tract. Oh, truly, His Word shall not return void. May God bless you in your work, and supply the needs for it."

Mr. Neely, \$5; Messrs. Duff & Sons, \$5; Dr. Arthur, \$5; Mrs. McCormick, \$5; Mr. Scott, \$2; Mr. Wilson, \$2; Mr. Morrison, \$3; Mr. Morgan, \$2; Mrs. Black, \$3; Miss Forsythe, \$2.50; Mr. Cadman, \$1; Mr. Dravo, \$1; Mr. Brooks, \$1; Mr. Knox, \$1; Mr. Nichols, \$1; Mr. Armstrong, \$1; Cash, 25 cents; Big Run, Presb. Church, \$1; Mr. Edwards, \$10; Pittsburg, Tabernacle Presb. Church, \$10; Jeanette, Presb. Church, \$10; Sugar Grove Presb. Church, \$2; Pittsburg, Third Presb. Church, \$100; Edgewood Presb. Church, \$10.13; Coraopolis, First Presb. Church, \$7.17; McKees Rock, First Slavonic Presb. Church, \$5; Manor, Presb. Church, \$4; Erie, Central Presb. Church, \$20; New Wilmington, Nashanock Presb. Church, \$3; New Wilmington Nashanock Presb. Sunday-school, \$2; Buffalo, Upper Buffalo Presb. Church, \$5; Rev. Mr. Arters, \$2; Jamestown, Presb. Sunday-school, \$1; Miss Rutter, \$5; Mr. Borden, \$10; Mr. Bally, \$20; Franklin, First Presb. Church, \$35; Philadelphia, Arch St. Presb. Church, \$5; Mr. Albert, \$10; Miss Fraser, \$5; Altona, Second Presb. Church, \$10; Mrs. Ward, \$1; Pleasant Grove, Presb. Church, \$1; Monongahela City, First Presb. Church, \$5; Dr. Gottschall, \$25; Wilkinsburg, First Presb. Church, \$37.64; Philadelphia, Olney First Presb. Church, \$5; Johnsonberg, Presb. Church and Wilcox Presb. Church, \$2; Milesburg Presb. Church, \$2; Mr. Ballou, \$5; New Brighton, First Presb. Church, \$15; Christiana, Junior C. E. Society, Latta Memorial Presb. Church, \$1; Easton, First Presb. Church, \$15.50; Middlesex, Presb. Church, \$3.52; Stewartstown, Central Sabbath-school, \$5.40; Greencastle, Presb. Church, \$2.50; Philadelphia, St. Paul's Presb. Church, additional, \$1.59; Shade Gap, Presb. Church, \$1; Carlisle, First Presb. Church, \$20; Shippensburg, Presb. Church, \$4.53; Mr. Miller, \$2.

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Mr. Wells, \$10; Providence, Kings Daughters, First Presb. Church, \$10; Mr. Clafiu, \$10.

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Mr. Blencowe, 50 cents; Richmond, A member of All Saints Church, \$10.

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#### WYOMING, \$1.00.

Mr. Gates, \$1.

#### FOREIGN, \$2.00.

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#### LEGACIES, \$2,376.65.

Candia, N. H., Estate of Joseph C. Smith, \$2,376.65.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$665.23.

Income for Missionary Work, \$597.84.

Income Payable to Annuitants, \$67.39.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY.

For January, 1911.—Legacies, Pa. Clarion, Estate of M. E. Bittenbender, \$95.00; Pa. Philadelphia, Estate of Robert J. Wright, \$73.37; also Interest from Trust Funds for Missionary Work, \$30.00.

ERRATUM.—In the April number in the item of legacies, viz.: Estate of Susan A. R. Moses should have read \$1,000.



## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to "THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.



## Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.



A friend in Southold, N. J., has written these pleasant words to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER:

"Greeting to those 'at the helm' of this very helpful paper, which has been welcomed in our home for a goodly term of years—and many thanks for the unusually enjoyable Calendar, which came so promptly and in such perfect condition."



## In the South Land

REV. W. J. SMITH, a Tract Society colporteur, writes:

"Much and lasting good has been accomplished through the work of the American Tract Society in South Carolina, since I began this work, last June. I have traveled all over the States from the mountain to the sea.

"In many instances whites as well as negroes have been helped through the spread of the tidings of salvation. Many churches on the field are poorly constructed and very inadequate, especially in winter. This causes a poor attendance at the services on Sunday. The preachers are poorly paid and instead of looking after their flocks during mid-week, they are looking up some other means of livelihood, therefore the flocks are neglected. This is the reason why a truly devoted colporteur is so cordially welcomed among the people.

"The people hear the word of God around the fireside. In many instances they will take their last penny to buy a book. I have had cases where they have brought all their mites together and then could not raise more than half the price of the coveted book, and after going around among the neighbors trying to secure the balance, women have wept because they could not raise the needed sum. In each case of this kind the difference was donated as a grant so that they might receive the desired book."



## The Flower's Message

A SKEPTIC once said as he stood in the midst of a great field, "If I could find the proof of unity and harmony in nature I would believe there is a God." Just then his eye fell on a little flower called the Texas Star. He plucked it and began to examine it carefully. He found it all growing in fives—five green leaves, five little white ones, five pistils, five stamens, etc. Looking over the broad field he saw thousands of other flowers of the same kind, all growing in fives like the one he had examined. He felt that God had taken him at his word and had given him the proof right at hand of unity in nature. He pressed the little flower to his lips and said:

"Bloom on, little flower. You have a God and I have a God; and your God and Maker is my God and Maker. O Eternal Father, forgive the hardness of my heart and make me one of Thine own children."

CHRISTIAN UNION HERALD.



## The Human Touch

"WHEN did your reformation begin?" a gentleman asked a Christian man who had formerly been a great criminal.

"With my talk with the Earl!" (Shaftesbury, noted for his devotion to discharged criminals).

"What did the Earl say?"

"It was not so much anything he said, but he took my hand in his and said, 'Jack, you'll be a man yet.' It was the touch of his hand electrified by his soul of love."

A gentleman visiting a glass manufactory saw a man molding clay into the great pots which later were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the molding was done by hand, he said to the workman:

"Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?"

"There is no tool can do this kind of work," replied the artisan. "We have tried a number of tools, but somehow it needs the human touch."

SELECTED.

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## The Indispensable Christ

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand  
One moment without Thee;  
But, oh, the tenderness of Thy enfolding,  
And, oh, the faithfulness of Thy upholding,  
And, oh, the strength of thy right hand—  
That strength is enough for me!

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know  
All fullness dwells in Thee;  
And, hour by hour, that never-failing treasure  
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure  
My last and greatest need, and so  
Thy grace is enough for me!

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone;  
I do not ask to see  
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining  
Of future light on mysteries unwhiling;  
Thy promise-roll is all my own—  
Thy Word is enough for me!

There were strange soul-depths, restless,  
vast and broad,  
Unfathomed as the sea—  
And infinite craving for some infinite stilling;  
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling;  
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,  
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

GEORGE MACDONALD.



## The Home-Coming

BY B. HARVEY-JELLIE

FOR a long, sad year the aged woman moaned and wept, and refused to be comforted, because her only son had run away to sea.

Long and often we had knelt together in prayer on his behalf, and there was a touching pathos in the earnest, faltering words in which Mrs. Grayston told God of her love for her boy, and pleaded for his home-coming.

Never a week passed but she wrote to him. Sometimes she would let me see the letter, and I said to myself:

"If he reads this letter he *must* come home."

The long weeks passed and no answer ever came from over sea.

Toward the end of that sad year the anxiety told heavily upon her. The handwriting in the letters grew less and less distinct, and I felt that the failing hand must be another plea with the reckless youth to come back.

As the winter settled in over the town, and under the gray skies the cold wind brought in the salt rain from the open sea, Mrs. Grayston began to fail rapidly. She never paced the shore now, looking out to sea for the vessel that should bring her child home again. There were times when we felt that she was looking out over another sea, and was just waiting to hear the call to set sail for the Great Haven. But she would rally again, and always her first question was:

"Has he come?"

One morning when, under the growing weakness, she had fallen into unconsciousness, a letter came with a foreign stamp, and addressed in an irregular hand.

We guessed from whom it came; and it was placed upon the mantelshelf till the invalid should recover enough to read it. All that day, however, the chance of recovery grew more remote, and as the gloom of night fell over the land we were with her again. Still there was only the heavy breathing as of one in deep sleep.

The letter was still untouched, and the question came to us whether we should open it. It might have news of his home-coming, or it might require an answer; yet we scarcely felt we dare touch it. How eagerly those thin and helpless hands would have torn it open!

Toward midnight a change came over the dying woman, and we knew the end must be near. The letter must be opened now. We took it to the light of the lamp and broke the seal.

We could not see quite clearly as we read it, for, somehow, the sadness had dimmed our eyes; but the words were very distinct and few.

It ran thus:

DEAR MOTHER—I am almost afraid to come home, but I'm just tired and sick

of it all, and I want to be home again. I know you'll forgive me, mother, won't you? We're due on the eleventh. Your unhappy son, JACK."

It was now the tenth day of the month. "He will be home to-morrow," I said. "And I think," said my friend, "she will be home to-morrow, too."

We approached the bed, and the woman's eyes opened. She was looking anxiously around.

"Has he come?" she murmured.

"Not yet," I said, "but he's coming to-morrow. There is a letter from him."

She took the letter in her trembling hand, and looked at it for a moment.

"I cannot see; I cannot read it," she said in a tone of disappointment. "Is it really from my boy? What does he say? Tell me what he says."

We told her again, but her mind seemed wandering.

"Why doesn't he come?" she asked after a little while. "Hark! is that his knock at the door? Listen! Can't you hear it? Open the door. Please open the door!"

We went to the door and opened it, just to satisfy the poor woman, but we knew there was no one there. Only the cold night-wind swept into the little room, and the driving rain.

"Is he there?" she asked.

"Not yet, but he will come soon."

"If it is too late," she added slowly, and the tears stole from under the closed eyelids and fell down the wrinkled cheeks—

"If it is too late when he comes, tell him I forgave him, and I love him, and will meet him yonder; and will you—kiss—my boy—for me."

She lay silent for a moment, then started again:

"Hark! he is knocking now!"

Then a look of intense happiness overspread her face, and she tried to reach out her arm as if to grasp some one, and then she was still.

The knock had been for *her*, and she had answered it.

It was the following night that I waited on the quay for the returning sailor. I almost dreaded the meeting. When the vessel at last came in I saw Jack Grayston among the rest, and I followed him to the office and waited till he should "sign off." Then I came forward, and offering my hand, said:

"Well, Jack, how are you? I came to meet you, because I thought you might feel strange coming back after all this time."

"Thank you, sir," he said as we passed into the darkness. But he was not pleased that I had met him; and no sooner were we outside than he started to run, saying:

"I'll just run on home. Mother'll be waiting to see me."

"Jack!" I cried after him, "here! I want you, lad. I've something to tell you."

Evidently my voice impressed him, for he stopped at once and came back to me. As he approached, I looked him straight in the face, and, from the unsteady gaze, and the unnatural flush on his thin face, I could read the story of a year's sin and wild recklessness. But I felt a great yearning for the lad for his mother's sake.

"Jack," I said, taking him by the arm, "I'm going home with you. You mustn't go alone."

"Why? what for, sir?" he asked, with a perceptible note of fear in his voice.

"I have something to tell you, Jack, before we reach the door. Your mother has been fretting for you all the time you have been away."

"I know she has," he replied very quietly. "She told me so in her letters, and I'm not going away again."

"You got the letters, then?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And did you notice that the writing was growing less distinct? Your mother often showed me those letters, and we used to pray over them together, and I often said: 'He must come home after he reads this; but you never even answered, Jack, did you?'"

"No, sir," he replied.

"She used to say she feared she would never see you again, and she asked me to tell you—"

"You don't mean she's dead!" he broke in suddenly.

"Jack," I replied, "I came to meet you to tell you about it before you got home. Be brave, my lad. Come. Here we are."

We opened the door and passed in together. The poor lad went straight to his mother's room; and we did not prevent him, nor go in with him.

We prayed for him in silence, knowing the awful battle he would be fighting with sorrow and remorse.

The day after the funeral he came, at my request, to see me, and for a long time we sat deep in conversation.

"Yes," he said, after we had talked for a while, "I can see it all now. I loved my mother, but I loved the world more. I couldn't stand her praying; I hated religion, and I just gave myself to the devil. That's the plain truth, sir."

"Well, Jack," I put in, "you can't go back and undo it all, but you can start on new lines now, and do better in days to come."

"But I am afraid of the year I spent abroad," he said thoughtfully. "I can't get away from it. All the sin, and the voices, and the scenes are with me every day; and when I think of mother wanting me all the time I feel my heart will break."

"You must leave that sin with God," I answered. "You cannot undo it, and I don't suppose you will ever forget it: but God is willing to forgive it all for Jesus' sake."

"I can't think that, sir," he said, looking hard at me. "If you knew, sir, all I have done, you wouldn't think He could forgive me."

"Your mother forgave you all, Jack."

"Yes," he answered quickly, "but mother loved me."

"My lad," I replied, "God loves you even more. There is no love so strong and forgiving as the love of God."

"Then I would like to be sure that He has forgiven me," he said.

"Let us kneel together and ask Him, Jack."

We knelt down, and after a moment's silence, I said:

"Now, Jack, just ask Him to forgive you."

He hesitated, for he was not accustomed to pray, and then in stammering words, he said:

"Oh, God! I have sinned. I can't say all; but you know. I want to be forgiven. I'm awfully sorry for it all. Amen."

"Did you mean it, Jack?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "and a lot more."

"If we confess our sins," I said, quoting 1 John 1:9, "'He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Believe me, God has forgiven you."

A bright and joyous look came into his face as he said:

"I see it now, sir. I know he has forgiven me."

It was not long after this that I persuaded Jack Grayston to tell the news at our mission, how God had saved him through Jesus Christ. When, in a simple, manly way, he had finished his story and was leaving the hall, one of the old workers took him by the hand and said to him:

"My boy, your dear mother once said to me: 'I believe my Jack will turn out a good and great man. I have confidence in him.' Now, my lad, go forward in the strength of Jesus Christ, and do the right, and God bless you. But, Jack, there's one thing more," and the old man faltered for a moment, and his kindly eyes were full of tender love. "She bade me kiss you, lad, for her."

And drawing him near, the saintly old man kissed the forehead of the young servant of Christ, and Jack Grayston felt the love of all the past years come back to him in that kiss, and as he turned and went away in the darkness he said to himself:

"For the sake of the dear old mother who loved me, and for the sake of the Saviour who has saved me, by the help of God, I'll live a life that shall be an honor to His name, and a blessing to my fellow-men, till I meet her yonder."

THE BRITISH MESSENGER.



## Our Book Table

Publishers will confer a favor by sending us announcements of their new books. So far as space will allow, we will ask publishers to send us for review such books as in our judgment will be of interest and value to our readers. We do not promise to review books that are sent to us unsolicited.

Any book here mentioned will be sent upon receipt of the given price, if ordered from the "American Tract Society," 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

**The Mission Hymnal.**—This is the first hymn book of sacred songs ("Gospel Hymns") combined with standard church hymns that has been published for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church with its official sanction. The book has been compiled and is issued under the direction of a Commission appointed by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States held at Cincinnati in 1910.

The collection here presented is an admirable one. It comprises many of the favorite Gospel hymns, with a considerable number of familiar church hymns which have commended themselves by long usage and popular choice. (The Biglow and Main Co., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

**He Goeth Before You.**—By Russell H. Conwell.

This little book embodies a beautiful legend of Christ's tender ministering care. The author heard it in the Holy Land and has retold it with charming simplicity and directness. The title of the story and its setting are suggested by the passage in Matthew, "Behold, he goeth before you into Galilee." The possible incidents of Christ's swift night journey, His tender heed to the prayers of the distressed and suffering, and His preparation of opportunities of service for His following disciples are graphically related. The attractiveness of the story itself is enhanced by the marginal drawing which decorates each page. (F. M. Barton Co., Cleveland, O. Bound in art boards. 47 pp. Fifty cents, net.)

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### Making a Garden

ONE day a man saw workmen pushing wheelbarrows over a rough piece of ground.

"What are they doing?" he asked his friend.

"Making a garden," was the reply.

"But I thought a garden just grew!" exclaimed the man.

"There could not be a greater mistake," said his friend. "To make a garden means weeks of back-breaking toil."

Many of us have fallen into the same shallow and foolish blunder regarding the making of character. We thought the graces of Christ's gentlemanliness grew so easily. Now we know that they are achieved only by ceaseless vigilance and constant struggle. "No man becomes a saint in his sleep," said Carlyle. We must be fully armed and sharply alert. We must wrestle and fight and pray. Yet, thank God, the issue does not depend entirely on our varying courage and easily exhausted enthusiasm. In this strenuous and exhilarating adventure we are not lonely and isolated soldiers.

I think of one of the most beautiful stories I have ever read—the story of how Napoleon, when patrolling a camp one night, found a young sentry asleep at his post. Napoleon quietly took the musket out of his hand, and marched up and down himself until in the dawn the soldier awoke to find his general keeping watch in his place. So, when the battle of life is hot and the situation critical, and we are in peril of base surrender, Christ Himself will re-enforce our weakness, heal our despair, and vanquish the hostile forces that are too much for us.

EXCHANGE.

### Miles of Books

DURING 1910 four and four-tenths miles of shelving were filled with additions to the Congressional Library. There are now 1,793,158 books in the library, making it the third in size in the world. During the period 1905-1909 the additions to the British Museum are said to have been 149,464; the Bibliotheque Nationale 166,634 and the Library of Congress 425,825. Librarian Putnam argues that from these comparisons the congressional institution will surpass its two rivals within a few years. An event of the past year in the Library of Congress was the completion of an additional book stack containing thirty-four miles of shelving. It will accommodate nearly a million volumes, which at the present ratio of increase will provide only for the growth of a decade.

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### A Beautiful Legend

Two artists longed to use their art in such a way as would make their name a power in the world, and leave it the most effective and lasting picture they were capable of producing.

One of the artists was surrounded by many friends, who urged him to try one picture after another, but he could not satisfy them.

At last, an Angel visited the studio where the artists assembled, and told them he had brought a commission for them, and would return on a stated day to unveil the pictures.

The whole place became enthused as the angel gave the commission.

It was to paint a likeness of our Lord Jesus Christ. The artist who succeeded in this was to hand on his name and fame to the world for all time.

The highly lauded artist was at once surrounded by his friends, who cheered him, and praised him loudly, saying: "Now, you have your chance! Let the world see your gifts," and thus he went to work, singing and joyful. He prepared his canvas with due care, and sketched on in full confidence, as if well assured of the coveted prize.

The humbler artist heard and feared. He trembled to think of such an opportunity. He heard no one speak to him. Only the words of the Angel rang in his ears. He got back to his workroom, which was situated in a poor, lonely dwelling, and sat down to think.

A crowd of thoughts pressed on him, one after another. "Should he attempt so great a work?" Was he at all able to show in one face, the majesty, the self-sacrifice, the devotion, the infinite love of his Lord, crowned by his great humility? Could he recall the expression of any of these on any human face he had seen? No! he thought, he could not. In despair, he fell on his knees in prayer, beseeching the Holy Jesus Himself to enlighten him, and to show him how to present Him to the world.

He tried to sleep, so as to feel fresh to begin at daybreak, but the weight of the work was on him, and he found that all he could do was to pray for many hours to God about it.

Worn out, at last he slept; and waking, feeling refreshed and unusually strong, he went in search of materials for the great work.

At last he began, feeling that for every stroke of his brush he needed the aid of the Hand of God, and in this spirit he worked to the completion of the picture.

No visitors interrupted him, no other artist had any interest in his work, but a sufficiency of power was constantly forthcoming, and he rejoiced in his work.

Both artists finished their picture by the time appointed. The one with many friends was cheered to the echo as his picture was hung and veiled. The other toiled along, carrying his precious work. He reached the place to find a great crowd assembled, and the Angel waiting, as if for some one. When he saw the poor artist, he caused his picture to be covered, and hung up.

Seeing the excitement of the crowd

over the work of the popular artist, the Angel uncovered it first, when shouts of applause greeted the picture; but, to every one's astonishment, they could not help seeing that the would-be great artist had painted a striking likeness of himself. No remark was made by the Angel, but as the cheering began to die away, he uncovered the picture of the poor trembling artist; and the effect was great. In almost deathly silence one after another dropped on his knees, in an attitude of rapt devotion, and thus proclaimed the lasting fame of the man, who, along with the Angel, quietly withdrew.

Such a legend is intended to be a finger-post to every reader. Of which type of artist are you who read, and I who write? Are we jauntily painting a vision of ourselves in our daily words and deeds? Or are we of the number of those who humbly seek for daily and constant guidance, so as to let others take knowledge of us, that the life which we live in the flesh, we live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us?

May these words help the reader to make a noble thing of life, and so leave, it may be, an unknown name, but a blessed influence behind him, to nourish other lives, who again may produce the fruit of holy living, "till He come." Can any fame exceed this, since it cannot either end or fail?

THE BRITISH MESSENGER.

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### The Touch of Tenderness

BY DR. C. C. EVERETT

How little it is to give! It is, in appearance, only a little tenderness in the voice that the spirit that needs it recognizes, though it could hardly tell how it recognized it. It is simply that the soul shows herself for a moment at her window and the wayfarer looks, and by a sudden recognition sees her there, and knows that it is her care for him that brought her there. It is only a something, we hardly know what, in the grasp of the hand, an electric thrill that shows that it is no mere formality, but that it is a touch of life; that the hand is warm from the heart. This is all it is to give. But what is it to receive? It is often nothing less than a new life. Here is a poor suffering soul that feels itself cut off from the common and glad circle of humanity. The common joys and the common life seem not for it. It seems to itself like one shivering apart, while the merry groups of happier ones rejoice in the warm sunlight, and in the play of free and kindly intercourse.

Perhaps this lonely soul had felt itself forgotten even by God. Perhaps it saw no sign that He still remembered it. But by this greeting of hearty interest, by this touch of feeling, of compassion, of fellowship, it is as if God Himself spoke to it. It is as if He had sent one of His angels to speak to it good cheer; for if one of His children cares for it and loves it, it feels that the Father Himself cannot have forgotten it.

MESSENGER OF PEACE.

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### Think of This

SOME one asked a famous musician: "What is your favorite composition?" The answer was: "Whatever I am playing."

That is the feeling that will cause a musician to throw his whole soul into his playing and a workman to do his very best work.

We have to like our work, or we shall not do our level best at it.

It may be that our present task is disagreeable, but it is possible to take a deep pride in doing it thoroughly and in leaving no rough odds and ends to worry others.

To slight the music one is playing is a poor preparation for further music. If one makes up his mind that, whatever be the composition, he will handle the keys like a master, many things are possible to him.

Promotion nowadays comes to few men unless they like the present job well enough to do their work as masters.

ONWARD.

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Many foreign missionaries are asking for pictures and Sunday-school supplies for their work abroad. The things which have already served their original purpose in the home and in the Sunday-school and are usually thrown away, may be sent where there is need and do a larger work.

If you would like to have a share in this work, write to Rev. Samuel D. Price, 805 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill., stating your religious denomination. A leaflet descriptive of the plan will be mailed with the name of a missionary of your own denomination.

Send all pictures and printed matter by mail, in packages of not more than four pounds each, to the missionary, whose name is given you. You can forward as many packages as you please at one time. The rate for postage is two ounces for one cent. Send a letter at the same time to the missionary, who will acknowledge receipt of the package. The missionaries are especially eager to receive the large picture rolls and the small lesson picture cards. Of course you understand that all pictures, etc., should go direct to the missionary. A current periodical or magazine, after you are through with it, would be greatly enjoyed by any missionary.

Do not forward papers in English for the natives, except for the sake of the pictures, until you learn by special correspondence that English is read in that particular field.

Be sure to name your denomination, when sending in your name.

### A Fitting Reply

THE story is told of a young minister who was late in going home one evening from the church. He entered a crowded car, with his Bible under his arm, and at once there began some sneering remarks from some rough fellows. These remarks kept up, and when the young minister left the car, to the amusement of his companions, one youth said: "Say, mister, how far is it to heaven?" Many a Christian under the circumstances would have kept quiet or have resented the insult; but the minister, with a quiet dignity and with all gentleness, replied: "It is only a step; will you take it now?" This reply and the influence of the young minister keeping his temper under provoking circumstances were later the means of bringing that young man to Christ.

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### A Transforming Power

CHRIST's love transforms. It repeats itself in our lives. A chaplain on the battlefield came to a man who was wounded, lying on the ground. "Would you like me to read you something from this book—the Bible?" he asked the soldier. "I'm so thirsty," replied the man; "I would rather have a drink of water." Quickly as he could the chaplain brought the water. Then the soldier asked, "Could you put something under my head?" The chaplain took off his light overcoat, rolled it and put it gently under the soldier's head for a pillow. "Now," said the soldier, "if I had something over me! I am very cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do. He took off his own coat and spread it over the soldier. The wounded man looked up into his face, and said gratefully, "Thank you." Then he added feebly, "If there is anything in that book in your hand that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, please read it to me." Men are ready to hear us read the Book only when our lives interpret what the Book says.

EXCHANGE.

### Full of Biscuits

DEAN HOLE, in his "Memories," tells an amusing story of a church collection on a Sabbath when the congregation happened to be unexpectedly large. The rector, seeing that there was only one alms-dish, beckoned to a rustic, and bade him go through the garden into the rectory dining room and bring a dish from the table. "Take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other," he said, "and then bring it to me." The rustic came back with the dish, as ordered, and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle. Then, approaching the rector, whispered in his ear: "I've done as ye told me, sir. I've taken it down yon side the aisle and up t'other—thy'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits!

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### The Hardest Forgiveness

THERE is only one kind of person whom it is more difficult to forgive than the person who has wronged us; and that is the person whom we have wronged. It is hard enough to keep sweet and forgiving when we are right, and they are wrong, and we know it. But when we have been in the wrong, and have been sharply criticised or taken to task by some one who does this not at all in a Christian spirit, then to own up, and forgive, and forget, and bear no grudge whatsoever, calls for the miracle of Christ-power in us to as great degree as in any test that can ever come. It is a harder, higher form of forgiveness than that which even the saintly Stephen showed when he prayed for the forgiveness of his murderers. For Stephen was in the right, and they were in the wrong, and he knew it. To forgive when we have been wrong is to lay claim to the promise of the "new creation" which any man may have who is in Christ. It is to pass at once from the death of sin to the life of conquest and victory.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

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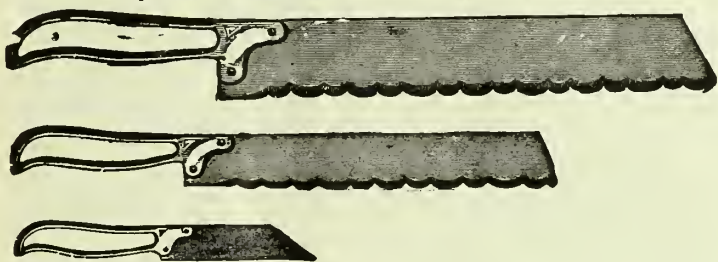
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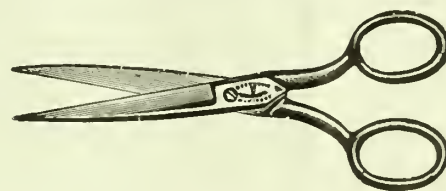
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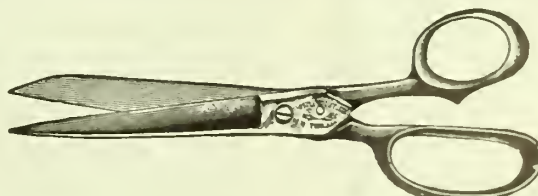


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Vol.  
69

No.  
6

# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

*American  
Tract Society*

JUNE, 1911

*150 Nassau St.  
New York*



GRADUATION DAY



## A Prayer

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THESE are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit serene,—  
 Strength for the daily task;  
 Courage to face the road;  
 Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's  
 load;  
 And for the hours of rest that come between,  
 An inward joy in all things heard and seen.  
 These are the sins I fain would have thee  
 take away,—  
 Malice and cold disdain;  
 Hot anger, sullen hate;  
 Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great;  
 And discontent that casts a shadow gray  
 On all the brightness of a common day.

SELECTED.



## What is Christ to Us?

WE are apt to think vaguely of what Christ does for us. We say that He is everything to us, that He meets all our needs. But there are certain definite relations and experiences in which He blesses us.

First of all, He is our Saviour. When we accept Him we become reconciled to God and are received into God's family. What is Christ to us after we have been admitted into the heavenly family? He calls Himself by many names, among others, our Friend. We know what a friend He became to Martha and Mary, how His friendship comforted them in their sorrow, how it enriched their lives. We know into what His friendship transformed Peter, the rude fisherman, making him a man of magnificent power, what it did for John, who became the disciple of love. The great lesson of our religion is unselfishness and service. Perhaps the picture of Jesus which is truest is the one which shows Him girded with a towel, holding the basin and washing His disciples' feet.

Ian Maclaren relates that once he heard a plain sermon in a little country church. It was a layman, a farmer, who preached, but Dr. Gordon said he never heard so impressive an ending to any sermon. After a fervent presentation of the gospel, the preacher said: "My friends, why is it that I go on preaching to you week by week? It is just this, because I can't eat my bread alone." That is the feeling of every true friend of Christ; he must have others share his joy. Says Amiel, "It is better to be lost than to be saved alone."

Whenever we learn to know Christ as our Friend, we find the most wonderful possibilities in His person and work. It is a great thing to have Christ as a Teacher, as a Guide, as a Burden-bearer, as an Example, but it is an immeasurably greater thing to have Christ as our Friend. A missionary teacher of Tokio tells of a Japanese woman who asked her if only beautiful girls were received into her school to be educated. "No," was the reply; "we take all the girls who come to us." "But," continued the woman, "all your girls seem to be very beautiful." "We teach them soul-culture," explained the teacher, "and this makes their faces lovely." "Well," said the woman, "I do not want my daughter to be a Christian, but I am going to send her to your school to get that look in her face." Could there be a better testimony to the influence of Christ on our lives?

Think of what Christ is to us in pain. His heart was wonderfully sensitive to suffering. Yet the world's griefs did not make Him bitter. He did not complain of God, saying that He was unkind to permit so much suffering. We shall never know in this world what we owe to the hard things of our lives. Christ transformed pain into blessing. He made it a school of good. He changed the crown of thorns into a crown of roses. He wants our pain to make us better. In Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy," is a chapter which the author calls, "How my mother got her soft face." She got it through suffering. Her boy was hurt. News had come that he was near death, far away at school, and the mother set out to go to him. Her ticket was bought, she had bidden the other children good-by at the station. Then the father came out of the telegraph office and said huskily, "He's gone," and they all went home again up the little brae. The mother never recovered from the shock. She was another woman ever after. Barrie says,

"That is how my mother got her soft face and her pathetic ways and her large charity, and why other mothers run to her when they have lost a child." There are many other mothers who have got soft faces in the same way.

Again, what is Christ to us in the way of guidance? We read the stories of the Bible which tell us how God led certain people in ancient days, how He showed Moses the way, how He led Joseph through all the strange experiences of his career, how He cared for David and Elijah. Have we anything in our lives like this? Are we led by a divine hand as these ancient men were? Yes, undoubtedly. We may not be conscious of it, but neither were they. No doubt Joseph thought he had met with a great calamity when he had been sold into Egypt. He did not imagine that God was leading him that day. Yet God was never more actually in his life than then. When some great trouble came to you, some bitter disappointment, some keen sorrow, you did not say, "This is God." But it was God, nevertheless—and some day you will understand.

If we are living faithfully and following God implicitly, He is in all our life. There is no chance in it. If some bitter disappointment came into your life, if you were just on the edge of what seemed to you to be a great joy, and suddenly it was snatched away from you, you were almost in despair. You thought a dreadful thing had happened, and that you never could find joy again. "Why did Christ fail me so?" you asked. He did not fail you. The thing you thought such a blessing, such a secret of happiness, if Christ had but let it come to you, would have been instead a calamity. Nothing Christ has ever done for you was a greater good to you than this which seems now to you an irremediable disaster.

Once more, what is Christ to us in our hope for the future? To what do we look forward beyond what we call death? Christ is a glorious Friend now. Our life has been blessed and enriched by our relation to Him. But the best is yet before us. To what will death bring us? A Christian woman was speaking of a saintly man who was for many years the superintendent of a large Sunday-school. He was a man of most gentle spirit. He loved the children with a love that made them most dear to him. When he lay in his coffin, the members of his Sunday-school passed by to look at his face in their last farewell, and every child laid a flower on his breast, until he was literally buried beneath the sweet blossoms. Speaking of his death, the woman said, "He must have passed right into the bosom of Jesus, he was so true, so holy, so Christlike." That is what death means to one who has followed Christ faithfully. He is with Christ in heaven. When the news went out that Phillips Brooks was dead, the mother in one home where he was most dear, told her little daughter that her good friend was gone. She had dreaded to break the news to her, lest her distress might be overpowering, but the child only exclaimed, "O mother, how glad the angels must be to have him in heaven!"

It is sweet to think that when we go away from the dear love of earth, we shall be with Christ, lying on His bosom, welcomed by angels and by waiting saints.

THE WESTMINSTER TEACHER.



## The Lost Image

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN says: "I have been told that at the foot of the cliff over against the Castle Merrión, away down eighty feet below the surface of the Adriatic, there is a little bit of a crevice that has been cut in the cliff, and down in that cleft there are some of the most priceless pearls that are known. They belong to an archduchess. They had not been worn for a long time, and experts decided that the only thing that could bring back their brilliancy was to give them this continued bath in the sea. And these experts say that those pearls which had gone 'sick' are coming back to their old brilliancy." This is a fine illustration of the power of Jesus to heal and to save and to bring back the lost beauty of the image of God to the soul of man.

## The Matter of a Day

THAT little word "grace" is like a small window that opens out on to a great landscape, for it gathers up into one encyclopedic expression the whole infinite variety of beneficence and bestowments which come showering down upon us. That one gift is, as the apostle puts it in one of his eloquent epithets, "the manifold grace of God," which word in the original is even more rich and picturesque, because it means the "many-variegated grace," like some rich piece of embroidery glowing with all manner of dyes and gold. So the one gift comes to us manifold, rich in its adaptation to, and its exquisite fitness for, the needs of the moment.

The rabbis had a tradition that the manna in the wilderness tasted to every man just what each man needed or wished most. You might go into some imperial city on a day of rejoicing, and find a fountain in the market place pouring out, according to the wish of the people, various costly wines and refreshing

drinks. God's gift comes to us with like variety, the "matter of a day in its day." He never gives us the wrong medicine. What ever variety of circumstances we stand in, there, in that one infinitely simple and yet infinitely complex gift, is what we specially want at the moment. Am I struggling? He extends a hand to steady me. Am I fighting? He is my sword and shield, "my buckler, my high tower." Am I anxious? He comes into my heart, and brings with Him a great peace, and all waves cease to toss, and smooth themselves into a level plain. Am I glad? He comes to heighten the gladness by some touch of holier joy. Am I perplexed in mind? If I look to Him, "His coming shall be as the morning," and illumination will be granted. Am I treading a lonely path? There is One by my side who will neither change nor fail nor die. Whatever any man needs, at the moment that he needs it, that one great Gift shall supply the "matter of a day in its day."

ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

## "The Leading Fire Insurance Company of America"

## STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

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On the 31st day of December, 1910

Cash Capital, . . . . .	\$5,000,000.00
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire), . . . . .	7,164,135.74
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland), . . . . .	260,082.83
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire), . . . . .	572,407.37
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland), . . . . .	67,394.00
Other Claims, . . . . .	590,509.41
Net Surplus, . . . . .	7,369,016.12
Total Assets, . . . . .	\$21,023,545.47
Surplus for Policy-Holders . . . . .	\$12,369,016.12

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# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

Vol. 69 No. 6

JUNE, 1911

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Terms: 50 cents per annum  
Single copy, 5 cents

## Far-reaching Service for Christ and Humanity

By Rev. Judson Swift, D.D.

**E**IGHTY-SIX years are faithful witnesses of the far-reaching service the American Tract Society has rendered by means of the printed page in diffusing a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of Sinners.

In the field of Christian effort the past year has been an eventful one. The World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh was one of the most efficient and fruitful gatherings of missionaries and Christian workers in the history of the Christian Church. As a result of this Conference, co-operation and the promotion of Christian unity have undoubtedly made greater progress than during all preceding years. The appointment of a Continuation Committee, consisting of some of the most representative, competent and widely known men, assures the enlargement and perpetuity of the work begun. The American Tract Society was represented in the Conference through its Official Delegate.

The greatest gathering of active leaders of the Chinese Church ever held met in Hankow in last December. The Conference helped forward the cause of Christian unity in China. The attendance at the evangelistic meetings each night was estimated at 10,000, of whom 2,000 were students. It is believed that the Chinese Christians will yet make large contributions in the exemplification of the Gospel.

The Centenary celebration of the founding of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in Boston during last October. Delegates were chosen from all the States of the Union, and the leading denominational Missionary Societies both in Great Britain and America were represented by their Secretaries or other officers.

The second Conference on Missions to Moslems was held in Lucknow in January of this year. Over three hundred workers were in attendance, representing fifty-four organizations and societies. The educational and inspirational effect of the Conference on those who attended is said to have been very great, indeed. Rev. Dr. Zwemer, the Chairman, stated: "As our eyes sweep the horizons of all these lands dominated or imperiled by this great rival faith, it seems to stand out as typical of one of the factors in the great problem."

It is further stated that in some countries Islam is making more rapid progress than Christianity,

and it was recommended that special work be taken up for the production of literature for use in the proposed forward movement to meet the advance of Islam.

The American Tract Society is not only in sympathy with but is closely allied to all these lines of service. Some may think it useless repetition to mention again that the doors of all lands are more widely open than ever before, and the fields white all ready to harvest. It is nevertheless true that missions are under the limelight as never before, and the reports of investigators, including statesmen like Mr. Roosevelt, Ambassador Brice and Sir Robert Hart, also Dr. Francis E. Clark, Mr. John R. Mott and Rev. Dr. Zwemer, show that missions are among the worthiest and mightiest movements of modern times, and the opportunities for world evangelization are unprecedented.

### Many New Publications

In the Publishing Department there has been progress. It should be remembered that the American Tract Society occupies a unique field in the family of publishers. As stated in its Constitution, its purpose is the circulation of religious tracts (which includes volumes and periodicals) calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians. It is, therefore, not a publishing house, as that phrase is usually understood. The ever-present question is: "Will the publication in some way be a power in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ? Will it establish and strengthen Christian character? Will it comfort and cheer the desolate and sorrowing?" Consequently the Society cannot compete in the market with the average publishing house. Much of its work is necessarily done with mission funds.

The new publications for the year number 48 titles, of which 41 are in English and 7 in foreign languages. The total number of foreign publications for the year reaches 201,866 copies, and the total of English publications, 226,998, making the total number of copies issued for the year of volumes 137,764, and of tracts, 291,100; and the total of both volumes and tracts, 428,864 copies.

The Society issued periodicals during the year as follows: American Messenger, 270,500 copies; Amerikanischer Botschafter, 173,000; Apples of Gold, 796,000; Manzanitas de Oro (Spanish), 795,000; making the total of periodicals for the year 2,034,500 copies.



A TRACT SOCIETY COLPORTER

During the eighty-six years of its history the Society has issued in foreign languages 4,043,523 volumes and 58,351,460 tracts, making a total of 62,394,983 foreign publications; in English it has published 30,163,391 volumes and 397,802,807 tracts, making a total of 427,966,198 English publications. The total number of volumes issued in both English and foreign languages is 34,206,914 and of tracts, 456,154,267, making a total of 490,361,181. The grand total of all publications in all languages issued from the Home Office, including 285,634,668 periodicals, is 775,995,849 copies.

### Seventy Years of Colportage

There is a consensus of opinion among missionaries and Christian workers that special effort should be made to carry the Gospel Message to all classes in the home land. There is a keener realization than ever before that singly or together the methods in use are not equal to the situation. The masses are not listening to pulpit preaching. The mission stations and Sunday-schools are reaching many, but considerable numbers are untouched.

Secular education both in the public schools and state institutions is accomplishing practically nothing in the line of evangelical teaching and positive moral training. We are consequently almost daily astounded by the number of men and women who break under moral tests. The Golden Rule is flung aside. We are face to face with the problem of carrying Christian truth to the people wherever they may be found, both at their homes and at their places of toil. The colporteur with the printed message furnishes the solution. Whenever all the churches, which means all the individual Christians, both men and women, in the whole land unite in an effort to tell the story of Christ's love to all who are not Christians, and make the heart-to-heart appeal, we shall have a really Christian nation.

It is now seventy years since the American Tract Society entered upon the work of colportage. The fruitage of this service will never be realized until the books are opened in the presence of the



A VILLAGE ON A CANAL NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT





DISTRIBUTING TRACTS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE KWANNON TEMPLE, TOKYO, JAPAN

King Himself. Many millions of volumes and tracts and periodicals have been circulated, and religious meetings held and prayers offered in the homes or families. The total volumes distributed by sale and grant during the year reaches 77,581, the number of meetings held, 7,078, and the number of family visits, 233,710. This is an increase over last year in the circulation of volumes of 26,902, an increase in meetings held of 1,223, and in family visits of 62,053. The total of volumes distributed by colporters for the seventy years is 17,004,116, and the total number of family visits for the same period is 17,356,367.

#### The Tide of Immigration

One of the largest opportunities for gratuitous distribution is among the immigrants at Ellis Island. The total number of immigrants for the calendar year ending December 31, 1910, is 1,041,570.

Christian literature is being distributed to the immigrants through the Society's colporters in thirty-two languages. The far-reaching results of this work cannot be recorded. The literature received has often been the means of changing a whole neighborhood or of transforming a colony into a Christian community. The total circulation of tracts and periodicals among the immigrants at Ellis Island has been 225,981, and at the Boston Docks 31,501, making the total 257,482 copies.

#### Free Distribution

The free distribution of the American Tract Society's publications is one of the most interesting and effective lines of Christian and evangelical service connected with the Society's work. However excellent the Society's publications, they would be of little avail unless generously and widely distributed. The issuing and circulation of Christian literature in the many languages and dialects constitutes one of the most eloquent and influential pulpits of the land. Not thousands but millions receive the Gospel Message in this way who otherwise would never know of it. In all sections of the country there are thousands who are anxious to tell others the wondrous story of redeeming love. Those living in out-of-the-way places, in school districts where no religious service is held, the lumbermen, the miners and mountain dwellers, also those living in the densely populated districts of our great cities, are sought out by some consecrated disciple of our Lord, and Christian truth placed in their hands. Many letters of appreciation and thanks are received.

From Youngstown, Ohio, a free distributor writes: "Your Gospel tracts in foreign languages have been received, and are doing much good. We work among saloons and out-of-the-way places, and many are both helped and saved."

Scores of similar letters have been received.

A number of libraries have been granted, to the value of \$4,700, going to Sunday-schools, Mission Schools and struggling churches. The most of these have had little or no reading matter of any kind. Letters of appreciation have been received, such as the following from St. Louis, Mo.: "We thank you most cordially in behalf of the Memorial Sunday-school for the grant of books. They will be of great service to us, and we know they will do great good."

Another typical acknowledgment comes from Warren, Ark.: "Our School has to-day received the splendid set of books sent us free of charge. We are greatly pleased with them, and send you herewith a copy of the resolution passed by the students."

"We, the students of Walters Institute, fully appreciate the generous gift of large and well-selected books of the American Tract Society. We are grateful to all who in any way helped in furnishing them."

#### Bibles for the Cadets

Reference should be made to the annual presentation of Bibles to the Graduating Class of the Military Academy at West Point. The services this year had the added interest of being held for the first time in the magnificent new Chapel erected by the Government at a cost of \$350,000. The address was made by Rev. Dr. George U. Wenner, a member of the Society's Publishing Committee, and the presentation made by the Society's General Secretary. This service has come to be one of the marked and interesting features in connection with each Graduating Class.

The total gratuitous distribution for the year is to the value of \$21,300.81, the equivalent of 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of the Society's gratuitous distribution for eighty-six years is to the value of \$2,548,095.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

#### The Orient

At the World Missionary Conference the first commission was under the title, "*Carrying the Gospel to All the Non-Christian World*," and the first statement, "*It is possible to-day to a degree far greater than at any time in the past to give the Gospel to all the non-Christian world.*" The nineteenth century opened with a great quickening in missionary enterprises. We have entered upon the twentieth century in the midst of a great variety of social problems, and the danger is that both thought and energy will be too largely expended in this direction. The educational and humanitarian side of individual and national life, if not too greatly emphasized, is nevertheless given prominence at the expense of both moral and spiritual needs. It is not necessary to make a distinction between the foreign and home lands. The world belongs to Christ, and must be won to Him. Every Christian can do no other than earnestly to pray that the Christ be speedily enthroned both as Saviour and King over our entire humanity.

#### The Cry of the Far East

The mission stations throughout the Orient are earnestly pleading for a greatly increased supply of Christian literature. Bishop Bashford, Methodist Episcopal Bishop for China, speaking before the World Missionary Conference, said: "Three opportunities have come to China for her evangelization, and all three failed for the want of a sufficient supply of Christian literature." The missionaries throughout the Orient state that their work needs a greatly increased supply of suitable literature, and that if it were provided in sufficient quantities, their work would go forward with much greater power and more rapid progress. Some have said: "We cannot open a new station without the literature." Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, a veteran Missionary in Northern China, while here on his last furlough, said: "If we had the literature we need in our field, the service of the missionaries would be multiplied tenfold." Rev. H. S. Kimura, now Pastor of the Kakuyo Christ Church, Kyoto, Japan, said that he was converted by a tract

(Continued on page 117)



CHAMBERS' HALL, NELLORE MISSION, INDIA



# The Season of Graduations

By REV. HENRY LEWIS, PH.D.

**T** HIS is the time of year at which from all the schools, colleges and universities of our land boys and girls and young men and young women are going forth as graduates. In recognition of this fact the publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER have issued this number with a special illustrated cover of unusual attractiveness, the design for which was prepared by an eminent artist, Miss Emelene Abbey Dunn of New York.

There are few who realize the vast number of students enrolled in the educational institutions of our country. A reliable authority gives the number of pupils in the common schools as 17,061,962, with an average of over twelve millions in daily attendance. In the high schools and academies, there are over a million scholars. The colleges and universities have an enrollment of 183,344 students. In the professional schools there are 65,783, and in the normal schools 82,288 students. If we add together the enrollment of all the educational institutions in the United States, we find that the total number of scholars is about twenty million.

Out of this vast army of students a considerable number are graduating at this season of the year, and their graduation is an event of interest not only to themselves and their fellow-students, but to a very large circle of relatives, friends, and neighbors.

The successful completion of a course of study is in itself a cause for congratulation. The path of learning is not either literally or figuratively a bed of roses, and to have successfully triumphed over every obstacle and to have reached the goal aimed at from the outset is an achievement well worthy of praise.

Graduation is an event of importance in many young lives, because for them at least it concludes their formal education. There are some few whose privilege it is to follow lifelong courses of study, but for the great majority of pupils graduation from school, high school or college, marks the end of routine study, and brings them face to face with the duties and responsibilities of an entirely different sphere of life.

In many lives, graduation day is a pivotal point. The period of preparation is ended, and entrance upon some definite career is the immediate sequence of the graduating exercises. When we have this thought in mind, the appropriateness of the term, "Commencement Day" is seen; yet there is room for both expressions, and we should not lose sight of the true significance of graduation as well as of the splendid vista of possibilities suggested by the word, Commencement.

Graduation day emphasizes the importance of education. It should not be forgotten that no education is complete which is not suffused with the principles of Christianity. This is not a plea for sectarian instruction, but simply the recognition of the fact that the heart as well as the brain should be cared for in the process of education. In other words, all teaching should be religious in this sense that there should be recognition of the principles of Christianity and a conformity with the moral instructions of the Great Teacher, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We cannot over-estimate the importance of true education. The educational system of to-day is in large part the fruitage of a Christian civilization, and the fact is now being recognized all over the world as never before that the strength and prosperity of the great Protestant nations of to-day are due to the emphasis which has been laid by them upon education.

Doubtless among those who will read these words are many who are graduating this year from school or college. You are surely to be congratulated, if you are among the number of those who are enrolled as graduates. Never was there a better time at which to leave the halls of learning and enter upon some active and useful career than now. The world wants educated boys and girls, it needs trained young men and young women to take up the burdens and problems that face the present generation, and to grasp the magnificent possibilities

for service and achievement that lie before us in this twentieth century. The call for educated men and women in every walk of life was never more insistent than it is now, and the opportunity for securing an education was never so good as it is at the present day. Our country is justly proud of the educational facilities offered both to the humblest child and to the most advanced student. Nowhere is there a more complete educational system than that existing in our own land.

At the time of graduation, our minds instinctively turn to the past. We recall the studies that we have mastered and the experiences through which we have passed. We treasure the friendships which we have formed, and we rejoice in the attainment of an important milestone in our career. But while we prize everything of value that we can garner out of the years that are past, let us look forward toward the future with eager and expectant gaze, and let us strive to realize in the immediate present the high ideals that are the best fruit of every graduation season.

## A Prayer

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

*Lord, take my life and make of it  
A temple for Thy presence fit.*

*Lord, on its altar let Thy love  
A burning flame forever prove.*

*Lord, fill it when Thy Spirit stirs  
With holy thoughts for worshippers.*

*And in this temple steadfastly,  
Lord, let my soul commune with Thee.*

## Making a Partner of Jesus

BY JOHN T. FARIS

SOME years ago a writer of religious fiction told the story of a man named Pam Chick, who was long a drunkard. He was in business, but his business suffered. At last he was converted. Then there was a change in his personal appearance and in the appearance of his store. New stock was added; the building was painted. Finally a new sign was put up which read, "Pam Chick and Partner."

Of course there was much curiosity as to the identity of the partner. To all inquiries the reformed man only smiled. At first people thought that any one would be foolish to enter into such a partnership, but as time passed and the business prospered, they were not so sure. Then they were all the more eager to know who the partner could be. He must be a far-sighted man, they thought, to enter into business relations with Pam Chick. How did he know there would be such a marvelous change in the man? What was the secret of the change?

The curiosity was not satisfied until after the death of Pam Chick. Then it came out that the Partner was the Lord Jesus Christ. To make real the thought that he had entered into partnership with the Lord when he became a Christian, Pam Chick had painted the sign, and had made the effort to tell everything about the business and, indeed, about all his life to his Partner, precisely as he would have done with an ordinary partner, if he had had him.

When the story was told, neighbors and friends were able to see the secret of the transformed life of the former drunkard. His Partner was responsible!

Last year there died in New York City an earnest Christian business man, who was found to have ordered his life according to the plans of the reformed man in the story that has been mentioned.

This business man kept an account on his ledger known as the "M. P." account. No one knew what the letters stood for, until the secret could be kept no longer. Then sorrowing acquaintances learned that "M. P." meant "My Partner." On that account were entered the amounts of the gifts—and there were many of them—made to the Lord's work. For the Lord was the business man's partner. To Him the man went in every time of doubt and difficulty, and to Him was apportioned a generous share in the profits of the prosperous business.

In one of his books Dr. Hastings has told of Peter Rosegger's description of a Styrian farmer, who was known to his neighbors by the nickname of "The Pair." He was always engaged in conversation with some unseen friend. If he came to a part of the road where there was a rough path and a smooth, he took the rough path and left the other for his unseen companion. In his own house, at every meal, he always reserved the seat of honor at his right hand for this unseen friend, and before this vacant chair there was placed the best that his home could provide. And so he lived a most peaceful and cheerful life. At last he came to lie down on what proved to be the bed of his last sickness; and while lying there he had a vacant chair placed by him, and kept his right hand out, holding the hand of his unseen friend, and maintained with him low-toned converse. Men asked him who was there, and he said, "Don't you know? He is there," and they came to understand that he believed that Jesus Christ was there. And so he died; and on the day of his funeral, the grave was opened near a large marble figure of the Good Shepherd. It was a lovely day; the sun was shining brightly upon the marble figure, and a white shaft of light shot from the marble figure into the heart of the grave, and this Styrian farmer, who had lived his life of faith in the unseen, but very real, Son of God, was laid in that grave with the white light of heaven illuminating his darkness, a fitting termination to a life so pure and trustful.

Those two men—the cultured business man and the ignorant farmer—had learned each in his own way the lesson taught by Nicholas Herman, a French monk of the seventeenth century, a cook in a monastery, who was remarkable for the simplicity of his faith in God. As his biographer said of him: "His one single aim was to bring about a conscious personal union between himself and God, and he took the shortest cut he could find to accomplish it." The result of his prayerful efforts Nicholas Herman himself indicated when he wrote to a friend:

"The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clutter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were on my knees at the blessed sacrament."

After years of effort to live such a life, the monk wrote: "I cannot imagine how religious persons can live satisfied without the practice of the presence of God. If I dare to use such an expression, I should choose to call this state the bosom of God, for the inexpressible sweetness which I taste there."

Neither the business man nor the peasant nor the monk in his kitchen had a monopoly of intimacy with God. They merely availed themselves of privileges offered them by the Lord Jesus Christ.

The same privileges are offered to every one. Jesus longs to have all His disciples claim an intimate place with Him. He responded to John's advances, as John sought to lean on His bosom; he responded to Mary's advances, when Mary knelt at His feet. And He will respond to the advances made by others who seek to dwell with Him in the closest union.

Then why should not all seek to "practise the presence of God," and to make real the thought that Jesus is indeed their Partner?

✱ ✱ ✱

## The Most Popular Book

The Bible is the best seller of all the books printed in the world. Ten million copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have been sold, yet how meager seem these figures compared with the 340,000,000 copies of the Scriptures which have been sold since the beginning of the nineteenth century. No book in the world compares with the Bible in popularity. The King James version has been translated in whole or in part into 520 languages and dialects. In the year 1910 the American Bible Society put into circulation nearly two and a quarter million copies of the Scriptures.



# THE INDICATOR

By Rev. Francis Edward Marsten, D.D.



IN the jungles of darkest Africa there is a little gray bird with a reddish beak. It is not much bigger than an English sparrow. It belongs to the zygodactyl family of picarian birds allied to the barbets and woodpeckers. The alertness and wideawake habits of the bird are hinted at in its pet names known to natives and hunters. The Indicator or Honey-guide it is called. And the reason is not far to seek. The little bird is excessively fond of honey. But the nests of the bees are hidden and carefully guarded by piercing and often fatal stings. How shall the coveted honey be obtained?

It is a fine scout, this indicator or honey-bird. Its eyes are sharp and wide open. When it discovers a nest where the bees are storing their honey, it imitates in one particular the American robin, of whom it is said:

"Robins want no cherry pie,  
Quick they eat and away they fly."

The honey-bird does not attempt to eat when it first discovers the place where honey is hidden. O, no! But away it flies in search of a human being. When a man is found, his attention is attracted by the peculiar antics of the bird, who lures him to the bee-tree. Once there the indicator seems to know full well what the result will be, and is confident that its eager taste will be fully satisfied. The natives used to tell about this, but at first the white man would not believe the story. The bird seemed to have confidence that when man found the nest he would leave the bird its share. The savages of the jungle had this superstition that if they treated the bird badly, it would be revenged upon them and lure them to injury or to death. Instead of leading them to a store of honey, the offended bird would guide them to a nest of deadly serpents. For generations the white man looked upon all this as simply a legend of the forest. Such intelligence was thought too rare for a bird to possess.

## A Thrilling Experience

Years ago the members of an expedition into the African jungle were attacked in the night, and all were made prisoners by the marauding Arabs. A young white man wholly unacquainted with the country escaped from his captors. In the forest he faced death all alone in a thousand dreadful forms. Food was scarce. What could an unarmed man hope to do in the forest, to obtain subsistence? Starvation soon had him in its grip.

More dead than alive he was lying on the ground one day, half asleep. A bird alighted near by. To his benumbed brain came the vague consciousness that the bird was apparently making signs to him. The little creature would rise in the air, flutter over his head, fly away a short distance, and then return and repeat the same thing. The bird was so persistent in its efforts that the man at last was convinced that it had some object in all these attentions. Weak as he was, the man arose, and with his waning strength followed the bird. His feathered guide flew joyfully about his head, then made for the low lying boughs of a neighboring tree, and waited for its companion to come up. This done, it flew on again and again but always in the same direction. The weakness of the man allowed only slow progress, yet he followed his feathered guide as best he could through brush and tangle. He repeatedly asked himself the reason for this strange course, but neither his own mind nor the forest around him gave any answer. His last remnant of strength seemed about to desert him.

At last the bird flew to a tree and remained in the same position for some time. Then flying around the trunk of the tree, it beat the bark with its wings. Now the man looking closer saw a bee fly out of a crevice, then another, followed by a small swarm. Going to the tree, on tapping the surface he found it gave out a hollow sound. The meaning of his journey and the intentions of his guide flashed on him. Tearing off the bark, where

decay had weakened it, the lost traveler discovered a great store of honey, which he secured after a strenuous battle with the bees. This honey saved the wanderer's life, and gave him nourishment until a few days later he was rescued by a party of friendly natives.

Some white men to whom the rescued traveler told his story considered the incident a special Providence, in order to spare his life. But the natives and other African travelers told of the habits of the strange bird, whose taste for honey leads it to seek a human ally in getting at the treasures so well protected from its weakness.

## The Christian as an Indicator

In its intelligence in discovering a way to get its share of honey and in its persistence and perseverance in doing for man a valuable service it has well been called the Honey-guide. In serving others it serves itself. It affords also a vivid illustration of how the Christian may be an Indicator, or honey-guide to the hidden treasures of divine love and grace.

He who has discovered and tasted of the grace of God in forgiveness and redemption should be eager to attract and bring others to the treasures hidden in the Word and revealed by the mind of the Spirit. To be an Indicator of the way to eternal life is beyond all other earthly occupations. To guide another soul to the honey of forgiveness of sin and union with the living Vine is to find for one's self deep spiritual blessing.

Men need to be guided to the honey of God's love and grace. They need also to be taught that they may know the fulness of the Gospel. There are three guides of the Kingdom that are pointed out by God Himself.

## The Preacher as Guide

The first Guide is the Preacher. The apostle Paul declares: "The heart of man believeth unto righteousness." But it is "from the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Men cannot call on Him in whom they have not believed, and they cannot believe in Him of whom they have not heard. Then Paul cries out: "How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" Without a preacher, that is, without a guide, how shall men *know*, how shall they be guided aright and pointed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world? The preacher must be the man of personal experience who has tasted and seen that the Lord is good. In this class is found every true Christian who has found the stored honey of redeeming goodness.

## The Inspired Book

Next to the preacher in the ascending scale of values is the Guide of the inspired Book. The preacher is good, but the Book is still better. "Thou hast exalted thy word above all thy name," writes the Psalmist. The isolated soul beyond the sound of the living voice may be led and won by the Word. A great part of the preacher's task, as guide and teacher of men in this age, may be in putting the wise and holy teachings of the Book into the form of tracts and printed volumes. In the Bible God Himself is the preacher.

## The Indwelling Spirit

In the preacher as teacher and guide, and in the Book, as Indicator of the Truth of God, dwells the Holy Spirit. It is not by words or heroic deeds, but by the Holy Spirit of God that the battle of love and goodness, and the victory of the Redeemer over humanity are to be won. The Christian in this age of world-wide Gospel evangelization must preach salvation, "holding forth the Word of Life."

Lastly, there must be a supreme humility, self-abnegation and dependence upon the Holy Spirit, as teacher, preacher, guide, and Indicator of the treasure temple of God. It stands within the kingdom of God where is mutual helpfulness and reflexive joy. For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

## The Wealth of Being Trusted

BY I. MENCH CHAMBERS

THERE was a plain, quiet Man who came out of Nazareth and who attracted all sorts of people to Himself. The poor, the friendless, the sick, the weary and the sinning, all sought Him and, unbending their need, asked His help. What was the loadstone of His nature? He was friendless and poor. He had no great reputation. He was alone. He was despised by the potentates of His day, who later cruelly crucified Him upon a cross on a hill called Calvary.

Yet while He lived, many passed by others who were great on the avenues of life, and tarried with Jesus, bringing to Him the plea of their souls. They discovered that He had compassion, and that He humbly and graciously helped them. A nobleman from Capernaum once sought Him in behalf of a son seriously ill. The rich and the poor knocked at the door of His heart. He rejected the cry of none.

Need was the key which unlocked the hidden treasures of His nature. There was a divine quality hidden deep within His soul. This, as it shone forth, awakened confidence. Men trusted Him. Oh, the wealth there is in being trusted! The abiding confidence of only a few souls is richer than gold.

There are lives in every community to which the tired and tried bring their plea. They have confidence before such to open the deep need of their heart. Such as know the art of responding tenderly and lovingly belong to the guild of Jesus, and bear the marks of the divine nature. No greater honor can find you than the confidence which your fellows impose in you when bearing their heavy cross.

A man in trouble once came a long distance to an old-time friend to pour out his distress. He said, "I knew you could and would help me, so I have come." It was a poor man to whom he came, but one of that class who, though poor, are ever enriching others. One who can by compassionate feeling and a quietly expressed sense of brotherhood invite the confidence of others may always be a blessing. He who has time only to serve himself or his kin or class is sure to become poor, for his wealth is computed in the things of time. He misses the gold of unselfish service.

If you would have the wealth of being trusted, you must live in daily communion with Christ. You cannot live and touch life with compassion unless you abide in Him. When the world sees that we are living with our Christ they will yet find us and give us the wealth of their trust.

Live worthy of the confidence of those around you. Make it easy for those in need to trust in you. Do not live with the gate of your heart closed. Never wilfully disappoint a single soul who reposes confidence in you; you may be occupied or tired or in a hurry when they come. God may be testing your discipleship by their presence at such times. Always be true, no matter what the personal cost. Take time to wisely dispense your love. Think what Jesus would do. Do that. Do it in His way and spirit, and even for His sake. After a while you will count your treasures. They will consist in the coin that is kept in heaven. Thus the Master will have delight in your service and those about you shall share the help of His entrusted blessings.

He who better's living  
Serves life's end;  
He who smooths the footpath  
Is a friend;  
He whose heart is gentle  
In its touch,  
Where God's weary suffer,  
Serveth much!

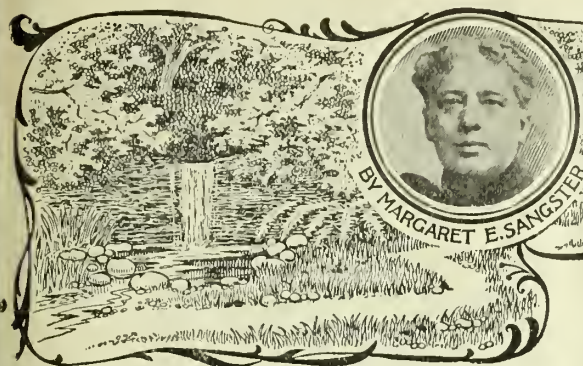


## Give Christ the Best.

Christ wants the best. He in far-off ages  
Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat.  
And still He asks His own with gentle pleading  
To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at His feet;  
He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love;  
He only asks that of our store we give to Him  
The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember  
How once our Lord poured out His soul for us,  
And in the prime of His mysterious manhood  
Gave up His precious life upon the cross;  
The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,  
Through bitter grief and tears gave us  
The best He had.





## The Children of the Bible

**W**E have a beautiful custom of devoting one Sabbath of June to the children and we call that Sabbath Children's Day. The churches overflow with the bright eager crowds of joyous young people, the Sunday-school classes sit with their teachers, the banners stand here and there, and the flowers on pulpit and platform are not lovelier than the faces gazing at the preacher. The sermon is for the children and so are the songs; the grown people renew their youth as they listen reverently and it is a red letter day in the memories of all, anticipated with pleasure as June returns, so that both before and after it takes a high place in the calendar.

In thinking of Children's Day this year, I have tried to recall not only what the Bible says to children, but what it tells us about them here and there in biography. Scripture texts come to us, of course, as we think of the children. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is a pleasant word of the Apostle Paul to Timothy, who as a child had known the Scriptures, taught him by his mother Lois and his grandmother Eunice. What a suggestive picture there is in this familiar reminiscence of Paul the aged to his younger friend, and how one sees the Christian mother and grandmother both thoughtful and devout as they guide the steps of the little lad whom they love and impart to him instruction in the best of books.

### The Young Girl

I do not find frequent mention in the Bible of a little girl, although young girls are spoken of in one connection or another. Miriam must have been a fearless little girl when she watched the cradle in the reeds, and saw the daughter of Pharaoh lift tenderly out of it her little brother. She it was who brought her mother to nurse the child whom the Egyptian princess adopted. In those ancient days childhood was kept much in the background and the little girl especially stayed close by her mother and was not in any way brought forward into notice. As she grew up and set her hand even slightly on some thread that had to do with the world's work, the Bible records include her name, and such women as Miriam, Deborah and Huldah are life-like figures on the page of Scripture. So, too, the names of the group of women in the Book of Genesis mean as much to us as the names of women in later periods of secular history. Not to speak of Eve, the mother of the race, there is a galaxy of others twinkling in brilliant light in the early panorama, women who are mentioned as daughters, sisters, brides, and mothers, women who had their share in the molding of men and the making of empires. The little maid who sent her master Naaman to the prophet Elijah to be cured of his leprosy was probably a young girl, old enough to be of use as she waited upon her mistress. The niece of Mordecai, who became Queen Esther and saved her people from destruction, was a beautiful girl who had just passed the boundary line of childhood.

### Called of God

We find, as we think over the children of the Bible, a mother's darling, passionately hoped for and earnestly prayed for, who was given by her when he was little more than a baby into the care of a venerable priest. Samuel was brought up within the precincts of the temple, and while yet he was a mere child the Lord called him and unfolded to him the vision of his future life. How many times in our childhood have we been thrilled

by that wonderful story of the child Samuel lying in bed and hearing the voice of God. In our older days how often we have realized that thousands and thousands of children throughout the ages have been called and have heard the divine voice and have begun in earliest youth to fulfil the mission God had for them, to do His will, and from youth to age to be filled with His spirit and to dwell in His presence. Samuel lived indeed to become a great prophet, occupying the front of the stage and anointing kings. To me he is less interesting in the fulness of his grand official dignity than in the days when his mother made him a little coat and came to see him once a year. What a supreme surrender she made when she so entirely left the training of the child she had prayed for, in the hands of Eli, the priest. Her justification was that she, too, heard a divine voice and obeyed it.

### The Shepherd Boy of Judea

David must have been a mere boy when he kept his father's sheep and was not daunted by the lion and the bear, those savage beasts who came to attack the flock. He was not much more than a boy when he said to the doubting King Saul, "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear," and assured the king that he was not afraid of the mighty Philistine. In Bible history David's career stands out conspicuously, and he is noted for versatility, bravery and faith. He sinned and repented and was forgiven, and it was of David's line that the Saviour of the world was born. As in the case of the boy Joseph generations earlier, the elder brothers in the family were jealous of the younger and could not understand why they were set aside in favor of one so much their junior. Solomon, too, interests us as a child because it was in boyhood that he made the great choice. He chose wisdom as the gift of gifts and in its train came everything else that was desirable.

There is the little King Josiah who began to reign when he was eight years old and who reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem. There is no stain on Josiah's record. His was the white flower of a blameless life from beginning to end, and he was a great reformer. His grandfather Manassah, who came to the throne when he was twelve years old, sinned against God in many flagrant ways, but repented and made such amends as he could in the latter part of his life.

### The Children of the Captivity

We transfer the scene from Judea to Babylon, and among the children of the captivity we find four youths of princely mien and great distinction. Daniel, who served his God so fearlessly, and ceased not to pray with his face to the East and the windows open when his enemies were seeking occasion against him, and Daniel's three friends who refused to bow to the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar are to my apprehension as real as if I had met them yesterday. Many a time it has been the comfort of God's saints to remember Daniel in the den of lions, and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego walking unhurt in the fiery furnace. What a triumph there is for us in that thought of the angel who shut the mouths of the lions, and of that fourth form walking amid the flames who was like the Son of God. True, these men were not children when these strange things happened, but it was the purity and royalty of their childhood that prepared them to be so valiant and enduring in the hour of trial and danger.

### The Child Jesus

In deep adoration we kneel in the doorway of the stable where Mary holds her little Son in her arms. The shepherds have been there and the great men from the Far East. The Star still shines above that lowly door, and the songs of the angels linger in our ears. This Child long waited for is born in obscurity, but His name is to be repeated by myriad tongues and His fame is to endure throughout all

generations. Of the Childhood of Jesus we are told but little. We know only that His was a spotless life and that while He grew up in a home as other children did, while He doubtless played with other children and was taught as other children were, He never did wrong and was incapable of evil. He was Mary's Child, and she must often have pondered in her heart, perhaps with anxious foreboding, the strange destiny of her first born Son. He was the Son of God. When He was twelve years old, the age at which a Jewish boy took upon him the earliest privileges of manhood and might sit beside his father in the temple worship, we have our first glimpse of Him as He listens to the rabbis and asks them questions. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" is the answer He gives to His mother when she gently chides Him for lingering behind, instead of returning with her to Nazareth. Then He disappears from view and a veil is thrown over the years of his youth until we see Him again coming to be baptized by John in the River Jordan. Bishop Heber, in his perfect hymn, beginning "By cool Siloam's shady rill," has these lines:

"O Thou Whose Infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned  
Were all alike divine,  
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still Thine own."

I once heard a minister say to one who was uncertain whether or not she loved the Saviour, "Ask yourself this: 'If you could go to Bethlehem and see the little Child in the arms of Mary, would you turn away from Him?' If you would love that little child, if you could give Him your heart, you need not be afraid that you would not love the one who went about doing good and who died on the Cross to save you and rose again from the dead."

Faber's inimitable hymn comes to our minds as we think of our Lord and of all His goodness.

"O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord!  
Forgive me if I say  
For very love Thy Sacred Name  
A thousand times a day.

"For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honor and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

"Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned, and burned away."

### The Children in Our Home

We often hear the present age characterized as an age of doubt. It is spoken of as material, an age given over to commercial enterprise and scientific inventions. Probably every age in the Christian era has had its shadow side of doubt. If we would have our children freed from its benumbing influence, we must early train them in the love of Christ and in familiarity with the Bible. Not one part of the Bible nor another, but the Bible itself as a whole, from cover to cover, from Genesis to Revelation, should be to our children as their daily bread. It is well that they have in June their Children's Day in church. It will be better still when every Lord's Day becomes in very truth a Children's Day. The dear little heads should be seen in the pew, and the girls and boys with their fathers and mothers should be in the habit of attendance on divine service.

It is to be regretted that so many of our children spend a great deal of time on arithmetic and algebra and English literature, while they are permitted to grow up with little definite knowledge of the most wonderful library in the world, the library bound up in our English Bible. Instruction here should not be incidental. It should be definite and positive.



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## Editorial

### Eighty-sixth Annual Meeting of the American Tract Society

THE Eighty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Ameri-  
can Tract Society was held in the Marble Collegiate  
Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street,  
New York City, on Wednesday afternoon and even-  
ing, May 10, 1911.

Mr. William Phillips Hall, President of the So-  
ciety, occupied the chair. The meeting was opened  
with the singing of the hymn, "The Morning Light  
is Breaking." Devotional exercises were conducted  
by Rev. Hubert C. Herring, D.D., who read a selec-  
tion of Scripture from the Epistle to the Romans,  
and offered the opening prayer.

The Minutes of the last Annual Meeting of the  
Society were read by the Recording Secretary, Rev.  
Henry Lewis, and approved.

A general review of the operations of the Society  
during the past year was given in the reports ren-  
dered by the President, Mr. William Phillips Hall,  
the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Louis Tag, and the  
General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D.D.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Sey-  
mour M. Ballard, and adopted by a unanimous  
vote:

RESOLVED, That the Annual Report of the So-  
ciety, an abstract of which has been presented in  
the reports of its officers, be approved, and pub-  
lished under the direction of the Executive Com-  
mittee.

On behalf of the Committee appointed to present  
nominations for officers of the Society, Dr. James  
A. Bennett, its Chairman, presented a report recom-  
mending

"That the Board of Managers be the same as  
last year, except that in place of H. Edwards Row-  
land and William N. Crane, deceased, the follow-  
ing be elected: Mr. Henry Cole Smith and Rev.  
Frank M. Goodchild, D.D., and that Rev. George  
P. Eckman, D.D., be elected to fill the one remain-  
ing vacancy on the Board."

It was moved, seconded and carried that the re-  
port of the Nominating Committee be received.

Motion was made that the Recording Secretary  
be authorized to cast one ballot for the election of  
the Board of Managers in accordance with the  
recommendation made by the Nominating Com-  
mittee.

This motion was seconded and carried by a  
unanimous vote. Thereupon the Recording Secre-  
tary cast one ballot as authorized, and the President  
declared the Board of Managers elected in con-  
formity with the above recommendation.

At this point in the proceedings the President  
and Board of Managers retired to an adjoining  
room, whereupon brief remarks upon the Society's  
work were made by Mr. Michael Jaeger, Colporter  
at Ellis Island, and by Mr. Simon Trebitsch, Col-  
porter in Greater New York.

Upon the return of the President and Board of  
Managers, Mr. Hall resumed the chair, and an-  
nouncement was made by the Recording Secretary  
that the Board had elected the following officers of  
the Society for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT: Mr. William Phillips Hall.

VICE-PRESIDENT: Rev. Robert S. MacArthur,  
D.D., LL.D.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS: The same as last  
year, except that in place of Rt. Rev. O. W. Whit-  
aker, D.D., Rev. W. H. Rice, D.D., and Rev.  
Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., deceased, the following  
were elected: Rev. Samuel H. Woodrow, D.D.,  
Rev. George C. Peck, D.D., and Rev. J. H. Jowett,  
D.D.

It was also announced that the Board of Man-  
agers had elected the following members of the  
Executive Committee:

On the FINANCE COMMITTEE, for three years,  
from May, 1911, to May, 1914, Mr. Fleming H.  
Revell and Mr. Edward L. Suffern; also on the  
Finance Committee for two years, from May, 1911,  
to May, 1913, Mr. Seymour M. Ballard.

On the PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, for three years,  
from May, 1911, to May, 1914, Rev. George U.  
Wenner, D.D., and Rev. Herbert Shipman.

On the DISTRIBUTING COMMITTEE for three years,  
from May, 1911, to May, 1914, Mr. James Rea.

The following resolution was offered by Rev.  
George U. Wenner, D.D., and adopted by a unani-  
mous vote:

RESOLVED, That the President appoint a Nomi-  
nating Committee of three to present nominations  
for officers of the Society at the next Annual  
Meeting.

Rev. Thomas W. Anderson, D.D., presented the  
following resolution, which was adopted by a unani-  
mous vote:

RESOLVED, That this Eighty-sixth Anniversary  
of the American Tract Society be further cele-  
brated by a sermon to be preached by Rev. Malcolm  
J. McLeod in the Collegiate Church of St. Nich-  
olas, Fifth Avenue, corner of Forty-eighth Street,  
New York City, on Sunday evening, May 21, 1911,  
at eight o'clock.

The afternoon session was concluded with a  
prayer by Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., after which  
an intermission was taken until eight o'clock.

At the evening session, which began at eight  
o'clock, devotional exercises were conducted by  
Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., Pastor of the  
Marble Collegiate Church and Chairman of the  
Society's Publishing Committee, who read a Scrip-  
ture selection from the eighth chapter of the Book  
of Nehemiah. Prayer was offered by President  
William Phillips Hall.

Able and inspiring addresses were delivered as  
follows: Rev. Willard L. Beard, District Secretary  
of the American Board, spoke on "The Influence  
of Literature in the Re-making of China." Rev.  
Robert Walker, Superintendent of the Italian work  
of the New York City Baptist Mission Society, of  
New York, spoke on "Our Foreign Population,  
God's Challenge to America." Mr. Joseph E. Mc-  
Afee, Associate Secretary of the Presbyterian  
Board of Home Missions, spoke on "The Field for  
the Tract."

A closing prayer was offered by Rev. Judson  
Swift, D.D., General Secretary of the Society.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Report of the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Louis  
Tag, was as follows:

## ASSISTANT TREASURER'S REPORT

Cash Receipts and Disbursements for the Year  
ending March 31, 1911

### Receipts

To Balance, April 1, 1910.....	\$7,023.68
Donations .....	35,479.07
Legacies .....	36,066.41
Income from Invested Funds.....	2,578.39
Sales of Publications (including Colporters' Sales \$19,845.39)....	76,230.72
Advertising .....	1,865.14

Ordinary Receipts ..... \$159,243.41

New Trust Funds Received:

List Annuity Fund.. \$1,000.00

Peter I. Neefus Evan-  
gelistic Fund ..... 10,000.00

11,000.00

Building:

Rent Receipts for the year (in-  
cluding \$3,250 for space oc-  
cupied by the Society).....

147,466.72

\$317,710.13

### Disbursements

By Services and Expenses of Field Secretaries and Home Field....	\$7,380.20
Annuities and Expenses for Lega- cies and Trust Funds.....	7,376.60
Cash Appropriations to Foreign Mission Stations .....	5,275.00
Preparing Publications in Foreign Languages .....	6,192.68
Colportage Services and Expenses.	27,866.90
Publishing Department: Purchases, Rent and Expenses.....	43,926.51
Sales and Circulating Department: Purchases, Rent and Expenses..	29,351.31
Administration and General Office Expenses .....	11,953.31
Emeritus Secretary .....	2,499.96

Ordinary Disbursements .. \$141,827.47

Special Disbursements:

Trust Funds Invested \$17,953.38

Loans Redeemed .... \$,068.00

26,021.38

Building:

Operating Expenses

and Repairs ..... \$57,967.01

Interest and Taxes.. 79,857.64

Expenses not charge-  
able to current year

(Water arrears and  
Engineer's claim).. \$,490.25

146,314.90

Cash on hand and in bank

March 31, 1911.....

3,546.33

\$317,710.13

LOUIS TAG, Assistant Treasurer.

Audited and found correct.

PERCY A. YALDEN, }  
H. M. WOLFE, } Auditors.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

JUNE 4

## Lessons From Great Lives Samuel

1 Sam. 12:1-6; 13:25

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., May 29. A mother's influence. 1 Sam. 1:19-28.  
T., May 30. Youthful piety. 1 Sam. 3:1-11.  
W., May 31. A preacher. 1 Sam. 7:1-6.  
Th., June 1. The self-sacrificing servant. 1 Sam. 8:22;  
12:19-25.  
F., June 2. Reprover of kings. 1 Sam. 15:10-22.  
S., June 3. Willing to withdraw. 1 Sam. 15:34, 35.

Samuel stands second only to Moses in Hebrew history as a truly great man. He was a child of prayer. He was reared in the church, as every boy and girl should be. In fact, all children and young people should be associated as closely as possible with the Sunday-school, the Young People's Society, and the general services of the church.

This topic is especially timely. The second Sunday in June is observed in many churches as Children's Day. It would seem well if in all our services this week we should unite in prayer for the rising generation and confer as to the best means of enlisting the young for God.

### Called in Early Life

As we study the life and character of Samuel let us not forget that children are often called of God very early in life. As Samuel was called, so are there voices that come to childhood to-day. God calls children through parents and teachers; by conscience; by His Spirit, and by His Word. Probably more children than we think are converted very early in life. We have no right to put any limit as to how early the act of regeneration may take place. But of those who do give early and unmistakable evidence of a change of heart, we fear that far too many are kept waiting for full church privileges. There is not the least doubt that a very little child may have a childlike love for God, and a childlike confidence in such a Saviour as Jesus. Why should not conversions be as real, radical and positive at five years of age as at fifty? Whatever God does is well done, and He can give His grace when He will.

We should bear in mind also that a child-Christian eight or ten years old will not be the same in every respect as an adult Christian. An apple tree eight years old is not so large and does not bear so many apples, either, as one that is thirty years old. But a little apple tree is an apple tree all the same, and a little Christian is a Christian all the same, and we ought to recognize the fact. Every wise worker knows that becoming a Christian is only making a beginning. The new birth is a birth, and the creature born is feeble. Children are babes in Christ.

### Warm Sheepfolds

Once more, let us not forget that children should early be given a name and place in God's church. "Get the lambs folded early and then keep the fold warm," was a wise shepherd's advice. There could be no wiser admonition for us. Get the children, the lambs of Christ's flock, folded early, and then keep the fold warm. We make a plea for warm sheepfolds. The church cannot take too good care of its child-converts. The most loving and tender Christian nurture is their due.

Scientific men tell us that if the chrysalis of a butterfly be placed in an ice-house, its development into the perfect insect may be retarded for months; but place it in a hot house and it flutters forth a thing of beauty in a few days. Alas that so many young disciples get into spiritual ice-houses!

More and more is this proving itself to be an age of Christian nurture for the young. And this is not only wise but right; for not only are the children of to-day the men and women of to-morrow, the hope of the church of to-morrow, but they are the lambs of Christ's flock, the objects of His love, and committed to our care with the special command: "Feed my lambs." Only when we value them as Christ does will we esteem the children as we ought. Any degree less is too low.

JUNE 11

## Why I Love Christ

1 Pet. 1:3-25

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., June 5. Because he loves me. 1 John 4:18, 19.  
T., June 6. He saved me. Rom. 5:8-11.  
W., June 7. He inspires me. Gal. 2:20; Rom. 8:10.  
Th., June 8. He keeps me. Jude 24, 25.  
F., June 9. He guides me. John 10:4, 27-40.  
S., June 10. He cleanses me. 1 John 1:7-10.

We love Christ because He loves us, saves us, inspires us, pardons us, keeps us, cleanses us, and guides us.

### The Unseen Friend

"Whom having not seen ye love." The Christian life springs out of a personal faith in and love for the unseen Christ. The apostle who wrote this sentence described a state of mind and heart existing among the scattered Christians throughout Asia Minor. Although he had himself seen the Saviour of whom he spoke, he affirmed indirectly that sight of Jesus was not necessary either to faith or love.

The nature of this love is, as we have said, a personal attachment to our unseen Lord. It is not the acceptance of Christianity as a system. It is not enough that we are members of His church. The real question is, How do we stand related to Christ? Do we love Him? Is He dear to us? Does He become Saviour, Brother, Friend? We ought to be able to say, "We love Him because He first loved us." We ought to be able to join with Paul, who exclaimed, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

"But," says some one, "can we love an unseen Christ?" There are some who think such love impossible. They say it is unreasonable to expect to love a person we have never seen. But this is a mistake. Even among friends such love exists. We know of a woman who has for years been in correspondence with a young Japanese girl, and both, though separated by thousands of miles, and though they never saw each other and never expect to see each other in this world, have, through their letters, become acquainted and formed a very warm attachment for each other. Here we have a beautiful example of affection toward an unseen human friend. If we can believe in the existence of an earthly friend, and that that friend is worthy of tender and grateful affection, where is the difficulty in believing in the existence of our heavenly Friend, who is Christ the Lord, who once bore our sins in His own body on the tree and loves us with an everlasting love?

### Some Signs of Love

What are some of the signs of this love? One of the earliest is a deed of solemn dedication. First, somewhere in private, in the presence of God alone, these vows are made. It is something personal and private which has to do only with God and one's self. But very soon there follows a public dedication. The order is first to accept God and then to avow God. Joseph of Arimathea was not long "a disciple secretly." Like with him, so with us; soon a time of testing will come, and when the time comes, we must openly confess Christ as our Lord.

Another sign is carefulness not to offend or grieve Him. This same is a sign of an earthly love. We have reason to question our love for a friend, if we are not watchful lest we wound him. We may well question our love for Christ, if we carelessly grieve Him.

A further sign is a glad and willing obedience to His commandments. If we love, we will gladly obey. His commandments will not seem hard or grievous.

Another sign is a readiness to defend Him against His foes. Loyalty leads us to stand up for a human friend when he is unkindly assailed. Loyalty to Christ will make us strong in defence of Him and His honor.

Still another sign is a constant desire to promote His cause. We may test ourselves by these, though there are many other ways of showing love.

JUNE 18

## Grace For Common Duties

Eph. 4:25, 26; 5:1, 2

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., June 12. The infinite source. Phil. 4:19.  
T., June 13. Grace in weakness. 2 Cor. 12:7-10.  
W., June 14. Grace to pardon. Acts 7:54-60.  
Th., June 15. Grace to love. Matt. 5:44-48.  
F., June 16. Grace to serve. Rom. 12:10-16.  
S., June 17. Self-denying grace. Matt. 16:24, 25.

God promises us daily grace for daily need and daily strength for daily duty. In the verses chosen the apostle speaks of the Christian life as a "walk." "Walk in love." But a walk suggests steps, and we need only to take one step at a time. Just as with the old pendulum in the fable, despair comes to many a heart when life's duties or cares or trials are looked upon in the aggregate. But this is not the right way to view life. It does not come to us all in one piece. We do not get it even in years or months, but only in days—day by day, one day at a time. Christ taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." The Christian's life is a life of trust. Bring to mind how the children of Israel lived during their wilderness journey upon the manna of God's daily bounty. They received the food "day by day," just what they needed, all they could use, but no more and no less. So this promise to us is not "as thy weeks" or "as thy months," but "as thy days so shall thy strength be." That means Monday's grace for Monday, Tuesday's grace for Tuesday, and so on.

### Borrowing Trouble

The promise of needed grace also rebukes in us the sin of borrowing trouble. "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Why then borrow trouble for any to-morrow? With too many of us it is just fret, fret, fret all the time; not over actual but just anticipated troubles and imaginary evils. As Tupper says: "It is evils that never happened that have mostly made men miserable." Like engineers on moonlight nights, worried by shadows which look like real obstructions, so many people weary themselves over imaginary evils—fighting shadows. Shakespeare says: "Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows which look like grief itself, but are not so." Stop fighting shadows. Cease borrowing trouble. Refrain from "Taking trouble on interest," as some one has called it—it is such folly. Besides, how can we rightly worry when we have such a promise as this, God's promise, both for the present and for all time to come. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

### Well Fortified

God gives promise of grace also to fortify us for such trials as we inevitably must meet. While it is not right to borrow trouble, yet testing times will come. Just as night follows day, so sure is suffering to come to every one of us.

"There is never a day so sunny,  
But a little cloud appears:  
There was never a life so happy,  
But has had its time of tears."

We may be surrounded by loving friends, but just as sure as we live, we will witness some of them die. If we live we must part from our dearest friends; if we do not, they must part from us. Suffering and separation and sorrow are sure to come. But God's promises are lamps to lighten up dark places.

God's promise of grace should serve to stimulate and encourage us in all Christian effort. Some are only beginning the Christian life. Is not this a blessed assurance with which to start out on the journey: "Lo, I am with thee!" What more could you ask? When we look at the duties to be done and then at our poor, weak selves, it is no wonder that we are ready to cry out: "Who is sufficient for these things?" But if we will only listen, we shall hear the Saviour's reassuring reply: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

JUNE 25

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. VI. Missions in China

2 Cor. 11:21-28

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., June 19. Bible in China. Jer. 23:29.  
T., June 20. Slow growth. Mark 4:26-29.  
W., June 21. The message. Mark 4:14; 1:14, 15.  
Th., June 22. Winning the individual. Mark 16:20.  
F., June 23. Medical missions. Matt. 9:2-12.  
S., June 24. Native missionaries. Matt. 10:5-16.

In our missionary journey around the world we have now reached the most populous country on the globe. More than four hundred millions, one-fourth of the human race, live here. This is the world's largest empire. It is Christianity's greatest opportunity.

For four thousand years China has been the same unchanging empire, entirely self-centered and self-satisfied. But to-day the changeless is giving way to the changing. China has made a more radical adjustment to modern conditions within the past five years than in the former five thousand. A few years ago one could find practically nothing modern there. To-day there are 26,000 miles of telegraph lines, 4,000 miles of railway in operation and 9,000 more projected. Steamer lines cover a distance of 8,000 miles. Great modern industrial plants are being rapidly established in and near the large interior cities, as well as at the ports. In 2,500 cities and towns there are modern post offices. In many cities the rush-light has been superseded by the electric light. Twelve years ago there was one daily paper in Peking; now there are ten; and hundreds of others have been established all over the country. The political changes are equally great and important. A beginning has been made in constitutional government and full civil rights are promised. In October, 1910, the Imperial Senate held its first meeting. The social changes are equally great. The opium traffic is being regulated, and it is promised that it shall be extinct in ten years. Foot-binding has almost ceased. But China's industrial, social, and political progress is being more than equaled in her progress in education for both men and women.

When Protestant missionaries first went to China, so unfruitful did the soil appear, that one hundred years ago Dr. Milne predicted that in a century there would be 1,000 communicants and adherents to Protestant Christianity in the country. But in less than that time there were 200,000 communicants and as many more adherents. Contrary to the general impression the greatest advance has been made since the Boxer uprising.

Dr. Griffith John said that when he reached China it was difficult even to give away copies of the New Testament, and that this had to be done in secret. Two years ago in his region alone the Tract Society sold a million and a half copies of different pieces of Christian literature, and the Presbyterian Press in Shanghai during the same year disposed of 1,600,000 copies.

The advance is not limited to any one class. The progress is as great among the students as among the masses. Ten years ago it was impossible to gain access to the government students—the literati. Within the past three or four years the largest halls that could be obtained in several of the principal student centers would not hold the crowds of modern government students who thronged to evangelistic meetings. In Peking University there is a Volunteer Band composed of over two hundred students who have dedicated their lives to Christian service. A few months ago, after a revival in Union Christian College in the Shantung Province, one hundred and four of the college students consecrated their lives to Christian work. The Chinese Christians themselves, in all parts of the empire and of all social classes, are assuming as never before the burden of responsibility for the propagation of the gospel.



Exposition of the  
International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph. D.

JUNE 4

## Israel's Penitence and God's Pardon

Hosea 14

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger. Nehemiah 9:17.

Hosea was a prophet of the Northern kingdom, and began to prophesy toward the close of the reign of Jeroboam the Second in Israel. Uzziah was king of Judah, when Hosea began to prophesy, and Hezekiah was on the throne, when his prophetic career ended.

The name Hosea means *salvation*, and the prophet's name was beautifully symbolic of his mission. For about sixty years he proclaimed to the people of Israel God's mercy and forgiveness for all who would turn unto Him in penitence and faith, and in the written book which bears His name there are great sentences pregnant with the same divine message as the words that fell from his lips.

Hosea was contemporary with Isaiah and Micah, and perhaps also with Joel and Amos. The great problem that presents itself with reference to the personal life of Hosea is whether the statements made in his prophecy concerning his domestic life are literally true or whether they represent a vision. Whichever theory be correct, the fact remains that these statements give a graphic and a striking illustration of the relations of idolatrous Israel to her covenant God.

### An Appeal for Repentance

The condition of Israel, when Hosea prophesied, was deplorable in the extreme. "The period was one of frightful violence and confusion, writes one commentator. "All ties of social life were loosened; immorality, irreligion, superstition, panic and despair contributed to the common misery and ruin; it hardly needed prophetic insight to foresee the inevitable end in the total dissolution of the state."

In the midst of such a situation, how touching is the appeal of Hosea: "O, Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."

### The Promise of Forgiveness

In words of exquisite tenderness the prophet voices Jehovah's promise of forgiveness and restoration to His erring but repentant people. He declares that He will heal their backsliding, thus covering their disgraceful past under the mantle of His forgiving mercy, that He will love them freely, thus assuring them of His present affection, and that He will be unto them as the dew, thus vouchsafing unto them the pledge of His nurturing care in the future.

### True Wisdom

In the concluding verse of our lesson we have a summary of wisdom: "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein." This may be taken as an epilogue or conclusion to the whole prophecy. Whether it is Hosea's own final word, or, as some scholars have suggested, the comment of a later reader, "it is a fit ending to such a tale of mingled judgment and mercy as the prophet has unfolded."

### Present Day Thoughts

Such preaching as Hosea gave to the people of Israel is needed in our own time, for, as Dr. Geikie has said: "How much better is London or New York, in many respects than Samaria?"

One great truth emphasized by Hosea is the repulsiveness of sin. Let us remember that sin is just as repulsive to-day as ever, and let us guard against every tendency to minimize its guilt.

The promise of mercy, forgiveness and restoration is just as true for to-day as it was in the days of Hosea. The voice of the Lord still sounds in the ear of every erring soul, saying, "Return unto Me!"

JUNE 11

## Hezekiah's Great Passover

2 Chronicles 30

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16:7.

The leader in the movement which culminated in the great moral awakening described in our lesson was Hezekiah, known as one of the good kings of Judah. Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, was a moral reprobate, but Hezekiah early developed traits of moral strength and devoted piety, which would seem to indicate that he grew up under influences that made for good. These influences, it has been suggested, may have been exerted by a godly mother (Abijah, the daughter of Zechariah) or by the prophet Isaiah. The moral tendency of Hezekiah's character and of his reign is summed up in the words, "He did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord."

Hezekiah became king of Judah when only twenty-five years of age. At the very outset he initiated the preparatory steps which led up to the observance of the great passover. First he ordered the cleansing of the Temple, and this task was performed by the priests and Levites. Next he gathered the chief men of Jerusalem, who brought bullocks, lambs, rams, and he-goats for a sin offering. This sin offering was followed by whole burnt offerings, and they in turn were succeeded by thank offerings, also known as peace offerings.

The preparations having now been made, Hezekiah issued an invitation, as wide as the nation itself, summoning all the people to Jerusalem to keep the passover, which had long been neglected.

### The Great Passover

The details of the great passover as observed under the leadership of Hezekiah are given in the text of our lesson, and need not be repeated here. It should be noted that the people, not satisfied with keeping the feast for the usual seven days, extended it for seven days more, and the animals given to the people by the king and the princes of Judah were so numerous that they sufficed for the additional week.

### A National Revival

All the circumstances surrounding this Great Passover are significant of a national revival. The unusual preparations, the wide invitation, the vast throngs of celebrants, the ecstatic joy, the generous provision made for the people, and the earnest effort to purify not only the temple and its worshipers, but every nook and corner of the city of Jerusalem indicate an awakening passion for righteousness.

After the people had completed the observance of the Passover in Jerusalem, their new zeal for reform manifested itself in a burning indignation against the very idols which they themselves had been so recently worshipping. They swept like a flood over Judah, Benjamin, Ephraim and Manasseh. They broke the heathen images, cut down the idolatrous groves and overthrew the pagan hill sanctuaries and their altars. At the same time, we are told, that even the brazen serpent which Moses had made in the wilderness, was broken in pieces, because it had come to be worshiped as an idol.

The most important after result of the Great Passover was in the provision which King Hezekiah made for the continuance of the temple worship. The courses of priests and Levites for service in the Temple were restored, and provision was made for their support. In this last matter Hezekiah set a splendid example, for out of his own revenue he provided for all the daily and special sacrifices of importance, calling on the people to support the priests themselves. This summons met with a ready response, and the people brought great heaps of food of all sorts, so that chambers in the Temple had to be set apart for the surplus.

JUNE 18

## The Downfall of Samaria

2 Kings 17:1-18

**GOLDEN TEXT.** He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. Prov. 29:1.

There is a general agreement among scholars as to the time of the fall of Samaria. This event took place either late in the year 722 B. C., or early in the following year, i. e., 721 B. C. The king of Assyria, Shalmeneser IV., had been carrying on war against the kingdom of Israel, and had laid siege to Samaria, its capital city. The siege lasted three years, during the course of which Shalmeneser died, and was succeeded by one of his great generals named Sargon.

On a slab found in the remains of Sargon's great library room in the Palace of Khorsabad in the northern part of Nineveh there is an inscription which gives Sargon's own account of his victory. He says:

"I besieged the city of Samaria and took it. I carried off twenty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty of the citizens. I chose fifty chariots for myself from the whole number taken; all the other property of the people I left for my servants to take. I appointed resident officers over them, and imposed on them the same tribute as had formerly been paid. In the place of those taken into captivity, I sent thither inhabitants of lands conquered by me, and imposed the tribute on them which I require from the Assyrians."

### Moral Causes of National Disaster

For every result there is an antecedent cause, and the reasons for Israel's downfall are not hard to discover. Indeed the sacred historian himself in verses 9-14 of our lesson states in the plainest language what caused Israel's decline, and gives us as it were the result of a *post-mortem* examination, showing the moral disease which sapped the spiritual life of the nation and finally resulted in its ruin and extinction.

The sins of Israel are brought out with startling distinctness in this brief but comprehensive survey. The people of Israel are shown to have engaged in idolatry of all kinds. They are convicted of having secretly done evil things, of building high places in all their cities, of burning incense in these high places, of making molten calves, of causing their children to pass through the fire, and of doing many other wicked things which provoked the righteous Lord to anger. This statement of the historian forms a crushing indictment against the people of Israel, and an examination of the evidence shows that every count in it was absolutely true.

### Practical Lessons

The pages of history show that there is a direct connection between national sin and national disaster. This is plain in the history of the Israelites. It has also been clearly demonstrated in the history of other nations, both ancient and modern.

Such disasters, however, never come without due warning. God never punishes humanity without giving some intimation of what is to come. Had the people of Israel listened to the divine message as presented in the teachings of the prophets, the history of their nation would have had a far different termination. So to-day abundant warning is given to the sinner, and those who fail to receive the gift of eternal life are guilty of wilful rejection of Christ.

It has been well said that history is philosophy teaching by example. So let the record of the fall of Israel be a warning to our own beloved nation. Let us beware lest we forget God and worship mammon, instead of walking in the way of righteousness and continuing in the service of Him who hath blessed us far more richly than even His own ancient chosen people.

JUNE 25

## Review

**GOLDEN TEXT.** What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. Micah 6:8.

### Elisha Heals Naaman the Syrian

The beautiful ministry of a little maid is perhaps the most striking and suggestive incident in the story of the healing of the great Syrian general. It teaches us that God can use the simplest and humblest agencies for the accomplishment of His Will.

### Elisha's Heavenly Defenders

In this lesson we saw as it were the veil of heaven drawn back. God's watchful care over His servant Elisha is but an illustration of His protecting Providence, which enfolds all His loyal and faithful servants.

### Joash the Boy King

The story of Joash, the young king of Judah and of his fidelity to God, furnishes an inspiration for all young people. The fate of Athaliah, the wicked queen, stands as a warning against all proud and selfish ambition.

### Joash Repairs the Temple

The youthful piety of the boy king Joash brought forth good results in his early manhood, and in the repairing of the Temple we see the evidence of his continued devotion to Jehovah.

### God's Pity for the Heathen

The story of Jonah's mission to the city of Nineveh furnished a splendid basis for a foreign missionary lesson. Jonah's pity for the heathen was soon exhausted, but the love of God for man is boundless, and the measure of His affection for the race is seen in the gift of Jesus to be the Saviour of the world.

### Uzziah, King of Judah, Humbled

The leprosy of Uzziah furnished a sad ending to a career that began with apparent promise of success. The lesson for to-day from this incident is one of humility of spirit and of reverence for God.

### Isaiah's Vision and Call to Service

This was a home missionary lesson. The ministry of Isaiah is a good antetype of the service of many a loyal preacher of righteousness in the home missionary field. Isaiah's willingness to serve, as shown in his cry, "Here am I; send me!" is worthy of imitation by all who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

### Song of the Vineyard

This was the temperance lesson of the quarter. Israel was the unfruitful vineyard in Isaiah's song, and one cause of her unfruitfulness was unquestionably the use of strong drink. That which helped to undo Israel will also undo any nation which yields to a like temptation.

### Micah's Picture of Universal Peace

The introduction of a Peace Lesson was a decided innovation in the International Lesson Series, but all Christians must welcome every added emphasis given to the fact that Jesus is the Prince of Peace and that His coming means the ultimate cessation of all strife.

### Israel's Penitence and God's Pardon

The divine grace is ever the same. God's promise of forgiveness still avails for the penitent sinner, and our Heavenly Father is as ready to heal our backslidings as He was to heal those of Israel of old.

### Hezekiah's Great Passover

Through the leadership of a young king Israel experienced a national revival. So to-day an earnest Christian young man may help to lead the nation into higher and better ways of living.

### The Downfall of Samaria

In the tragic story of Israel's captivity we find the natural inevitable sequence to long years of idolatry and sin. Every human life is surrounded by enemies as powerful and determined as those that vanquished Israel, and only by union with Jesus Christ can we come off as conquerors in the battle of life.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## Our Mail Bag

We have many letters in Our Mail Bag, so this month we will give all the space to them, and next month we will print the letters which have come in answer to the question, "What is the most interesting flower, plant or tree that you have ever seen or heard of?"

Our first letter is from a boy who lives in Harrisburg, Texas, and who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter to the Little Folks' page. I live five miles from Houston, and near the ship channel. I went to see a ship, 250 feet long in the ship channel. It was loaded with bananas, and it was very pretty. I am in the fourth grade. I go to Sunday-school.

Yours truly,  
ERWIN BROWN.

The next letter gives us a very sweet answer to the question, "What is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen?" It comes from a little girl in Flatbush, L. I., who says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am twelve years old. My mother takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and we both like it. The most beautiful thing I ever saw is my mother's face. Perhaps other little girls might think so, too, if you print my letter. I will now close my letter to you, with lots of love to our whole little band.

THELMA CLARK.

An Illinois boy, who lives in Sumner, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter. I am six years old. I have two pigeons. One is named Max and the other is Heaton. I have a kitten named Daisy. I have two sisters in the State University. The most beautiful thing I ever saw is a little lamb in a green field among violets and daisies. With love to Uncle Harry.

KERMIT BRIAN.

From Casey, Ill., has come this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I go to school every day. There are about forty-five scholars. I have two sisters and one brother. My schoolhouse is about twenty-five rods from home. There are three of us who go to school. I like to read our Little Folks' letters. We have two cows, two calves, four colts, four work horses, and chicken and geese.

WALDO HIGHT.

A Virginia girl, who lives in Waverley, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is my first letter. I live on a farm. My papa has ten acres of land. I go to school. We raise peanuts on our farm. We have a cow and a horse and some chickens.

Your niece,  
ALICE RURDUE.

A little girl whose home is in Plainfield, N. J., writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: My Grandpa has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for many years. This is the first letter I have written to you. I am seven years old. I go to school every day, and to Sunday School and church every Sunday. We have one horse, and we call him Prince. I haven't any brothers or sisters. I love my dollies. I would like to see my letter in print.

EDITH SHOTWELL.

An Ohio girl, who lives in Natson, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eleven years old. Mamma and I live on a farm with grandma and grandpa. I have a little over half a mile to go to school. I am in the fifth grade, and I like to go to school. I have a dog and a cat. The dog's name is Shep. The cat's name is Susie. Susie is a good old cat, and likes to hunt. Shep likes to hunt rabbits. We have two cows, one horse and some chickens. Grandpa takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I like to read the Little Folks' page. As this is my first letter, I would like to see it in print on the same page with the rest of the Little Folks' letters, that it might surprise grandpa.

Your loving niece,  
MILDRED M. A. KOONS.

In Spring Hill, W. Va., lives a little girl, who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am twelve years old. I have two brothers and four sisters. I go to school every day. I like my teacher. My Grandpa Hall and my Papa take the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I would love to see this in print.

RUBY BLANCHE HALL.

We gladly welcome you to our circle of little folks, Ruby, and also your sister, who has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is my first letter. I will not write a very long one. I am nine years old. I go to school every day. I have not missed a day yet. I live on a farm. I hope to see this in print.

Your loving niece,  
GOLDIE MYRTLE HALL.

From Brentwood, Arkansas, we have received this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am nine years old. I am in the fourth grade. I have two brothers. One is fourteen and the other three years old. My mamma died last fall. Papa and we children live with grandma and grandpa. Grandma takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I like to read Our Little Folks' page.

FLORENCE BROWN.

We are very glad to hear from you, Florence, and to welcome you and your brothers into our happy circle. Write us again some day, and when your little brother is older, ask him to send us a letter, too.

A boy who lives in Bedford City, Virginia, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is my first letter to Our Little Folks' page. I am nine years old, and my birthday comes in June. My father is a Methodist preacher. I live in the country. I hope to see this letter in print.

WILLIE TOMPKINS.

Many happy returns of your birthday, Willie. May you grow up to be a very useful and happy man. God is using your father in His service, and may you be used, too, for the blessing of others.

A West Virginia boy writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I live in the country near Hurricane. I go to school every day. I have a little dog named Danger. I hope to see my letter in print. I will close with love to all the little folks and to yourself.

CLYDE WELCH.

Our next letter and the last for which we can find room this month is from a little girl in Mendham, N. J. This is what she writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am nine years old and in the second grade in school. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to Sunday-school and the Junior meeting.

RUTH DEGROVE.

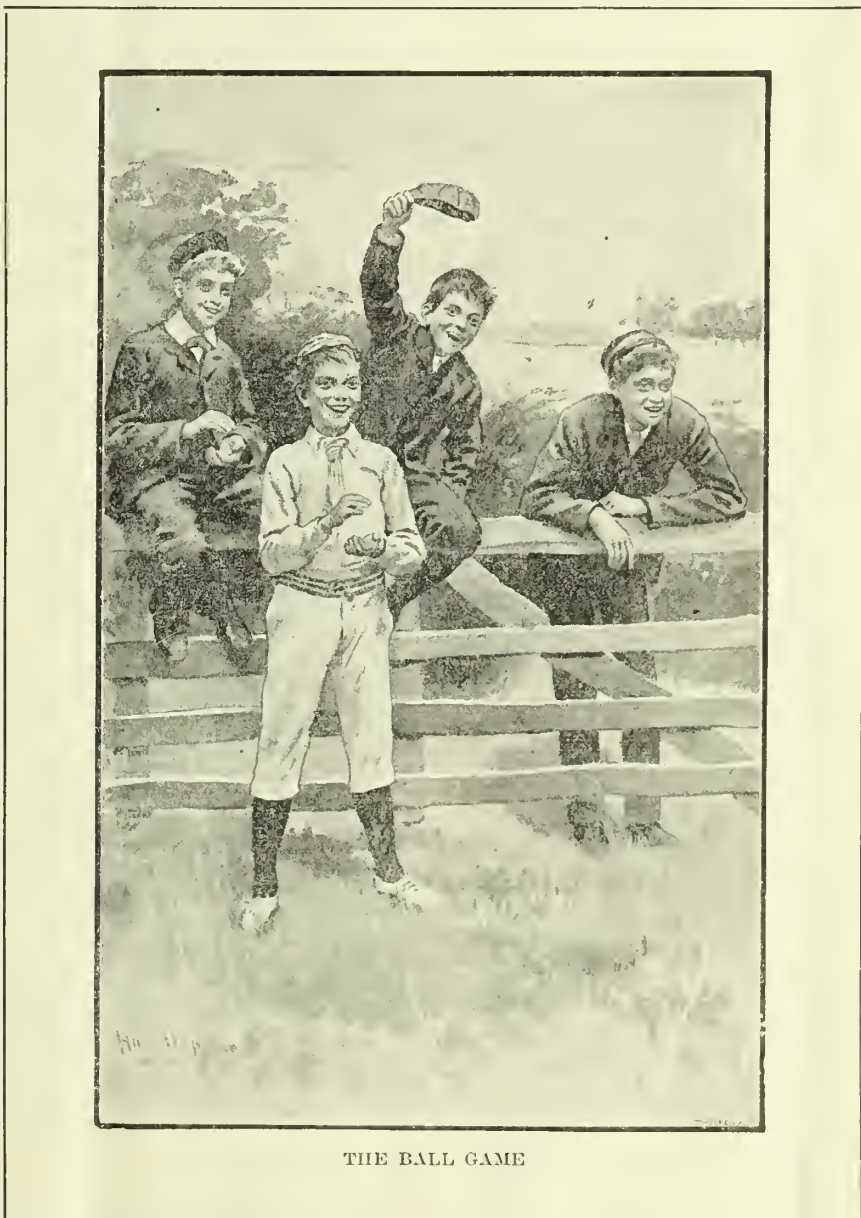
We bid you welcome to our pleasant circle, Ruth, and all the other boys and girls who have written us such charming letters are welcome, too. Our band of happy little folks is a very large one now, and yet there is always plenty of room for newcomers.

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## Flowers, Plants and Trees

THE next subject upon which we would like our little folks to write is this: "Flowers, Plants and Trees." Tell us what is the most interesting flower, plant or tree that you have ever seen or heard or read about. Tell us about the flowers that you are growing in your own gardens, and if you can find any curious flowers, plants or trees in the conservatories, botanical gardens or flower beds in the parks, let us hear about them, too.

Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York.



THE BALL GAME

Our next letter is from a very little boy in North Hannibal, N. Y., and this is what he says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter to Our Little Folks' page. I am nearly six years old. I go to Sunday-school and church. I have two brothers, Maurice and Harris. We like to read the letters in your paper.

ROBERT ROY LOCKWOOD.

Robert's brother sends us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter. I am in the third grade. I am eight years old. I am in the Juvenile Grange.

MAURICE G. LOCKWOOD.

An Illinois girl, whose home is in Byron, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter. I am ten years old. I live in the country on a large farm. I have five brothers. My brothers and I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, when we are well. My teacher's name is Mrs. Shelley. I go to school every day. When it is stormy or the roads are bad, we take the horse with us. Our teacher's name is Miss Anderson, and we like her very much. I am in the sixth grade. I like to read the little girls' and boys' letters. Love to the little folks.

Your loving niece,  
JENNIE ROSS.



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## DO YOU FEEL HIM NEAR?

By Warren C. Partridge, D.D.

WHEN I was a mere lad I had an experience that affected powerfully my whole life. I was living in the country, and a cousin from the city, about my own age, came to make a visit in our home. We had joyous times together that summer in the fields, and along the trout streams. One day we were tempted to do a wrong, and it was uncertain which way the decision would go; but my cousin suddenly quoted this verse of Scripture, "Thou God seest me." Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came the consciousness that God was beside that brook, and that He was in the charming fields carpeted with wild flowers, although I had not thought of Him until this moment. The conviction of His nearness saved me from sin. All through my life, in after years, that passage of the Bible has penetrated my conscience like a search-light in the darkest night. Because I felt His presence that moment and thousands of times since, I have been kept from many misdeeds. It was true in my youth, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee."

When I was much younger I had another experience which was amusing to older people, but which proved that very early in life I had been taught that God was present everywhere. I was riding with my parents along a narrow country road. In the distance we saw a man approaching in a very high, old-fashioned gig. I never before had seen a man sitting on such a high seat. As he was a very large man, and towered far above us, as his vehicle passed us, I exclaimed to my parents, in a whisper, "Is that God?" That seems to me now a very childish idea, and yet I had been properly taught that God was in all places at the same instant of time. Why then should not I expect as a child to meet Him in a country road?

One of the greatest joys in youth is the feeling that the divine Father is always near at hand, and that He is the great Companion of youth. The poet Wordsworth had this delightful experience in his boyhood, and he felt the nearness of the heavenly Father as he roamed the fields or as he watched the birds and squirrels in the woods, and he exclaims, as he remembers the joys he found in God's out-of-doors, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Only the boy who in youth loves the One who roamed the fields around Nazareth, can have the delightful feeling of our poet who exclaims again in his ecstasy:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can  
see no more."

Youth has the enthusiasm of open-eyed wonder as it looks upon the heavens at night and upon all the beautiful scenes of earth by day, and old age has not the hopes and dreams of youth. How fortunate the youth who keeps his heart pure, for he can see more and enjoy more than others. The Master said, referring, I believe, to this present life, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." It is a fountain of never-failing joy to see Him and feel Him near in the woods, along the brooks, by the side of the lake, or on the pulsating ocean.

"The youth, who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended."

Every youth ought to learn three things about his character—its worth, its freedom, and its strength. I learn my worth, when I remember the divine Fatherhood, and that I was created in God's image. I learn my freedom when I confess my faults and throw myself upon the Divine Forgiveness. I learn strength of character when I experience the Divine Indwelling.

There are many young people who have immense physical strength, but who are as weak as pignies when it comes to moral strength. Wherein lies the secret of real strength of character? It is not will-power. You have seen many young people with powerful wills, and yet they became moral wrecks. You have seen many of your young companions lead wasted lives. What caused their ruin? You cannot say that they all had weak wills. Some of them had very strong wills, so strong, that they became wilful, obstinate and defiant. They would not brook parental control, and they would not obey the rules of teachers.

A noble character depends upon the way the will is trained, and not wholly upon the power of will. When I was a boy I "broke" colts. I had some exciting experiences with young horseflesh. I found that young horses differ in their dispositions about as much as boys and girls differ in their tempers. I had some bitter trials with balky horses. I do not believe that it is ever necessary to have a balky horse. I never saw one act in a contrary and vicious manner which was trained wisely. I do not pose as a trainer of animals. But I was always kind and affectionate with all animals, for I loved them and I never trained a colt that became balky. But my father bought several horses which turned out to be obstinate and unmanageable. I had some very exasperating episodes.

One such experience happened when a new horse was being driven in a light carriage, with no load, up a long steep hill. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of the hill. No coaxing nor petting would make him budge. Then the whip was used, with the result that the horse backed part way down the hill, backed into a stone wall, and lay down and broke the shafts. That horse had been ruined in training when he was young. He was almost worthless. He had a very strong will, but it had not been properly trained.

Some young people are balky. They have fine qualities, but they are obstinate, and defiant, and ruin themselves through self-will. A noble character confesses its weakness, and asks the Elder Brother for divine guidance. Submission to the divine Will is the secret of happiness and success in life. Saul of Tarsus had the natural qualities, when a young man, to become an obstinate, bitter, and bigoted persecutor. But he was converted when a young man, and his character was transformed. After this he was conscious of the divine Indwelling. The Unseen became his daily Companion. He tells us the secret of his strength of character, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Every young person has a heavenly vision. It is the illumination, thrown like a search-light, in the darkness of midnight, upon your path in life. When you see your duty you have a heavenly vision. When conscience whispers in your soul, you have a heavenly vision. Then He is near. Do we love His nearness? "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." The Apostle Paul realized the divine Presence so vividly at all times, that he could say, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

### An Unfair Exchange

A YOUNG soldier, uneducated but ambitious, untutored in spiritual things but with a simple faith that gave him great peace and made him eager for more knowledge, went one day to hear a famous lecturer, who, though a gifted speaker and a profound scholar, was a pronounced skeptic. After the lecture the timid youth mustered up courage enough to go to the lecturer and put the following question: "I want to ask if you are willing to take away from me the biggest pleasure of my life and the peace that is in my heart through my belief in God, and leave nothing in their place?"

The speaker laid his hand on the boy's head, and declared that he would be the "last one on earth to take pleasure from a soldier boy."

There is just the whole case in a nutshell. Wise men go about the world with fancy theories that suggest that they know more than the God who made them, and that all "wisdom ends with them." But all the time they are trying to drive an unfair bargain. They insist on taking away that which is best and sweetest in the lives of others and leaving an absolute and empty hopelessness. The thief who takes away our goods by stealth is a more desirable citizen than such a bargain driver. We can lock our doors against the one, but it takes prayerful and ceaseless watchfulness to resist the plausible charms of the others. To give us "something for nothing" is the plausible and insidious proposition of the fellow whose sole aim is to get our something and give us nothing in return.

ONWARD.

### FEED YOUNG GIRLS

#### Must Have Right Food While Growing

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain that which is upbuilding and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic condition and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago that I finally quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness."

"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk at my meals, but at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum."

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it made right—according to directions on the package—I found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum!"

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than for a long while before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

### "How to Raise Church and Sunday-school Money"

It has ever been a problem how to secure money for church improvements and incidentals. Every church has societies and committees to do this work and they always welcome new and novel means to accomplish their plans.

Your church may need a communion service, new carpet, new chandeliers, new cushions for the pews, a new pulpit Bible, new chairs for the lecture-room, new hymnals or Sunday-school books, new books for the Sunday-school library, or some of the dozen other things equally important but not easily obtained.

The want of these things is possibly caused by no lack of enterprise on the part of the church members but by the need of some successful plans.

THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL FINANCE BUREAU, 124 No. Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., have for years been engaged in the work of supplying methods to raise money for churches and Sunday-schools. They have placed on the market a plan that has been unusually successful.

A communication addressed to them will supply you with the information desired and it is one that will surely gain the hearty support of every church and Sunday-school member and worker.

### Lantern Slides

ILLUSTRATING ALL SUBJECTS OF INTEREST—RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, TRAVELS, SCENERY, ART, SCIENCE, MISSIONARY, ETC.

THE rapid growth of the use of pictures in books, magazines, newspapers, church and school, and by ministers, Christian workers, lecturers, educators and advertisers has made the use of illustrations a necessity by the progressive, up-to-date worker of the twentieth century. The men who are students of the times and conditions of to-day make a study of this great question and find it no longer a matter to be passed over as non-important, but one of the most vital and far-reaching in its influence.

Knowledge is more rapidly acquired and character more largely shaped by that which is received through the eye-gate than in any other way. This problem therefore demands the very best that men have to give, in order that its solution may accomplish the most for the welfare of humanity. It should be both a science and an art, and it is already so in many lines of endeavor, but in the use of the stereopticon many have used it without seriously considering its great importance.

The great value of the stereopticon in church work is admirably stated by the pastor of Christ Presbyterian Church, Madison, Wis. Addressing George W. Bond & Co., 107 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., he says:

MY DEAR MR. BOND: For four years I have been a constant user of the stereopticon which you sold me, renting my slides mostly from you. These years have been years of great success in the Sunday evening service. My audiences have been as large in the evening as in the morning, and frequently larger. The seating capacity of the church has been taxed at times, and sometimes we have been forced to use our chapel for additional seating space.

There are three cheap theaters open on Sunday evenings, two of them being in a block of the church. The people whom I have drawn into the church are the ones who would naturally go to these theaters. My church is down town in the heart of the boarding-house district. Traveling men from the hotels, young men and women from the shops and factories, and students from the university have made up my audience for the most part.

The result has been a large accession to the church, the most rapid progress in its history. I have convinced a very conservative congregation, who at first strenuously opposed this popular Sunday evening service, that it is a wise and thoroughly helpful method. It has not only been a great success in winning men and women to Christ, drawing them from the streets into the House of God, but it has always been a financial success. The increase in the Sunday evening collection has paid the rental on the slides, for liberal advertising and much extra music. I think I am safe in saying that the returns in money have been double the extra expense. I know of no means of building up the Sunday evening service that is more useful and more certain than the lantern. I am constantly preaching it to all my brethren in the ministry.

Very truly yours,

GEO. E. HUNT.

October 15, 1910.

Read the advertisement on page 115 of this issue.

FROM AN AMERICAN MESSENGER subscriber:

"Please find enclosed a money order to renew my subscription to your good paper for another year. It grows better all the time, and I enjoy it very much."



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## Then and Now

THE greatness of the progress made in Japan within the memory of living persons is vividly brought out in a quotation from a paper by Rev. Dr. Imbrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission:

"Fifty years ago notice-boards were standing on the highways declaring Christianity a forbidden religion; to-day those same notice-boards are seen standing in the museum in Tokyo as things of historical interest. Fifty years ago religious liberty was a phrase not yet minted in Japan; to-day it is written in the Constitution of the nation. Less than fifty years ago the Christian Scriptures could be printed only in secret; to-day Bible societies scatter them far and wide without let or hindrance. Fifty years ago there was not a Protestant Christian in Japan; to-day they are to be found among the members of the Imperial Diet, the judges in the courts, the professors in the Imperial University, the editors of influential newspapers, the officers of the army and navy. Even forty years ago there was not an organized church in all Japan; to-day there are synods and conferences and associations with congregations dotting the Empire from the Hokkaido to Formosa."

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## Helping the French

THE French Episcopal Church in New York has begun the support of the Rev. Abel Roufineau, in Saintes, France. Thus maintained, it is expected that he will re-open two and possibly three abandoned Huguenot churches. Efforts are making to induce other French Protestant congregations in America to take up the maintenance of French pastors, and so enable them to re-open more closed churches. The reason for these closed churches in France, both Catholic and Protestant, is the recent separation law. This law did not close the churches, but it did cut off the salaries of ministers, Catholic and Protestant alike, from any advantage from the State for religious purposes, and in the cases of the Catholic clergy, from salaries as government employees. The people have not been trained to give as in English-speaking countries, at least not for maintenance of public worship, and so churches in thousands of instances have had to be closed. Many have been re-opened by the efforts of French people themselves. Many others have not been. Hence the movement to secure help from outside. The New York Church mentioned, now Episcopal, was originally French Huguenot, and is one of the oldest churches in that city.

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## Three Uganda Boy Martyrs

IN 1885, three Christian lads, living far away in Uganda, were told that unless they gave up their faith in Jesus Christ they should be put to death. A mocking crowd led them forth to a dismal swamp, at Busega. "You tell us you know Jesus Christ," they jeered. "You think you will rise from the dead, as you say He did; well, we shall burn you—burn you, and just see if you do rise again from the dead! We will make an end of this new religion." But the Living One was close beside His young disciples. Even when they were most cruelly mutilated they refused to deny Him. The youngest, Lugulama, was only thirteen. Even when the three lads stood amidst the flames their quivering lips joined in a hymn of praise to Him Who is alive for evermore, and Who was with them as surely as He was with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace. It is but a score of years since those cruel flames devoured the bodies of those Christian martyrs. Their ashes await the resurrection morning in an East African swamp, but their spirits are with Christ. Instead of an end being made of the new religion, at least fifty thousand tongues in that once dark land can share with us our holy joy. Thus churches slain with martyrdom are multiplied in spiritual resurrection.

## Possibilities in Turkey

IN the villages of Turkey the people are living in great poverty, suffering often for food and clothing, living in homes made of mud and straw, with almost no fuel even in the coldest weather. But out among the peaks of the Ante-Taurus range, the trained eye will see on the hillsides signs of buried treasures—copper, iron, silver, coal, and possibly gold. In many places are mangled remnants of what might have been mighty forests exhausted because no one realized that conservation was necessary. Powerful streams flow down to the plains, wasted to the needs of Turkey's millions. And on the tablelands and down on the fertile plains men are scratching the ground with sharpened sticks by way of ploughing, as in the days of Abraham.

The key that shall unlock these great storehouses of wealth is the youth of the country, the bright boys and girls of these same squalid village homes. Give them a chance in our mission schools, open up to them the knowledge of the west, and in time they will lead their people on to prosperity. Shafts will be driven into these mountain sides, streams will be harnessed, systems of irrigation will be installed, western methods of agriculture will be adopted and roads will be built. With all this give them the knowledge of the Christ of the Orient and the desert will blossom as the rose.

AMERICAN BOARD BULLETIN.

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## The Conversion of a Thug

IN one of the stations of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in India a Christian convert recently died, by name of Jhwan Das. He had been a highway robber, by profession a thug. A native teacher going to a certain village in the exercise of his ministry was attacked by this reprobate and his clothes were taken from his person, as were also some portions of the Word of God which he had with him. The robber took the books to his house, where he had a son who was a school-boy, and who naturally asked his father to let him have the books, which he did. One day the robber recalled the fact that he had had some books in his booty and asked his boy to read to him. The lad began to read in the Book of Numbers. By what we call chance he opened the book at the very chapter (Numbers 32:23) where the sentence occurs: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The father had no sooner heard that sentence than he began to tremble and show signs of great agitation. His boy naturally asked him what the matter was, but he got no reply. Some time after, the father took the book himself and began to read, but he fell again on the same verse. Deeply convinced of sin and oppressed with fear of its coming judgment, he began to read first in the Old Testament and then in the New, and passed from law to grace and learned of the Saviour from sin. He went to the station at Badaon, where he was baptized. He lived an exemplary Christian life to the time of his death and was a thoroughly changed man.

THE MORNING STAR.

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## A Viceroy's Tribute

AMONG the victims of the plague in Manchuria was Dr. Arthur C. Jackson, a distinguished graduate of Cambridge University, who went out only in the fall of 1910 as a medical missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland, and was attached to its large hospital at Mukden. When the plague broke out in January, the government called upon the physicians of the hospital for their aid, and Dr. Jackson promptly volunteered for work at quarantine quarters of the Chinese railway station. There for a week he was in close and unrelenting contact with the plague in all its virulence, doing splendid work in bringing order out of chaos and terror and in staying the spread of the pest, till suddenly, in spite of vaccination and all

proper safeguards, he caught the infection, sank rapidly, and died. The going out of this strong, eager, attractive young life on the very threshold of a career of exceptional promise made a profound impression on all his associates. At the memorial service held in Manchuria, His Excellency Hsi Liang, Viceroy of the Three Eastern Provinces, made the following striking address:

"We have shown ourselves unworthy of the trust laid upon us by Our Emperor; we have allowed a dire pestilence to overrun the sacred capital.

"His Majesty the King of Great Britain shows sympathy with every country when calamity overtakes it; his subject, Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign's spirit, and with the heart of Christ, who died to save the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its time of need.

"He went forth to help us in our fight daily where the pest lay thickest; in the midst of the groans of the dying he struggled to cure the stricken, to find medicine to stay the evil.

"Worn by his efforts, the pest seized upon him and took him from us long before his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure, our grief too deep for words.

"Dr. Jackson was a young man of high education and great natural ability. He came to Manchuria with the intention of spreading medical knowledge and thus conveying untold blessings on the Eastern people. In pursuit of his ideal he was cut down. The Presbyterian Mission has lost a recruit of great promise, the Chinese Government a man who gave his life in his desire to help them.

"O spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the 20,000,000 people of Manchuria and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pest so we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows.

"In life you were brave; now you are a spirit. Noble spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still and look down in kindness upon us all."

MISSIONARY HERALD.

✻ ✻

## The Rajputana Jubilee

IN the broad and populous native state of Rajputana in Central India, south of the Punjab, the Free Church of Scotland has maintained a mission for fifty years, with the characteristic ability, devotion, and persistence of the Scotch missionary. In observance of the event a jubilee *mela* was held at the station of Beawar, to which the Christians gathered from all parts of Rajputana. Following the form of a *mela* (the name for great religious gatherings of the Hindus), this Christian celebration showed a very different character, with mass meetings morning and evening for seven days, an "historic night," a "native missionary night," and finally a jubilant procession in which the Christian multitude poured through the Ajmer gate in what seemed an endless stream, raising the cry "Victory to Jesus!" A profound impression was made, not only on those who participated, but upon the onlooking people of the city. While there was no attempt at mere pomp and display, and while every emphasis was put upon the spiritual character of the occasion, it was inevitably a huge demonstration, heartening the missionaries and native Christians and producing a new atmosphere in the city, where stony indifference was turned to amazement and even admiration. The *Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland*, in reporting this event, adds some reminiscences of one of the pioneer missionaries, effectively contrasting the early days, when the missionaries were repeatedly robbed, even of their clothes while they slept; when the people could not account for their presence except by supposing they were vulgar criminals, who had avoided by flight a shameful death; in short, when there was nothing but misunderstanding and separation between missionary and people, where now there is contact and opportunity.

## The Gospel in the Slums of Japan

I REFER to the slum section of Kobe, down in Shinkawa, the plague center of West Japan in more senses than one. We see some unkempt children picking over the garbage heaps: they live in Shinkawa. We meet a blind or leprous beggar with a crying baby on his back to excite all the more pity: he, too, is from Shinkawa. We see a pitiful group of strolling minstrels: they hail from Shinkawa. Did you ever think where the flower carriers at the big funerals come from? In Kobe it is the crowd from Shinkawa, who are too sick or too incompetent to do a steady day's work. It is a common complaint in Shinkawa this year, that "rice is high, and we have neither plague nor cholera to help us out." It is the men of Shinkawa who carry the sick to the hospital and disinfect the houses under the oversight of the police.

One might pass through this section a hundred times and never realize what was near, unless he happened to turn into one of the narrow alleys. Then he would find himself in a maze of six-foot alleys, with whole families living in "two-mat" rooms, barely six feet square. Pitiful, half-blind children, covered with sores and dressed in rags, are playing some game of chance and learning to gamble like their fathers. Half the people there are said to be sick, usually of some loathsome disease that tells the story of their moral degradation all too plainly.

In September, 1909, a young theological student named Kagawa, from the Presbyterian seminary on the hill, began to preach on the street corners of Shinkawa. Sometimes alone, sometimes with other students, he would sing till a crowd gathered, and plead with them to repent, to come back to the Heavenly Father, and to trust in the Lord Jesus for salvation. By the end of the year he had got hold of a number of the people, and he obtained permission to leave the dormitory and rent one of those dirty little rooms, infested with vermin, where he could provide a Christian center for those he was leading. "In order to lead the poor he must live with them, for them, and like them," was his principle, and he began to live over the Sermon on the Mount with a literalness that I have never before seen. Every garment he had was given away except those on his back; many of his books were sold—perhaps the biggest sacrifice of all—to help some specially pitiful case. Often he would give away his last penny and go hungry with the rest. Those in need always found a sympathetic ear and a helping hand, and no one came near him without being pointed to the Saviour.

The work grew and prospered. Men can understand the gospel and believe it when they see it practiced in this way. Another house was rented, and a Christian carpenter gave his time and the materials to throw the two together and make a good-sized room. A third room was rented for the sick who came for help, and another for the women. The meetings grew to thirty or forty who called themselves believers, and their prayers and faith would put to shame many a respectable congregation.

At five o'clock on Christmas morning ten of those who have been tested a year and have stood firm were baptized. One of these has served a long term in prison for murder, another tried to murder his own wife, and at least two others are ex-prisoners. Of the two women, one had lived a life of shame, and the other is the widow of a gambler who broke his neck jumping from a window to escape the police. Every one is a soul winner and is leading some one else to Christ; so the band is growing. Praise God that the gospel of Jesus Christ is still the power of God unto salvation for every one that believeth.

II. W. MYERS, IN MISSION NEWS.





## HER SPECIAL MESSENGER

By Isabel Graham Bush

MRS. THURLOW was engaged in a most pleasing occupation, a fact that one might have guessed by the smiles creasing the corners of her lips, but now and then, her thoughts for very gladness bubbled into speech as she rocked and sewed in the sunshine streaming through her south window.

"There's the custard pie, that's four. Tillie Ames knows there isn't anything I like better, and that I can't afford to make 'em with eggs so high. The pink geranium I would call very special." Mrs. Thurlow paused and lifted her spectacles to better view the mass of rosy blossoms which seemed to smile back at her. "Aren't they a picture, now! I can see Polly Gay's pretty face every time I look at 'em, and—" Her voice broke off suddenly at a brisk tapping on the door.

"There, I'm coming right in," said Mrs. Dale, the next door neighbor, as she stepped across the threshold. "I saw you at the window—now don't you stir a foot, for I can't stop. Rebecca's just 'phoned over to know if it will be agreeable for Grandma Burch to come down for all day to-morrow if it's pleasant? Joe has some business to attend to, and he can bring her as well as not. She's been counting on seeing you for ever so long, Rebecca says."

Mrs. Thurlow nodded gaily. "Why of course, tell Cynthia to come right along. I'll be glad—" and then the smile faded. Why it was strange that Cynthia Burch didn't remember that to-morrow was the Missionary Meeting. How queer! But perhaps it wasn't to be wondered at after all; she hadn't been to one in so long she'd probably lost count—

"Well, then I'll 'phone Rebecca that she—Grandma Burch, I mean—is to come?" inquired Mrs. Dale somewhat puzzled at the sudden silence.

Mrs. Thurlow forced a reply. "Yes, yes, tell her to come," she repeated, but without a trace of her former enthusiasm.

The neighbor departed hurriedly. Mrs. Thurlow sitting very straight in her rocking-chair, saw vaguely a blue-checked gingham whisk through the gateway. "It's strange," she soliloquized, "how I had that missionary meeting on my tongue's end when she knocked. I'd been saving it for the most special of them all, like a grand climax, and now I can't go," with a long sigh of disappointment. "I'm so anxious to hear that letter Mrs. Doty's going to read about the mountain folks in Kentucky, and Crissy Bell's going to sing—Dear, dear, I just wish I'd told Cynthia not to come. A few days wouldn't have made any difference; Joe'll be down again before long. It seems queer how the Lord lets us be hindered when it's His work— But there, I'm blaming Him when He's given me common sense and a tongue. I'd better be blaming myself for not speaking right up, but somehow I couldn't. If it had been anybody but Cynthia—she's been pindling so long."

Mrs. Thurlow raked over the coals in her little stove and put on the tea kettle for supper, disappointment still visible in her face. "I wasn't thinking of the custard pie," she admonished her conscience as she cut a piece sparingly because of her guest on the morrow, "although it isn't often I get a taste of one." She sat down at the table and drew her cup of tea nearer with an unusual absentmindedness.

As Mrs. Thurlow took up her sewing again, half-unconsciously her lips voiced the old-time refrain of her choir-singing days:

"We're traveling through the wilderness,  
Traveling, traveling—"

The dreary, monotonous repetition quavered dolefully out on the soft breezes. A young girl passing by paused and looked toward the cottage in surprise, then she turned, ran up the walk and peered in at the window.

"Why, Auntie Thurlow, what are you singing? It isn't a wilderness."

The song came to an abrupt end. "Polly Gay, if you didn't give me such a start! What was that you said?"

"This world isn't a wilderness, it's just the loveliest place! I supposed you thought so, too, Auntie." The flower-like face was reproachful.

Mrs. Thurlow flushed with a sense of guilt. "Of course it is," she assented apologetically. "I guess my thoughts got to running away with me, Polly, that's a fact. I don't know when I've thought of that tune before."

"Don't think of it ever again, will you?" pleaded Polly. "It makes me creepy— You aren't sick, are you?" she asked with a sudden misgiving.

"Goodness no, I don't believe I ever felt better in my life except when I was a young thing."

With a relieved little laugh Polly turned away. Mrs. Thurlow went on with her fine sewing, but her lips were pressed tightly together with the determination that they should not again transgress.

The early morning light found Mrs. Thurlow whisking the last speck of dust from the already tidy house. Long before her guest arrived, arrayed in a clean print gown and best white apron, she was sewing in her old place by the front window.

"Land sakes, but Cynthia does look peaked!" she mentally ejaculated as she watched Joe carefully assist his grandmother from the low surry. In a sudden rush of sympathy, two warm, friendly hands took the cold, thin ones in a hearty grasp of welcome. "I'm real glad to see you, Cynthia!" There was no pretense in Mrs. Thurlow's voice.

"Are you now, really?" queried Grandmother Burch anxiously. "Why, do you know, I never once thought of it being Missionary Day until I got 'most here, and then I remembered all of a sudden. I told Joe you must have forgotten, too, when Rebecca 'phoned you. Honest now, Mary, didn't you?"

"Of course not," her hostess smiled back. "I never forgot Missionary Day in my life. Don't you remember how I used to mark it out on my calendar a whole year ahead?"

"Yes, yes," Cynthia Burch laughed, and then sighed. "That was twenty years ago, Mary. Just think of it, and you've fathered and mothered that society all this time and made a good job of it, too. I wouldn't think of keeping you home. We'll visit real hard until it's time for you to go, then I'll lie on the couch and rest until Joe comes. I'd like to go, too, as well as anybody, but the ride's sort o' tuckered me. I can't stand's much as I used to." The tired head dropped wearily back against the chair cushion.

Mrs. Thurlow leaned over and left a kiss upon the pale cheek. "Why, Cynthia Burch, I won't hear to such a thing! I guess the Lord isn't going to lay it up against me if I stay at home with you to-day. It isn't as though you could drop in 'most any time."

Grandmother Burch smiled contentedly. "I call that a real compliment, Mary. I didn't know as you'd let anything or anybody keep you away unless it was downright sickness. It was such a disappointment when it came into my mind what day it was, I'd counted so on having a real good visit with you—"

"And you're going to," interrupted her hostess briskly. "I don't see anything

to hinder. Now you just set back and rest a spell while I run into the kitchen and see to that boiling piece—"

"Don't you go to fussing for me!" Grandmother Burch rose suddenly. "Where's my basket? Rebecca sent you some of her fresh baking."

Mrs. Thurlow looked on in amazement as the cover was lifted revealing a pie—a custard, large, and deep, and delicately browned, a spicy cake, a tin of rolls, still warm from the oven, and a chicken ready for broiling.

"The butter is in that pail along with the can of milk," said her friend.

A rainbow mist danced before Mrs. Thurlow's eyes as she lifted off the small kettle. The last remnant of uncertainty as to what was Duty had vanished before this unmistakable proof of the Almighty's favor. He had been better to her than her fears.

"I've been wondering how you were getting along, Mary," said Grandmother Burch as Mrs. Thurlow was again seated with her sewing.

"Well, you'd be surprised how comfortable I keep," was the reply. "Now and then somebody brings in some work. This piece is for Polly Gay's dress," holding up a lace-trimmed ruffle. "My pension money pays my taxes and coal bill, and leaves something to put away for a rainy day. And then it's wonderful how folks remember me every little while, just as you and Rebecca did to-day. It keeps me busy sometimes, counting up the blessings."

"Well, I'm glad of it!" declared Grandmother Burch heartily. "When I think of the Missionary Society, and the Woman's Aid, and all the church doings where you've been right in the thick of the work, it would be a shame if folks forgot. I guess there isn't a sociable or a quilting bee, yet, that you don't do as much as two or three of the other women."

"No," confessed Mrs. Thurlow modestly, "I wasn't at the last quilting." If you'll remember, it rained something dreadful, and the rheumatism came on in my ankles. I'm just as willing to work as ever I was, but I can't be depended on any more," and a sigh of regret escaped from her lips. The church was as the apple of her eye. Not because of its beauty, for it was plain and unadorned as to exterior, but Mrs. Thurlow never lost sight of the truth that the visible church was only a symbol of what she should see some day when the veil of earth had been lifted from her eyes.

The thought had grown with the years, and because of it she had zealously headed the band of women who had worked and planned for its interior adornment. For the same reason she never lost interest in the missionary cause—home or foreign. There were other symbols to be raised—in China, India, and Japan. If she could have had her way, they would be planted on every peak of those far-away lands. Because of this zeal, the growth of the rainy-day fund was almost imperceptible; it was plainly destined to remain a dwarf.

The members of the Missionary Society wondered at her absence, but that day will always stand apart from the others on Mrs. Thurlow's calendar, white and radiant like a star. The moments grew precious. The dinner dishes were set aside unwashed, and yet the sun slipped to the edge of the western horizon before the friends felt that their visit was half over.

"You mustn't wait so long again," reminded Mrs. Thurlow as she tucked the robe snugly around her guest.

"I guess I won't," smiled Grandmother Burch. "Seems to me I never visited so hard in all my life. I've had a splendid time, Mary."

Mrs. Thurlow turned slowly back to the house, the brightness of her friend's parting smile reflected in her face.

Somehow, the days which followed until the next Monday morning were a blur when she tried to think of them afterward. She was hanging out the clothes. Mrs. Dale keeping up a brisk patter of talk from her back porch.

"It's as fine drying weather as I ever saw," she was saying, then her tone suddenly changed. "There's some one coming up your front walk, Mrs. Thurlow, and it looks like—" peering around a post— "Yes, it's Joe Burch."

Mrs. Thurlow hastily set down her clothes-pin basket. "I wouldn't wonder if he'd come for me to go back with him and spend the day—Cynthia said she was going to send for me soon—and here I was just planning to begin ironing. Those clothes'll be ready in half an hour," and with these words she went around to the front of the house.

"Good morning, Joe, I wasn't looking for you on wash day, but my clothes are on the line and I can be ready in ten minutes. Cynthia told me not to fuss any."

The man looked at her dully, uncomprehending at first, but the name was like the turning on of an electric current. "She's—she's gone!" he stammered with difficulty.

Mrs. Thurlow only stared, speechless, her face whitening, and Joe found his voice again. "Grandmother's gone home. She went this morning at half-past two; it was dreadful sudden. She gave this to Rebecca to hand to you," laying a bulky envelope in Mrs. Thurlow's lap, "and she said to tell you it was for Missions. Grandmother said she'd been saving it for a bay window in the sitting-room, but you was so anxious about raising money for Missions she thought we might do without the window and let the Society have it. She was going to give it to you when you come out, but last night she made us promise to bring it around first thing this morning." Joe rose, his lips were quivering.

For a long time Mrs. Thurlow sat very still staring at the bills in her hand. One hundred dollars! Just the amount she had been asking the Lord to send her. Then she glanced across at the chair where her friend had sat only a few days before looking at her with those gentle eyes.

Suddenly she felt the roll of bills in her tightened grasp, and it brought her back to earthly needs. There was so much to be done yet, but suppose, suppose— The long rays of sunlight flooding the pink geranium grew longer and more luminous. It touched the bright cushion of the vacant chair with a tender radiance and Mrs. Thurlow's head bowed humbly.

"May God forgive me," she whispered, "that I did not know He was sending me a special messenger that day."

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## A Personal Message

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON

A CLERGYMAN nearly eighty years "young," with a large heart full of interesting reminiscences, recently narrated this incident to the writer in his pleasant conversational way.

In his first parish was an intelligent well-to-do family who made him very welcome, and from the first stimulated his warmest interest. The mother and five grown-up daughters were Christians, and active in all good works, but Ephraim Morse, the husband and father, who was a carpenter and builder, living on a farm, seemingly took no interest in spiritual things. He never attended church and frequently found something secular to employ his time all day on the Sabbath while his family were attending Divine worship. He did not oppose the members of his family in their religious doings, and when the young pastor showed a particular interest in his oldest daughter, he made no protest, but still he would not go to hear the young man preach nor would he do anything to help on his work for the Lord.

He knew that his family and many others were praying for him, and wondered at their interest and persistency, but evidently considered it unimportant that he should interest himself in such matters.

Presently a pastor in the nearest large town began holding cottage and school-house meetings in the adjacent country places, and the work spread from one district to another for miles until the parish of our friend was reached. There a mid-week meeting was appointed to be held in a large disused building centrally located and available for the large non-church going community. There were no seats in the building and the daughters of Ephraim Morse found courage to ask their father for the use of suitable boards that were seasoning in the sun near his saw mill.

"Yes, you can use them," he said, "and I will take the team and carry them up and help you about placing them. I'm not so very busy this afternoon."

The daughters were astonished, and when they saw their father taking hold of the work of making the room ready and working with the others with cheerful good will they begged him to return to the meeting and bring their mother, for whom the walk from their home to the meeting place was a long one.

"Yes," he said. "You are all so interested that I will come. If people undertake any new scheme, I like to see them take hold of it as if they believed in it. I'll come."

In good season he came to the meeting, and as he went in, he said: "I'll sit in this corner by the door—it is a good place to sleep. I can put my head back, and it is easy to get out from here, if it gets too tiresome for me," and no one protesting, there he placed himself.

The preacher came in, glanced with his practiced eye over the room at the congregation, espied the man in the corner,

with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and said later that it was one of the few times when he was led to change his sermon after he was in the pulpit.

Mr. Ephraim Morse rested quietly with his head against the wall during the opening services and was all ready to drop off to sleep when the preacher in his ringing voice announced his text from Hosea 11:8: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?"

At once Ephraim Morse sat up, all attention—nowadays it would be said that he sat up and took notice, for that was exactly what he did. His interest did not abate as the preacher went on in a rational, tender and persuasive manner. The man in the corner had no further inclination to sleep, but he took in every word, and as soon as the closing hymn was given out left the room. When the meeting broke up, he was ready sitting quietly in his lumber wagon waiting for his family and neighbors. During the long moonlight drive home amid all the quiet earnest talk of those in the wagon he did not speak—and no one could tell how the personal note in the sermon impressed him.

The next day was Saturday, and as usual it was a busy one, but Mrs. Morse noticed that her husband did not ask her to prepare him a Sunday noonday lunch to take to the mountain pasture, where he often spent the Sabbath in mending fences.

Sunday morning Ephraim Morse was up betimes and came to the breakfast table dressed as if for some special occasion. He said grace—and after the meal he said:

"We will now unite in family worship," and he read a Psalm, and then kneeling, he poured out all the fulness of his burdened heart before God. His wife and daughters followed in prayers of thanksgiving. He accompanied them to church, and at the close of the service he went forward and asking leave of the surprised pastor told his story of repentance and conversion and praised the Lord for the message to Ephraim.

From that time forward he never faltered; he united with the church, and in time was chosen as deacon. He made duty his pleasure and took up every task that presented itself cheerfully and performed it faithfully, being useful and helpful in the community during all the remainder of his life, which continued to a ripe old age.

Not alone was this man and his family blessed, but many of his associates who had found his example an argument for unbelief now followed his example in church going, in Sabbath keeping and in Christian service. It is pleasant to add that the Spirit of God still abides in the church organization where this remarkable work of grace was manifested, and that descendants of these good people are still faithful in leading sinners to repentance.

## The Cheerful Outlook

OUR moments of gloom are largely the creation of our own imagination. It is true we all have times of depression, but there is no reason why any man should go mourning through this fair world. If there is gloom within our hearts, it is because we are so far from Him who giveth songs in the night. The fact that we have opposition is not a cause for dejection. Poor, miserable weaklings would we be if everything in life were to flow on as smoothly as a summer sea. Trials have their uses. Storms clear the atmosphere, and so the tempests that beat about our souls help to strengthen them. Why need any one fear who trusts in God? All this outward commotion does not affect Him. I have seen a shadow pass over the meadow, caused by a cloud coming between it and the sun, but the meadow was not changed, nor did it lose anything by the cloud. Let every man of clouded life look up and hear what God has to say. The Lord of all the earth will certainly do right. Suppose He does take your property, is not the entire universe His? Suppose He does take your health or your friends, is He not able to compensate you? He is doing everything to make your life a happy one, and you should go through the years with a song on your lips.

SELECTED.

## The Progress of International Peace

AFTER centuries of moral darkness as to the iniquity of war, mankind is coming into the glorious light of the Gospel of Peace. Dr. Peloubet notes as recent gains in the direction of international peace the following items: the establishment of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague, which may be rightfully regarded as the beginning of a world judiciary; the enactment by various nations of more than eighty treaties providing for the submission of disputed questions to The Hague Court for arbitration; the peaceful settlement of more than six hundred international disputes; the establishment of the Central American High Court of Nations; the formation of the International Bureau of the American Republics; the erection of a beautiful statue of Christ upon the summit of the Andes, between Chile and the Argentine Republic in South America, in token of their agreement not to fight each other; the organization of the Interparliamentary Union, a large and influential body, made up of members of the various national parliaments, who are working steadily for peace; the growing opposition to war on the part of financial institutions and business men and on the part of organized labor. These are encouraging indications and the future looks increasingly brighter for the realization of a universal peace founded upon the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all mankind.

### The Road to Laughtertown

Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,  
For I have lost the way!  
I wandered out of the path one day,  
When my heart was broken, my hair turned gray,  
And I can't remember how to play;  
I've quite forgotten how to be gay,  
It's all through sighing and weeping, they say.  
Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,  
For I have lost the way.

## HUMAN ELECTRICITY in the Cure of Indigestion

The Science of Human Electricity proves that Digestion is purely an Electrical Process.

The peristaltic Action (contraction and expansion) of the stomach necessary to keep the food from fermentation, is due to the presence of Electricity in that organ. Again, the attraction from the blood of the elements which form the Gastric fluids for dissolving it, is an electrical process and does not exist when this power is not present.

When for any reason one is weakened, the normal amount of Electricity is not flowing to the stomach; also when one overworks he uses in the brain or muscles the Electricity which is needed in the Stomach for the thorough digestion of his food. A lack of this power in the Stomach means an inactive condition of that organ, and this inactivity results in fermentation of the food—or indigestion. There is thus a great decrease in the supply of building material or nourishment for the body, a large falling off in the production of Electrical Energy and the circulation of the blood and life processes of the whole organism are interfered with.

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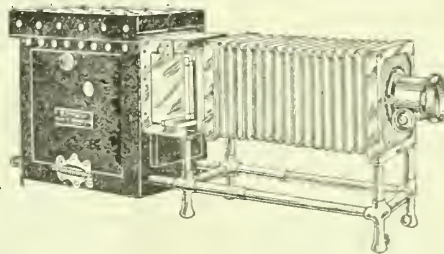
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Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.

## American Tract Society

This Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publications of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 775,995,849 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$779,287.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$21,300.81, being equivalent to 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,548,095.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 233,710; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 77,581, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in seventy years 17,004,116, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,356,367.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

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Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

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## Transmutation

A VISITOR to Amsterdam, wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas, went up into the tower of the church to hear them. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands pounding a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them; nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet all the while there floated out over beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travelers on the highways were thrilled by the marvelous bell tones which fell from the tower.

There are many lives which to those who dwell close beside them seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task work; they think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their lives; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blessed and weary ones hear with gladness sweet, comforting music. Even away off in heaven, where angels are listening to earth's melodies, these entrancing strains are heard.

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## The Value of Tracts

THERE are many Christians who, when asked by a pastor of a church or a superintendent of a Bible school to do some work, will excuse themselves by saying, "I am not fitted for that work." But is there one who can truthfully say he is not fitted to drop a tract in a steamer chair, or in a railroad train seat, or to even hand it to some one on street, boat or train? There is a story told of a tract colporter who was distributing tracts on the docks at Liverpool. He handed one of these little missives to a sailor. The sailor took it and right before the distributor's eyes tore it up, casting it upon the dock. "Ah," you say, "that's just what would become of my tracts;" but listen further. After the tract colporter had disappeared the sailor was moved to pick up several pieces of the tract to see if any words were readable, and one word caught his eye—"Eternity." Where was he to spend it? That word in the form of a question caused him to pause and resulted in his conversion.

The writer is not a member nor an agent of the American Tract Society other than a pleased customer, who would recommend to all Christians, whether they be going away to foreign lands or are to spend the summer in some watering place in their own country, to provide themselves with a quantity of tracts that are printed in neat and attractive form and inexpensive, so that they may become preachers, "For how shall they hear without a preacher?" There are many to choose from. Here are a few: "The Story of a Text," "The Man That Died for Me," "Crippled Tom," "Two Died for Me" and "The Dying Drummer Boy."

If you will write the above-named society, they will furnish you a catalogue which will enable you to select tracts printed in the languages of the countries you are to travel in, and you will thereby become a preacher of the word to many who, when the last great day of reckoning comes, these same souls may rise up to call you blessed for having given them the knowledge of the Christ.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.





PUPILS OF A MISSION DAY SCHOOL IN HAINAN, CHINA

## Far Reaching Service for Christ and Humanity

(Continued from page 104)

entitled "John 3:16." Tens of thousands in the foreign field give the same statement. The number of silent Christians in Japan and other fields are actually numbered by the millions, these having been brought to Christ by means of the printed page. We do not believe that the non-Christian world can be given the Gospel Message within a generation except by the printed page.

### Foreign Cash Appropriations

The American Tract Society has wrought to the best of her ability in this line of service with the means at hand. Her cash appropriations and granting of electrotypes have made possible many thousands of publications in the vernacular that otherwise would have failed. There are many letters of hearty appreciation for the help given, of which the following are examples.

The Tamil Literature Society of South India wrote: "Your cash grant towards preparing the Tamil Bible Dictionary has been received, and we send you our heartiest thanks for this great encouragement to the work. Many orders have already been taken in advance, which is unusual with Tamil publications."

The Japan Tract and Book Society said: "We thank you very much for your cordial note received this morning, also for the draft equivalent to \$200.00 of United States Gold. It is a great encouragement to us to thus be remembered. There is still much left undone for the lack of funds."

### Many Missions Aided

The foreign cash appropriations remitted during the past year have gone to some thirty-six different points in the mission field abroad. Among these is the Mission in Cairo, Egypt, which is the center of evangelical influence for a large territory, and which ministers to the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of many such villages as that which is shown in the illustration that accompanies this article.

Another appropriation has gone to the Mission at Nellore, India, whose Treasurer, Dr. D. Downie, writes:

"I am sending you photo of our headquarters for the distribution of Christian literature, called 'Chambers' Hall.' It is a hall for lectures and preaching services, and a Reading Room and Circulating Library. Here are kept in store and sold the publications of our Telugu Publication Society and also the publications of the Madras Tract Society and the Christian Literature Society. It is a pretty lively little place, and it is here where most of your contributions go in the first place. But that is only the beginning. From here go out not only the tracts and other literature, but we share with our brethren the money you send us. A new depot has just been opened at Donakanda and another at Mudira."

The interesting group of Chinese children which appears in another illustration was reproduced from a photo sent by the Mission at Hainan, China, which the Tract Society has aided substantially for many years in the production of Christian literature in the Hainanese dialect.

The foreign cash appropriations for the year amount to \$5,275.00. Electrotypes were granted to the value of \$100.00. The total cash appropriations amount to \$779,287.43, and the grants of electrotypes \$61,035.63, making the grand total in both cash and electrotypes \$840,323.06. By the aid thus given 5,389 distinct publications have been issued in one hundred and seventy-four different languages, dialects and characters, and many millions of copies of these publications have been circulated in the foreign field.

### Looking Forward

The American Tract Society always has been and still is anxious to render the largest possible service in converting the world. It has pleaded for Christian unity since the hour of its organization; it has never failed to exalt the banner of Christ far above all denominational colors. We are confident the work it has done and is still doing has never been fully appreciated; the absolute necessity of it has never been realized. We trust the day is not far distant when large sums will be given for world evangelization through the printed message.

A MILLION DOLLARS should be expended in the homeland annually for colportage. Another MILLION should be sent to the Orient in cash appropriations. The day dawn is upon the world, and there is need of a speedy and extraordinary effort. It has been said again and again that what is done for China must be done within the next ten years. Others have said that this is equally true of India, also of Turkey and indeed of all the Orient. Since the recent great awakening the old nations are rapidly advancing in educational and commercial development. They will either turn to Christianity or agnosticism. Which shall it be?

"The night cometh, when no man can work."

Nothing great was ever done without passion, prayer and untiring effort.



### The True Vision

SEE all things, not in the blinding and deceitful glare of the world's noon, but as they will seem when the shadows of life are closing in. At evening the sun seems to loom large on the horizon, while the landscape gradually fades from view; and then the sunset reveals the infinitude of space crowded with unnumbered worlds, and the firmament glows with living sapphires. Even so, let the presence of God loom large upon the narrow horizon of your life, and the firmament of your souls glow with the living sapphires of holy thoughts. CANON FARRAR.

## "The Right Side of the Ship"

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D.D.

THE beautiful story of that night of fishing on the Sea of Tiberias, and what followed the dawning of the morning, bristles with suggestive lessons. Peter decided independently, and announced his decision to his brethren, "I go a-fishing." As usual, the strong character led and the disciples followed. It was night. They were old fishermen who led. They knew the best time for successful fishing, but that night brought only failure. They toiled all night, and the morning declared the result—nothing. History repeats itself. This history has been reenacted down all the centuries, and many a weary fisherman for souls, who has toiled through the long night of discouragement and failed, must answer with the same negative the Master's question: "Children, have ye any meat?"

There is much fruitless labor among the fishers of men. There is preaching that does not teach, does not catch men, and teaching that does not preach, does not herald the gospel of life. The meshes of the net are too large and the fish glide through, knowing that the fishermen are only playing at the business. The work is not taken seriously. Nothing comes of it. Or the net is thrown on the wrong side of the ship, is cast over the rocks, leaving channels of escape beneath. Perhaps it is loosely handled and never drawn to the receiving ship.

Preaching to the impenitent, when a backslidden church stands between the message and lost souls, must ever be a failure. Every true revival is a quickening of an old life that had become enfeebled, and is the precursor of successful fishing. Infant children are not nourished and developed by being cast into a snow bank. No more can new-born spiritual children be nourished and brought into vigorous life in the cold storage of a dead church.

If we are to be successful fishers of men, our first work is to search the hearts of the Christian people by the truth of God. The Church must be brought to a scriptural conviction for the sin of unbelief and spiritual idleness. A failure to secure an awakening in the Church explains the long night of toil with no results in the salvation of souls. The net has been cast on the wrong side of the ship. A dead mother cannot bear living children. But a dead church may secure additions to her numbers of those who are still dead in trespasses and sins.

There is a right side to every ship, a right place, time and way to cast the gospel net. God has made provision for every church to embark in the work of fishing for men. He has put into our hands the word of life. He has provided the sword of the Spirit, and has given

the Holy Spirit to wield that sword, to slay and make alive.

We are not left in ignorance of the way and the place to cast the net. The entire ship's crew must keep fellowship with the Master. He is not far from any one of His toilers. He is so near that we can hear Him calling to us, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." Welcome words! And it is morning now, when He is near after the night of fruitless toil. The loving disciple recognizes Him, for love is not blind, but can see afar. It is ever thus. It is the loving disciple that cries out "It is the Lord." Peter did not recognize Him until he heard John's testimony. He could believe John. Peter-like, he dropped his work and cast himself into the sea to go to the Master. He did not understand that one can have the best realization of the Lord's presence in the Lord's service. He left his brethren to do the fishing while he gratified his personal pleasure. It was the same impulse that prompted the desire to build the tabernacles on the mount of transfiguration. If the other disciples had followed Peter's example the whole catch would have been lost. We have seen the same performance. In the midst of a precious work of grace, in which souls were coming into the kingdom at every service, when the gospel net was gathering the lost day by day, the pastor left the net to seek a personal gratification.

The work of fishing for souls demands that every man should be in his place, and help pull the net, according to divine direction. The disciples obeyed the voice from the shore, let down their net on the right side of the ship, "and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." It was in this crisis that the voice of the Lord was recognized and Peter, overjoyed at the discovery, forsook his work and left his brethren to handle the new responsibility.

The important lesson of this incident in the experience of the disciples is that success lies directly along the line revealed by the Master. Obedience to His word knows no failure. He often leaves us for a little time to our own plans and methods, that we may see the folly of all human devices. He would have us come to the end of self, that we may be prepared to begin with Himself. And when He has spoken, divine wisdom and power is in that word. It is the word that settles all difficulties and points out the only, and the right way.

The Church to-day, as ever, needs to hear His voice, and, hearing, heed. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." He speaks, it is ours to hear and obey. A great catch is at the right side of the ship ever. Shall we gather the unsaved?

HERALD AND PRESBYTER.



PUPILS OF A VILLAGE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL IN INDIA



## Just Lights in the World

BY REV. CLELAND B. M'AFEE, D.D.

A MAN one day had trouble with his door bell. The electric battery had run down. He tried the experiment of connecting the bell with the electric light wires in his house. When the connection was made and he rang the bell, there was a loud explosion. The electrician who came to repair the damage said: "That was very foolish; did you not know that it takes five hundred times as much power to shine as it does to make a noise?"

And that is not a matter of door bells and electric lights. It is always easier to do something than to be something. It takes less power to make a noise in the world than to be a light in the world. Men do not break down ordinarily from lack of activity but from lack of character. An art teacher said once of a brilliant pupil: "Yes, he draws well and he paints well, but he will never be a great artist; he lacks sincerity." A gentleman called on me once about a minister for the unsupplied pulpit of his church. One name was mentioned, which the gentleman dropped at once. "But why?" I asked. "The man preaches well, is an unusually able writer, a scholar, a leader in many movements." "That is all true," he replied, "but I cannot get away from the feeling of his insincerity, a sense of the hollowness of what he says." It is always a dangerous criticism to pass on other people, but wherever it is justified it is a final condemnation—power enough to make a noise, but lacking power to shine.

For while Jesus sent us into the world to proclaim His message in the pew, and in the street, and in the home, the office, the pulpit, He laid no stress on the amount of noise we make over it. He did lay stress on the amount of light we shed in the process. His figures are the quiet ones, but they are all powerful ones. Leavening is no feeble process. Shining takes power. What Christians say is vastly important, but chiefly because what they are appears in what they say. What they are is the great thing, for by that they become lights in the world.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

We betray at once how far we have missed Jesus' meaning if we say, "Ah, then, I will simply be a Christian in my own place and take no public part in the spread of the gospel." The more thoroughly Christian we are in our places, the more certainly will we seek and find our public part. Talking in prayer-meeting is not the hard thing. That is only putting the candle on a candlestick, lifts it a little so that its circle of rays will run out farther. The thing that costs is being a candle at all, being lighted so that it is worth while to be put on a candlestick or be lifted up. When we find ourselves refusing the service which might properly be expected of us, and saying that we can only be good Christians in our quiet way, we are missing the real emphasis. We are accepting the hard thing and declining the easy one. If we really have power to shine, it is as easy to shine on a candlestick as under a bushel. The power needed for the public place is nothing compared to the power needed for the inner life. Anybody can make a noise; that takes almost no battery at all. But if there is to be a light, you must have a strong current. There may be excellent reasons for our not taking certain public parts in Christian work. Everybody is not called to talk in prayer-meetings, nor to teach a Sunday-school class, nor to conduct street meetings. Certainly everybody is not called to preach, else there would be no one to preach to, except that preachers need preaching a little more than other folks. The only point made now is that whoever has received current enough from God to make him a light in the world, has more current than he needs to make all the noise he is called to make, and that wherever it will help the general service of Christ for him to make a noise as well as shine, he can do it if only he will.

Add one other thing: we who are in various ways making a noise in the work of Christ, sounding clarions of various kinds, louder or softer, ought to see to it that we do not run on a battery which is too weak to make us shine. We fall into a sputter of activity sometimes, we must do this and that, we must fill up the days with engagements, we must take on this new appointment and accept this further office, and we are always in danger of losing our sense of the value of our own spiritual illumination. Remember, it takes five hundred times less power to make a noise than to shine. When a life is kept bright it will have power to do all it needs to do; but it may do more than any one asks it to do, until people wonder at the amount of its activity, and yet be too powerless to be a light in the world. When good works are only a means of letting light shine, then men see them and glorify the Father in heaven. But when a man preaches or talks in meetings or does any other good thing, when his own life has not been lighted by Christ and is not shining from Him, it is like putting a great unlighted candle on the candlestick. It may be ornamental and impressive in the daytime, but it gives no light.

To be just lights in the world—that is first, that is most important.

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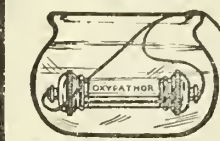
## New Things

To those in Christ all things are not only new, but they are growing constantly newer. In the old world and with the old man it is just the other way. Things are always getting older until life gets to be an insufferable burden, a dreary round, a wretched repetition, and we see backs bent with nothing but pure sorrow, and heads white with none other sickness than vexation of spirit, and men brought to the grave because life was too wearisome to be supported any longer. But in the new world and with the new man the whole is reversed. Every day more of the old is weeded out, more of the new is coming in. Life is "fresher and freer," and fuller of promise. There are new discoveries of the Father's love, new revelations of Christ's grace, new experiences of the Saviour's comfort. Life becomes interesting and grand beyond belief.

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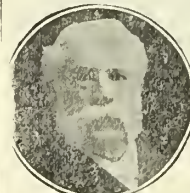


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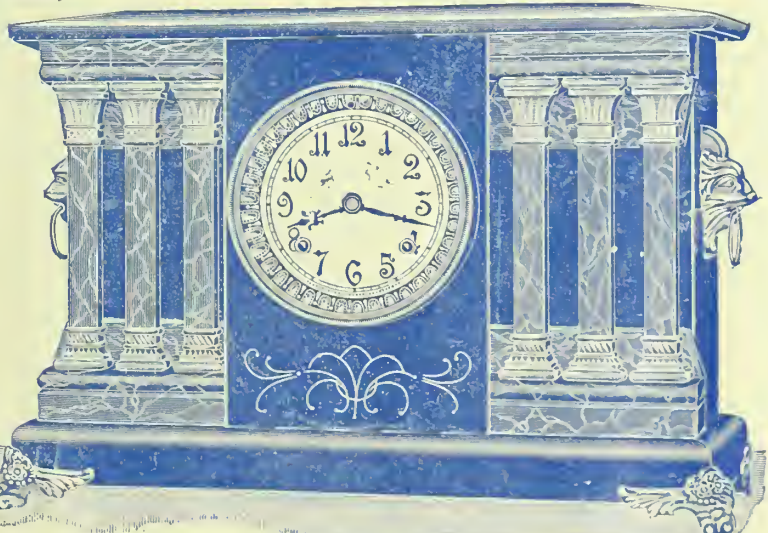
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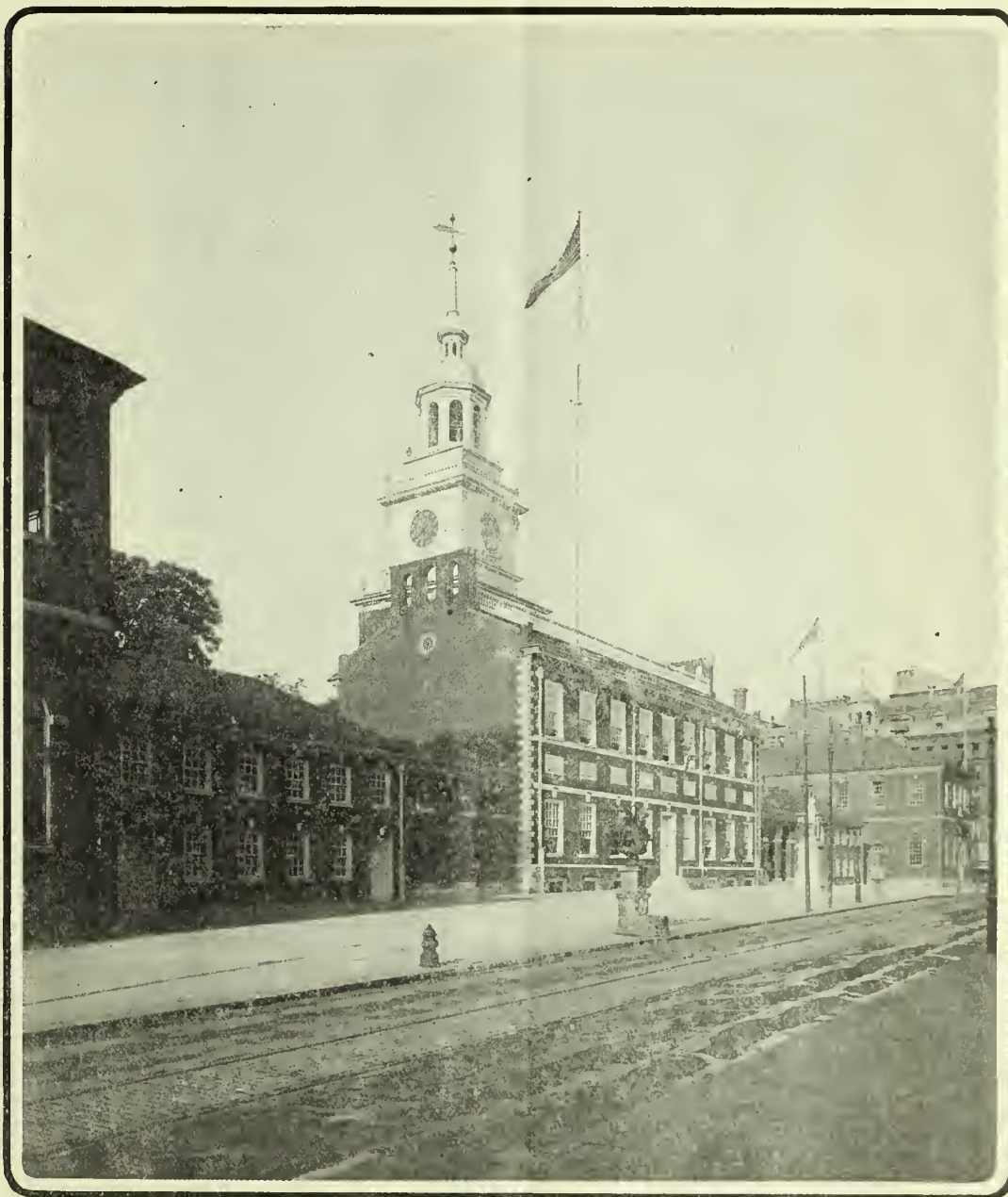


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Vol. 69

JULY, 1911

No. 7



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A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,  
Or e'en impart  
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,  
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend  
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend  
The right against a single envious strain,  
My life, though bare,  
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair  
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,  
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,  
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;  
And 'twill be well  
If on that day of days the angels tell  
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### The Lord's Teaching to Nicodemus

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

JESUS comes very close to Nicodemus. He lays down the principle that all men, to see the kingdom of God, must be born anew. He answers the question as to how by telling him that it is a spiritual and not a natural birth. He tells Nicodemus that he may wonder as much as he pleases at the mystery of God's parts, for He is a God that hideth Himself. All life is mysterious. And now he presses upon him his personal need and duty: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." I can see our Lord looking the Jewish ruler kindly in the face, showing great earnestness and love in every feature, as with uplifted finger he points to him and says, "You must be born again." It is something that affects not the world in general, but you as an individual. Men are not born wholesale of the Spirit any more than they are of the flesh. It is an individual personal matter; and I press upon you, Nicodemus, the importance of attending to it at once. In dealing with inquirers it is not enough to say that we lay down general principles and proclaim abstract truths, that we answer their questions satisfactorily; we should press upon each one his own personal need, and urge him to accept Christ at once.

Nicodemus continues to ask the question, "How," after Christ has shown him his personal need and urged him to attend to it. The Lord at once pricks his bubble of pride and pierces his sin of unbelief. "Art thou a master of Israel and knowest not these things?" You are not as great as your position after all; you have too high an estimate of yourself. Teacher as you are, you need to be taught, and the great sin of which you are guilty is unbelief. If I tell you of heavenly things, you will not believe; your heart is shut against God. Most inquirers need this humble process, and it is only by a face to face talk that it can be done. An Englishman said that infidel begins with "I" and ends with "Hell." Most unbelief begins with I. Men think too highly of themselves; they pose before God as being and having all they need. They must be undeceived. Tell them the truth. Nicodemus is silent. He ceases to talk, and, when a man realizes his egotism and sin so that he becomes silent, he is now a hopeful inquirer. Then you are ready for the next step.

Jesus proceeds to teach Nicodemus three things. First as to the nature of the Messiah. "No man hath ascended up to heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven." In these words Jesus proclaims His own divinity. It is stronger than a dogmatic assertion. It leaves the inquirer to draw his own inevitable conclusions. In substance Christ says: "I who talk to you, the Son of Man, am in heaven while I am here on earth. I am omnipotent; I am God himself."

In dealing with inquirers there must be no flinching on this point. Jesus Christ is God, and before Him they must bow the knee. He will not compromise upon any flattering confession of His humanity. He is either God to be worshiped, or a bad man to be despised. There is no middle ground. Press upon every inquirer the claim of the divinity of Christ.

Then our Lord proceeds to give to Nicodemus the plan of salvation: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In other words, here is your part, Nicodemus. The Israelites bitten by the fiery serpents simply looked, at the command of Moses, to the uplifted serpent in brass. I, the Son of Man, am going to be uplifted on a Roman cross, and you, to be healed of the bite of the serpent of pride and unbelief, must look, by faith, to me. The plan of salvation is the uplifted Jesus and the looking sinner. You are not called upon to understand the relation between the look and the life it imparts; it is yours to do what is a very simple thing in itself, and God will do the rest. Look and Live.

And now that Jesus has unfolded to him the plan of salvation, he proceeds to give the philosophy of salvation. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The explanation of this uplifted Christ is the love of God. The explanation of the uplifted serpent in the wilderness was God's love. He loved the people so much that He wished to save them from the terrible effect of the poison. He did not see fit to remove the serpents; they remained while He gave an antidote for their bite. God's love does not lead Him to banish sin from the world, but through the uplifted Christ, to save men from their sins.

Jesus died because God loved us. The foundation of our salvation is the love of God manifest in the death of Christ upon the cross. The philosophy of damnation is that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light. They shut their eyes and will not look to the uplifted Christ. They prefer to fondle the serpent whose sting has already entered their vitals. Hating light, they reject love and life. We have good reason to believe that Nicodemus, thus understanding the philosophy of death and life, chose life by looking away from his sins to the Christ who was to be uplifted and to-day he is with the Lord, having seen Him as He is in glory and become perfectly like Him.

EXCHANGE.



### Deeds of Great Women

THE lady chapel of the new Liverpool Cathedral, which will be opened this summer, will be adorned by a magnificent scheme of stained-glass windows in commemoration of the deeds of good women. All the famous women of the Old and New Testaments are commemorated in some way in the scheme, but perhaps the most interesting innovations are the windows commemorating the deeds of great women of recent times. The list is as follows:

Mary Collet and all prayerful women.  
Louise Stewart and all the noble army of martyrs.

Christina Rossetti and all sweet singers.

Grace Darling and all courageous maidens.

Dr. Alice Marvel and all who have laid down their lives for their sisters.

Catherine Gladstone and all loyal-hearted wives.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all who have seen the infinite in things.

Josephine Butler and all brave champions of purity.

Anne Hinderer and all missionary pioneers.

Margaret Godolphin and all who have kept themselves unspotted in a corrupt world.

Angela Burdett-Coutts and all almoners of the King of heaven.

Mother Cecile and all women loving and large-hearted in counsel.

Elizabeth Fry and all pitiful women.

Agnes Jones and all devoted nurses.

Queen Victoria and all noble queens.

Lady Margaret Beaufort and all patronesses of sacred learning.

Mary Rogers (stewardess of the "Stella") and all faithful servants.

Ann Clough and all true teachers.

Mary Somerville and all earnest students.

Susannah Wesley and all devoted mothers.

### The Flag Goes By

BY H. H. BENNETT

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky;  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.  
Hats off!  
The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and save the State;  
Weary marches, and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips.  
Days of plenty and days of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend law.  
Sign of a nation, great and strong,  
To ward her people from foreign wrong;  
Pride and glory and honor, all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.  
Hats off!



### A Remarkable Incident

A VISITOR among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, with folded arms, against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The man shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down the stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the ease of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, oh tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, on which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime of iniquity seemed to crush her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came to the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, but if I could but hear it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more."

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage man had followed him into his mother's

room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest; and blessing came not alone to the mother, for the remarkable change wrought in the son also testified to the saving power of God's grace.

On the day of her funeral, he beckoned the visitor to one side as they were filling up her grave and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I should as much like as to tell others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

EXCHANGE.



### Life's Harpsichord

BY REV. R. E. HOUGH

A FREQUENT accusation brought against this age is that people are not willing to sacrifice for the sake of the plain, fundamental, prosaic, unheroic and unromantic principles of truth and right living. Men, we are told, are willing enough to sacrifice for other things; as a matter of fact, they set up in the temple of their daily life the idols of wealth, of pleasure, of ease and pour out to these their unstinted obligations.

It would be impossible to refute this charge altogether, for there is truth in it. But it does seem a bit unfair to apply it indiscriminately to this any more than to any of the preceding ages.

But since the charge is preferred there is nothing for us to do but to test our lives to see if the criticism applies to us as individuals. What shall constitute this test, and where shall we apply it? There is an old story which may help us answer this question. It is said that Beethoven, when he had completed one of his grand musical compositions, was accustomed to test it on an old harpsichord, lest a more perfect instrument might flatter it or hide its defects. So the old harpsichord on which we are to test our life, our new song, is our common, everyday life. This, at least, is one instrument which will not flatter our song or hide its defects. It is here, as nowhere else, we may detect, if we listen, whether the dominant note is loyalty to the principles of Christian living; and if in this investigation we shall discover that it is missing, or but faintly heard, we shall know that the song of life is pitched in too low a key, and that it needs recasting so that it shall produce without a flaw the heavenly harmony of a well-lived life. We may have provided against the grosser defects of character, and only need, like the great musician, to look for the so-called "trifling errors" in life's composition. But by no means should we suffer these to escape, for human life is ruined and its harmony destroyed, not only through the absence of humble virtues, but by the presence of little faults.

"We are not worst at once; the course of evil

Begins slowly, and from such slight source. But let the stream grow wider, and philosophy,

Age, and religion too, may strive in vain To stem the headstrong current."

CHRISTIAN UNION HERALD.



### A Friend

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "I had a friend." A real friend is heaven's choicest gift. There is nothing that so purifies, so exalts our ideals, so takes us out of ourselves, brings sunshine into our lives, and makes life really beautiful and more worth the living like a friend. Not here and there one, but thousands would gladly join with Charles Kingsley in testimony to-day that the secret of their career is found in the fact, "I had a friend"—"I have a friend."



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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## INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

By Rev. George Shipman Payson, D.D.

THE welfare and prosperity of our land, to which the return of the nation's birthday again calls our thoughts, are intimately related to the recent rapid progress of the movement for universal peace. George Washington once said, "My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth." Whoever contributes to this end is most patriotic. President Taft gives admirable expression to his enlightened statesmanship when he seeks to refer the honor and the vital interests of the nation to the arbitrament of a properly constituted court rather than to any battle-field. When Abraham Lincoln turned sadly away from a slave auction that he had witnessed he said, "If ever I get a chance, I will hit this accursed thing hard." And he did. And men bless his memory. If President Taft hits this satanic curse of war hard enough, his name will be forever covered with the imperishable luster of those who serve all mankind and who deserve and receive the eternal gratitude of their own and of other nations.

The most cheering, stirring, stimulating and inspiring addresses upon the subject of International Peace were heard at the last meeting of the New York City Federation of Churches. Attended by more than six hundred ministers, and addressed for four hours by influential advocates of peace from England and America, it proved the most memorable meeting of the year.

At the morning session the Rev. George Alexander, D.D., Moderator of the New York Presbytery, presided, and at that of the afternoon, Dr. William J. Schieffelin, President of the Federation. The speakers included the three distinguished delegates from England to the Mohonk Peace Conference, the venerable John Clifford, D.D., President of the Council of Evangelical Churches in Great Britain; the Very Reverend W. Moore Ede, D.D., Dean of Worcester; and Allan Baker, Esq., member of Parliament. The other speakers were Hon. Seth Low; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue; Rev. John H. Jowett, D.D., of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church; Rev. John H. Melish, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn; Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., whose book, "The Peace Movement," is becoming an influential factor in advancing the cause; and the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

One is seldom privileged to hear such a group of inspiring teachers, and the officers of the Federation were to be congratulated upon bringing together these gifted advocates of a theme dear to the Great Master, and thus furnishing so striking and impressive an object lesson of the unifying tendency of this movement for world-wide peace.

The most delightful impression was made by the venerable Dr. John Clifford, who, though over seventy years of age, spoke with the vigor and enthusiasm of a young man. His ready wit, humor, and wisdom captivated his hearers, and repeatedly moved them to irrepressible applause. His eloquence in support of International Peace was the eloquence of a heart in love with righteousness;

it was genuine eloquence, heartfelt, heart-reaching, and heart-moving.

He told of the organization in Great Britain of the Council of Evangelical Churches, now numbering more than six thousand strong, virile, representative men of all parties, banded together for promoting International Peace. He told of their visit to Germany, and of their reception by the Kaiser; of the like organization in Germany of over four thousand strong, leading men, who, on their return visit to England, were welcomed there

Congress for more warships, so in England baseless rumors of war with Germany precede and accompany the repeated efforts to secure more Dreadnoughts, and it is necessary for the friends of Peace to band themselves together to counteract these demoralizing influences and to inculcate sound principles of action.

Mr. Allan Baker, M.P., told of the Guild Hall Meeting, where, for the first time in the history of England, Jews, Catholics, and Protestants stood side by side in promoting a common cause—the cause of International Peace. He spoke with effect of the thrilling moment when Earl Grey announced the probable ratification by Great Britain and the United States of a treaty which should refer to arbitration every question in dispute, even questions affecting national honor and vital interests. He laid great emphasis, as did his countrymen also, upon the advantage possessed by the United States because of its freedom from European entanglements, and pointed to the supreme privilege enjoyed by American Christians in being able, because of this advantage, to assume naturally, easily, and with commanding influence the leadership in this world-movement for Peace. He plead with ministers to lay this charge upon their people.

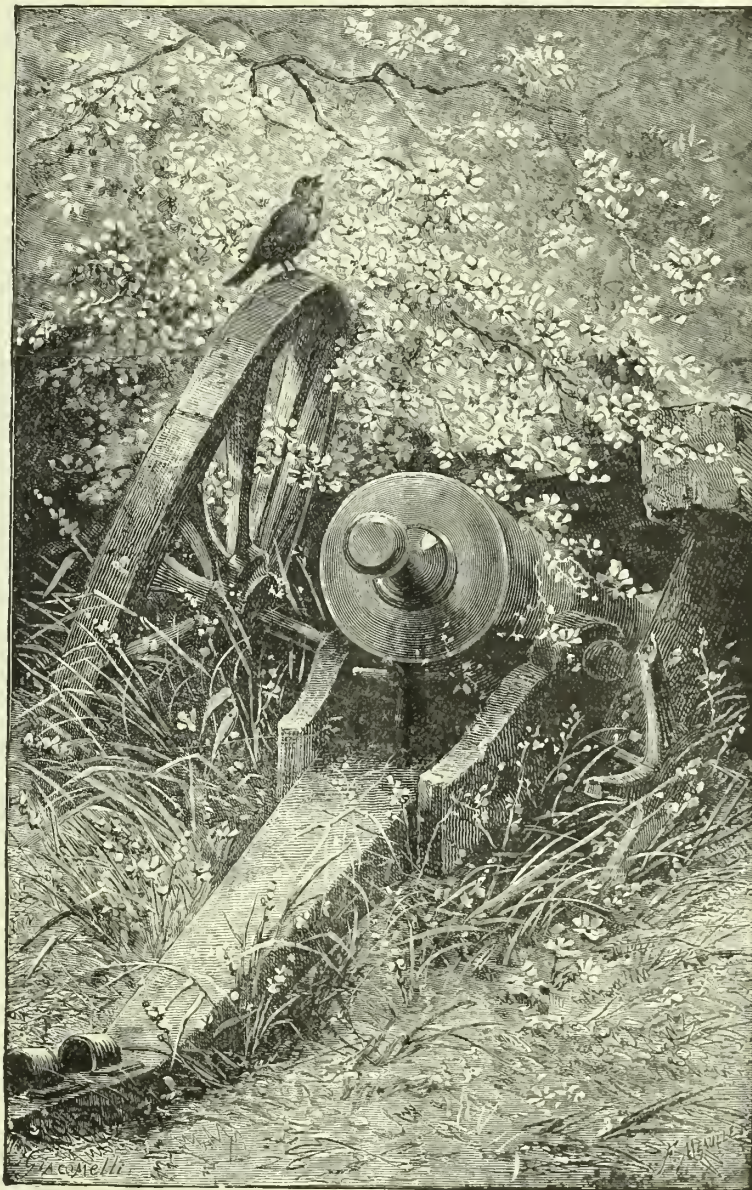
Dr. Ede, the Dean of Worcester, argued that American churches should lead all others in this cause. He said that unity among denominations and catholicity of feeling are two characteristics of the humanitarianism inculcated in the Gospel which every minister should seek to cultivate in his people, and that there is no way in which this can be done so effectively as by enlisting them in the advocacy of this great cause. He stated that this fact had been demonstrated in England and Germany, and if American churches would grasp the opportunity Providence lays before them they might lead mankind in the most beneficent work of the ages.

Indeed each of these distinguished delegates made it clear that the chief object of their visit to America was to arouse its churches to the imperative need of aggressive action upon their part, and they expressed their deep satisfaction with the resolutions which were adopted at the morning session of the meeting and which read as follows:

"The ministers of the churches and synagogues of New York City, assembled in a meeting representative of the religious organizations of the city and neighborhood to hear, from spokesmen of the British churches, of the steps being taken by the clergy of their country and Germany toward the establishment of peace between the nations, desire to express their convictions as follows:

"FIRST. That the work of conciliation and peace between the nations is a task so ethical and religious as to be, first of all, the care of churches of every name.

"SECOND. That leadership in establishing international peace ought to be undertaken by the churches of America because of their geographical position, which has removed them from such inherited antipathies as divide the peoples of Europe, and also because in their composition the American churches represent all the nationalities which in



PEACE

by the King; and of the wide influence for peace exerted by these two bodies.

In England the Council of Evangelical Churches is doing much to promote good feeling towards Germany. By the printed page, by speeches in Parliament, in the pulpits of the United Kingdom, and elsewhere, its members are continually at work, counteracting the pernicious Jingoism which seeks gain by the slaughter of the battlefield. Just as in the United States we are annually visited with a war scare about Japan at the time when interested parties make their periodical appeal to



case of war between civilized nations may be under the sad and godless necessity of attempting to destroy one another.

"THIRD. That at the present hour the enlightened policy of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey have made the matter of chief concern and promise for the attainment of international peace to be the negotiation and the adoption of complete arbitration treaties in which such questions as national honor and vital interests, hitherto excepted from arbitration, shall be submitted to The Hague Court, *therefore be it*

"RESOLVED: That we urge the churches of the United States to use their utmost influence towards molding a public opinion which will uphold the President and the State Department in negotiating treaties which shall bind the contracting nations to arbitrate all differences which cannot be settled by diplomacy, both with Great Britain and France, as now proposed, and with all other nations which may become willing to enter into such agreement with our Government.

"RESOLVED further: That the ministers of New York City express the hope that the United States Senate will promptly ratify the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France when the same shall be submitted to them; and that these resolutions be transmitted to the President, and to the Hon. Elihu Root and the Hon. James A. O'Gorman, Senators from the State of New York."

#### The Adoption of the Resolutions.

Rev. Frederick Lynch, who presented the foregoing resolutions, insisted, as had Dr. Clifford before him, that the followers of the Prince of Peace should be foremost among those who, believing war to be a survival of brutish ages of history, and contrary to the teachings and the example of Christ, earnestly contend that it should be discouraged, and as soon as possible abolished among nations that love righteousness and hate iniquity. He declared that, in fundamentals, all races are alike, and should regard each other as brethren, and act accordingly.

Rabbi Wise seconded the resolutions with an enthusiasm and eloquence which were exceedingly impressive. He pleaded for deliverance from the degrading conditions summarized by some distinguished Englishman in the phrase, "Every Dreadnought for Great Britain means Breadnought for little Britons," and he quoted effectively the indignant protest of a poor Englishwoman, who, after listening to a Jingo speech, exclaimed, "I don't care a straw if the sun never sets on the English flag; it never rises in the alley where my children are starving."

In an impassioned appeal for the co-operation of all good people, Rabbi Wise declared that in his judgment it is of the utmost importance that an overwhelming and aroused public sentiment should be brought to bear upon the Senate of the United States in order to secure the ratification of the proposed treaty between Great Britain and our country.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. In the afternoon Hon. Seth Low reminded his hearers of the favorable attitude assumed towards arbitration by the English Government in connection with the Jay Treaty under George Washington's administration, and subsequently in connection with the Alabama claims and also with the Venezuela claims, and commended the action of that Government in every instance as indicating a desire to secure righteousness. He affirmed that these historical precedents, with their public committal of both parties to arbitration, afford good ground for the belief that England and the United States have too much mutual respect and confidence ever again to go to war with each other. And if this treaty of arbitration shall be ratified between England and ourselves, it was stated that there is reason to believe that Japan and France will immediately wish to join these two great nations in a similar compact, and that thus the golden age of peace may be ushered in.

#### The Root of True Patriotism.

Dr. Hillis, deeply moved by all that had been said, closed the conference by an admirable review of the incidents in our country's history which link the manger cradle of the Babe at Bethlehem with the self-sacrificing spirit of the pilgrims on the Mayflower, and declared that true patriotism is rooted in uncalculating devotion to the right and the good.

The best patriot, he said, is the man that lives, not for his native land alone, but for all whom his native land can help and bless. He emphasized with extraordinary eloquence, what had already been repeatedly said by speakers who preceded him, that the noblest form of patriotism is that which educates all citizens to be citizens of the world, and, from loyalty to Christ, to think of all men as brethren, and to treat them accordingly. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men are the fundamental truths for the education of patriots. As preceding speakers had pointed out, patriotism must be interpenetrated with humanitarianism before it can really advance the interests of the land it serves. England and America hold between them the largest share of arable lands in the whole world, and consequently exert a powerful influence in molding the opinions of mankind. If they should make humanitarianism the basis of their international relations with all other governments, they could unitedly wield a tremendous power for the uplift of humanity through universal peace.

The speakers at the Conference seemed to vie with one another in the desire to make it clear that in their belief the best citizen of any country is the one whose sympathies embrace all mankind. The children of God reflect the love of God; and

#### The Nation's Prayer

By Z. I. DAVIS

*Above the plot of flower-strewn ground,  
That marks a sleeping hero's mound,  
The spangled, starry flag waves fair  
Kissed by the sunlit, mellow air.*

*We think of broken hearts and tears,  
Of strife and clamor through the years,  
Of war's dread note, of shot and shell,  
And sacrifice no tongue can tell.*

*Then slowly comes the solemn thought  
At what a price our peace was bought.  
Flag of the brave, flag of the free,  
Wave on for truth and liberty.*

*To God for righteous peace we pray,  
Glad herald of the holy day,  
When bloody wars on earth shall cease,  
In homage to the Prince of Peace.*

God loved the world, the whole world, and every one of the individuals composing it. The patriotism of God's own well-beloved Son was an ardent love of men, irrespective of race or condition. And the patriotism which is patterned after that of Jesus Christ will be of the kind which cordially desires international arbitration and world-wide peace.

The people of the United States have led in the Peace Movement, and they are leading now, as our visitors from across the sea repeatedly acknowledged, with grateful recognition of what Presidents Taft and Roosevelt have done. And back of all such noble representatives of the best citizenship of America must be the religious people of our land, encouraging and stimulating their leaders to this most glorious warfare against war and against the hideous greed of unregenerate pocketbooks, which is the chief source of war.

It was said by Rabbi Wise that the day has come when the motto of the old feudal barons, "My spear knows no brother," should be changed to read, "My brother knows no spear." May we not all cherish the common hope that when Love, who is our God, shall judge among all the nations, in fulfillment of the repeated Old Testament prophecy, which we all cherish and revere, He shall rebuke many people and shall persuade and enable them to turn their spears into pruning-hooks, and their swords into plowshares, and to learn war no more, the world over.

#### A Mixed Packet

BY CORA S. DAY

"A THOUSAND varieties of seeds, a big mixed packet, for ten cents," the advertisement read; and the flower lover, half in fun, half out of curious interest, sent for the wonderful packet of mystery.

The promise of "Something new or novel every day," was pretty well fulfilled. Interest never flagged, from the time the first tiny seedling pushed through the soil to the morning, weeks later, when the last tardily germinating seed came poking up, wearing its outgrown shell like a helmet.

The variety of plants was bewildering; the range of colors when they came into bloom seemed almost unlimited. Many were the surprises in store. Some that had seemed to promise the finest flowers were disappointing in their final insignificance. Others came out in glory from common-looking beginnings. Several carefully cherished and transplanted specimens turned out to be weeds of the commonest sort. Altogether, it was an investment that brought a good bit of amusement and pleasure with it.

It brought more than that. For as the flower lover worked among the plants, she thought how that mixed packet of seeds was like a human life. For all lives are made up of such a mixture of experiences, of joys and sadnesses, of pains and pleasures, of well doing and ill doing. They do not develop masses of one kind or color of blossoms. They are varied in a thousand ways; sweetened and brightened by countless beautiful things;umbered by weeds that must be diligently rooted out, if the worthier things are to grow and bloom as they should.

Many a promising plan or prospect comes to little. Many seemingly little worth-noticing grow great for good or ill. Our lives are mixed packets indeed; but they hold many a flower of beauty, of virtue, of righteousness, if we will cultivate these and eliminate the things of lesser worth.

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#### The Corner-stone of Honor

BY HOPE DARING

HONESTY is one of the stones that must go into the foundation of any Christian character. Honor is more; it is a corner-stone. Honor includes honesty, and also has to do with those broader distinctions of right and wrong, good and evil.

In order that the structure may be a perfect one, the corner-stone must be laid early in life. The public schools of our land are accomplishing much, yet they are not laying the necessary emphasis upon honor. And there are cases where the home fails, where its attitude toward the school and the child's social life unintentionally but surely does much to weaken and break down the corner-stone. In these cases where other agencies fail, the Sunday-school, the Epworth League, and the church may find their opportunity.

Let stress be laid upon honesty in all things, both mental and spiritual, as well as in the matter of money. The children must be taught that it is as dishonest to "cheat" in a recitation or to copy from another's paper in an examination as it is to take money from an employer's purse or drawer. This point is not always looked upon in the true light by mothers. Or if it is, the child sees at school too much of "getting through" by any process. Then there are the practices of some older people who think they stand for only good things. "Lots of times I don't have to pay a carefare home," a middle-aged woman said the other day. "You see it is such a busy corner where I get on, and when the conductor comes along, I am looking out of the window or reading a paper, and he thinks I have already paid." The higher things of life will not come to a nature into which common honesty has not become ingrained. It is these higher things—fidelity to a promise, the sacredness of one's word, the holding of a confidence as something beyond betrayal, the love that bears with the infirmities of another—that add grace and beauty to life.

How shall we lay the corner-stone of honor and build upon it? Let us go back in thought to that hour when our Master gathered the multitude on the mountainside for instruction. Unto them He said, "After this manner therefore pray ye. . . . Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." And again, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." It is only as Christ is enthroned in the heart that we can be sure the structure of noble character will rise upon the corner-stone of honor.



# THROUGH THE WILDERNESSES OF BRAZIL

BY HORSE, CANOE AND FLOAT

**S**OUTH AMERICA has long been known as the Neglected Continent, because of the paucity of interest that has been shown in its evangelization. It might also be fittingly termed the Unknown Continent, so limited has been the information possessed by the ordinary man or woman concerning that vast region.

Happily, however, the time has arrived when the ignorance respecting this great continental division is being rapidly dispelled, and through the information which is now being disseminated concerning its characteristics we may expect a quickening of interest in the solution of the moral problems which are presented in the condition of the people of South America, who have so long been living in great spiritual darkness.

A book of surpassing interest has recently been published by the American Tract Society, which deals with the largest country in the South American Continent. It is called "Through the Wildernesses of Brazil by Horse, Canoe and Float." The author is William Azel Cook, a fearless and indefatigable missionary worker.

This book is of such a timely nature and such an attractive character that we present herewith a review of its salient features, together with reproductions of a few of the many striking and illuminating pictures which appear as illustrations in the volume.

Perhaps no better plan can be adopted to give an idea of the author's beautiful and striking use of language than to quote from his "First Words" a few paragraphs dealing with the South American Continent and with the country of Brazil, which he has so thoroughly explored. He writes:

"South America is a vast, unmeasured world, where summer, like its rivers, goes on forever. It is a land of colossal, transfixed waves of mountains, hills and valleys; extensive plateaus; boundless, absolutely treeless and perfectly level plains, and fertile basins, where the luxuriant grasses are eternally green and water is ever abundant—the paradise of the stock raiser. It is a continent of stupendous wildernesses; vast, majestic, and impenetrable tropical forests; scraggy upland jungles; swamps and inundated lands—the Eden of inanimate nature; of mighty rivers and innumerable minor streams teeming with countless varieties of fish, mammals and reptiles; of great waterfalls, fearsome rapids, beautiful cascades, sparkling brooks and bubbling springs; of violent electrical storms and torrential rains, resplendent sunshine and enchanting moonlight, where 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork'; where 'day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto

night showeth knowledge.' They speak without words. It is a world where, in the words of Mrs. Browning, 'the earth is crammed with heaven and every bush afire with God,' but only he who sees takes off his shoes. A land where Nature's grand universal band, composed of millions of pieces, forever sounds its melodious and enchanting music in praise of the wisdom, power, goodness and love of the Father of Lights—though only he who has ears to hear can hear—yet it is a land where mankind is entombed in the abyss of ignorance and superstition.

"Speaking roughly, Brazil—and, indeed, all South America—is a world going to waste. Its natural resources are almost incalculable, embracing the products of both the temperate and torrid zones, such as cattle, sheep, horses, cotton, cereals, sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, hides, medicinal plants, rubber, dyestuffs, nuts, fruits, precious metals and other minerals in inconceivable quantities, and an inexhaustible supply of timber. Finally, no country in the world is so rich, varied and interesting as regards animal and plant life. But the soil,

The journeys through the savage world were made by means of dugout canoes, by rude floats made of hundreds of small poles, by horse and mule train and on foot.

"During these wilderness wanderings," writes the author, "we navigated many rivers, encountering dangerous rapids and whirlpools and escaping narrowly many perils. We saw frequently the margins of a river peopled by alligators and innumerable birds of gigantic size, while the air was gay with the flight of birds of gorgeous plumage and musical with their songs and chattering; and the water teemed, even seethed and rumbled sullenly at times, with fish and monsters—the paradise of the sportsman. Occasionally, when voyaging at night, moving silently onward in the embrace of a mighty current through the heart of unmeasured solitudes, remote from civilization, and listening to the snorting, blowing and splashing of big hungry creatures in the water, we could easily imagine that we had been placed upon the earth long prior to the age of man—in the Devonian Age, when a universal ocean, marvelously animated with fish and other creatures, enveloped the globe.

"On land we traveled by horse and pack mule and on foot, carrying with us a complete camping outfit. Our journeys led us over great hills and mountains, down rugged declivities and along serpentine trails that were fearfully furrowed by the daily torrential rains. We traversed vast areas of an unsubdued world of scragged jungles and dense tropical forests enveloped in eternal gloom, awful in their midday silence, terrible in their midnight noises and blackness, and dripping with water from the frequent thunderstorms; and we often found ourselves entombed in masses of thorny vegetation, making progress like passing through interminable barbed-wire entanglements. We followed for hundreds of miles the narrow divides betwixt great



HARVESTING COFFEE

which has been gathering fertility from the repose of ages, supports only a useless vegetation, except at miniature spots, comparatively, like a few oases in the Sahara, for agriculture has only begun. The mineral resources of the country have been touched only as regards gold and diamonds; manufacturing is in its swaddling clothes; and as to stock raising, the country scarcely supplies even the home demand. An observer says of the great Amazon region, that no country in the world, perhaps, is so capable of yielding immense returns from agriculture, yet none is so little cultivated; none where the soil will yield such an enormous variety of valuable products, where the facilities for internal communication are so vast, and that possesses in such marvelous completeness all the natural requisites for a stupendous trade, and yet none more neglected."

Acting in the capacity of a Bible colporter and missionary evangelist, the author, serving, as he says, as a sort of forerunner or scout for the army of Christ, traveled thousands of miles through the boundless wilderness of South America, inhabited by the children of the forest, besides traveling extensively and evangelizing the more advanced peoples.

continental drainage systems.

"At times we were permitted to view from altitudes, in the wonderful and enchantingly transparent atmosphere, great expanses of the unknown world. Once we saw twenty or more independent rainstorms at the same moment. We crossed swift streams by means of catamarans and rude floats, or by walking suspended trees, like aerial rope dancers, or by fording and swimming. We wallowed and waded through broad and dangerous morasses and submerged lands; encountered thundering cataracts and numerous charming cascades; journeyed through mysterious, unmeasured solitudes, beholding with deep feelings the marvelous works of God and awed by endless sublimities. We camped at times in wonderful natural botanical gardens of vast extent, or halted for a brief rest and for refreshments at some charming sylvan bower traversed by a laughing brook, regaling ourselves with delicious wild fruits or dining upon wild vegetables and the flesh of wild beasts. The memory of these experiences will ever remain as a strange, enchanting dream."

The author touches upon many phases of life in the great Brazilian republic. The most impor-

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The illustrations that accompany this article and the quotations used in the text are taken from the volume entitled "Through the Wildernesses of Brazil by Horse, Canoe and Float," by William Azel Cook. Copyright, 1909, by William Azel Cook. This book is published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. It contains 487 pages, is handsomely and profusely illustrated, and attractively bound in cloth. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.



tant agricultural product of the country is coffee, and Mr. Cook gives an interesting account of the raising and harvesting of this crop. He tells of the largest coffee plantation in the world, which is located near Riberao Preto. It comprises sixteen thousand acres of land, of which some fourteen thousand acres are planted in coffee trees. One would have to travel forty miles to encircle it, and more than forty miles of railway have been built to transport the coffee it produces. It gives employment to five thousand persons, mostly Italians, whose dwellings form villages. Nearly five million trees are under cultivation on this plantation, producing annually enough coffee to give every man, woman and child in the United States a cup of coffee daily for a week.

The various forms of animal life which abound in Brazil are well described. The ravages committed by the insect tribes are graphically told, and the customs and habitations of different kinds of ants are well portrayed.

The description which is given by Mr. Cook of the life of the native tribes which he encountered in his long journeyings through the interior of



AN ANT HILL

jurors can transform themselves at pleasure into animals—into the form of a witch or wolf, for example, in order to terrify, injure and domineer over men; and, in brief, can do all things whereby shamanism—primitive priestcraft—secures and maintains its influence over the tribe.

It is a matter of the deepest regret that the form in which Christianity has been introduced into Brazil is of that corrupt kind which has not tended to elevate the people, but rather to confirm them in degrading and unhappy superstitions.

The effect of the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith, as stated by Mr. Cook, has been rather to increase than to lessen idolatry. As he puts it, "The gods of the South Americans are a thousand 'canonized' or deified dead, who are manifest to men in the form of statuettes, dolls, dummies, manikins and lithographs. They were noted characters in the days of their flesh; and growing in fame after their demise, and coming to be regarded, popularly, as gods with varying powers, they were, at length, officially apotheosized."

The influence of the priesthood has been a bane rather than a blessing, and their opposition to the circulation of the Scriptures has kept the people in a state of spiritual ignorance, and has proved a lamentable obstacle to the propagation of the pure Gospel of Christ.

The impression which is produced by a careful reading of Mr. Cook's admirable volume is that the South American Continent may well be called the Needy Continent. Though so rich in material resources, the people are desperately poor, when considered from the moral, ethical and religious point of view. The great Republic of Brazil, though nominally a land of freedom, is bound in the fetters of a conglomerate superstition.

The remedy for this situation is clearly indicated by the author. What is needed is the propagation by voice and pen, through the living preacher and by means of the printed page, of the pure and simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Already the leaven of a pure evangelical form of Christianity has been introduced into the South American Continent, and Mr. Cook pays warm tribute to the devoted missionaries of the Cross, who are leading the people into higher and better things. But there is need for far more strenuous

effort. We cannot close this review of Mr. Cook's splendid book without quoting from his "Last Words," in which he says:

"What a sublime answer Jesus gave to that seemingly foolish question, 'Who is my neighbor?' His defined 'my neighbor' to mean any person who comes within the sphere of my opportunities, and not merely within my narrow geographical limits—the man for whom I may render some service, wherever he may dwell. Consequently a man who lives on the opposite side of the globe may be just as truly my neighbor as he who lives next door.

"What mean these marvelous words of the blessed Christ: 'I am the light of the world'—I am the Illuminator of the entire earth—I am the Annihilator of the darkness of the whole world? And those words of matchless sweetness, the outpouring of the very heart of Christ that shall forever thrill and entrance the human heart, like celestial music: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;'—is not this glorious invitation for all the hungry human hearts in ALL the earth?"



SEEN IN THE STREETS OF BAHIA

Brazil is exceedingly interesting. He tells of their primitive customs, their strange superstitions and their barbarous habits. In the far interior the religious ideas of the people are of the crudest kind. For example, the Karayá people believe that their priests or conjurers are endowed with some supernatural or mysterious powers, which enable them to put themselves at will into a trance or semi-death, in which state their souls, or doubles, explore the occult, or what is hidden from men in a normal state. They also believe that these con-



A PATAGONIAN INDIAN CHIEF

"There was never such an age of opportunity for the Church as NOW. What a supreme happiness it is to be the instrument whereby a degraded, brutalized, human soul is implanted with the divine life, and is made to germinate, blossom and grow beautiful and fragrant as the rose of Sharon by the life-imbuing breath of the Son of God! It surpasses in sweetness all other human experience; it is an age-enduring benediction. To relieve disease of soul and of mind is the highest and holiest function possible to man."



RESIDENCES IN THE SUBURBS OF BAHIA



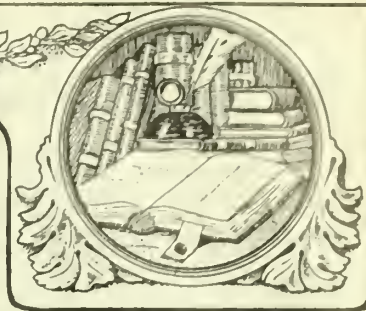
A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE GREAT FALLS OF THE ARAGUAYA





## WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



**I**N these midsummer days where do you live? The question may strike you as a trifle extraordinary, and you may fancy that I am inquiring whether your home is in town, in the country, at the shore or in the hills. But you are mistaken if you interpret the question as having reference to the place where your neighbors meet you on the street, to the situation of the house or anything that has to do with the simple facts of the external life.

Where do you live spiritually and what sort of life is yours in the inner citadel of your being? Do you habitually shut yourself up in a cellar, tarry among shadows, grope among tombs and stick fast in the Slough of Despond? Do you, on the contrary, live at the top of your possibilities, enjoying the privileges of your birthright and breathing the serene air that glows over the uplands of God? Where do you live, my friend?

### The One Perfect Life

I take it for granted that you are a Christian; that being a Christian you take Christ for your example and try to imitate Him in the conduct of your business and your intercourse with society. We are so much in the habit of thinking and speaking about the Master as a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief that we do not associate with Him the thought of cheer; yet the longer I study His life, the oftener I read of Him in the Gospels, the deeper grows my conviction that the life of our Lord upon earth was a balanced life. It was a life of tireless energy, of continual giving to others, of radiant blessedness and of constant communion with the Heavenly Father.

The one perfect life ever lived upon earth was the life of Jesus Christ. He must have been cheerful, strong and joyous. Take the wonderful fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of the Gospel of John, and choose for yourself in that cluster of diamonds the diamond which shall be yours, your own precious text, to be your encouragement on the march and the pillow on which you may rest your head and sleep through the night watches. I like those verses which speak to us of bearing fruit, of abiding in the love of the Father and of the Son, and especially dear to me is the suggestion contained in the words, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Where do you live in this beautiful month of a beautiful year in a splendid century? Is it in the full possession of the Master's joy?

### The Joy of Sacrifice

When our Lord said these words to His disciples, He was very near the end of His work in the sight of men, and He saw clearly just before Him the suffering He was to endure. The disciples may not have comprehended the peril of the hour, nor known as Jesus did that one by one the relentless moments were hurrying Him to the Cross. In that solemn time when He was soon to leave these dear ones who had been His comrades and close companions, He gave them a message of comfort, and almost in the very extremity of human need bade them not to be troubled nor cast down nor discouraged. His joy was to be theirs. There is a verse in the Book of Hebrews that flashes an illumination on this verse in John. The writer in Hebrews reminds us that we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, and counsels us to run with patience the race that is set before us, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Many of us in our humble capacities enter into the meaning of joy in sacrifice, and into the edge at least of that realm in which the Master fainting

under His cross as He bore it up the bare height of Calvary, yet despised the shame and pressed forward to the joy. The mother does this in the hour of her anguish. The physician does it when he spends himself that he may discover the remedy for an obscure disease or when, in a period of epidemic, he goes from house to house ministering to the sick. The surgeon does this when with delicate unerring touch, knowing full well his responsibility, he carries forward a critical operation. The soldier does it on the battle-field, and the captain on the bridge of the steamer in the tempest with a thousand souls dependent on him for safety, does it, too.

There is no joy in life to be quite compared with the keen joy of sacrifice for the good of others. Are we living, you and I, in this mood and with this spirit? It seems unworthy of humanity and of the Christian to live habitually only for self, to live for ease, for transient pleasure and for the accomplishment of such ends as perish with the using.

### The Definition of Joy

Tracing the word joy back through modern languages to its derivation we find it in French, Spanish, Italian and finally in the Latin tongue. It seems to be best described by its Spanish synonym of a jewel. If one looks into the heart of the ruby, the depths of the emerald, or the shimmer of the pearl, if one turns a diamond back and forth in the sun, one catches something of the singular charm of imprisoned light.

Joy has this flash of the sunbeam on our way. A child's joy is spontaneous; the child has no care about daily bread, raiment or shelter. The child plays without fear for to-morrow. It was not to little children that our Lord said: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," nor are children, except when they have been despoiled of their heritage by the iron hand of greed and the weight of premature labor, ever afraid of what the morrow will bring.

Joy in work is the condition which the jewel might suggest, the jewel itself being in part the product of skill and thoughtful toil. Let us ask ourselves whether we are living in that state of contentment and acquiescence with the Divine Will which enables us to be constantly joyful and, so to speak, entitles us to wear the jewel of joy as a daily ornament.

### A "Hill-top Saint"

Years ago I had an intimate friend, a man who had been poor all his days, who owing to an accident in early childhood became blind while still a young man, and who in his middle life lost the sense of hearing. This man, poor, blind and deaf, dependent to a certain extent on the kindness of his neighbors, having for years no settled abode, and being without near kindred, was one of the happiest people I ever knew. He might have been called a "hill-top saint." His seat in church was never vacant, although he could neither see nor hear. He went fearlessly through the streets; everywhere hands were extended to help him, if he had to cross a crowded thoroughfare, and no shadow nor frown was ever observed to rest upon his brave and joyful countenance. "I believe you are always satisfied," I once said to him.

"Yes," he replied, "I am more than that. I am always full of joy. I have so much to enjoy. I may be poor here, but I have a rich Father in Heaven. I may be blind here, but I shall see my Lord one of these days. I may be deaf, but by-and-by I shall hear the angels sing." Whenever I think of that friend who asked so little and yet had in his own soul so much, I am sure that he lived in the sunlight of God.

### Our Church Life

Where do you live in relation to your church? If you are a communicant, how much does the church mean to you? What special benefit do you

derive from what old-fashioned folk used to call "the means of grace?" Much criticism is expressed in print and in conversation with regard to church methods. Ministers are frequently compelled to bear the responsibility for vacant pews. If the church is sparsely attended, people in general imagine that the fault is due to the dullness of the sermons.

A certain church once called to its pulpit a minister to whom it offered a salary greatly in excess of its apparent income, and nearly twice as large as the stipend it had paid to the outgoing minister. Some one inquired how this increase of salary was to be met, and the answer came, "We are running this church now according to business methods. We expect the man whom we have called to draw enough people into the pew to guarantee him his salary."

There could be no possible element of joy in a contract like that. No minister should have laid upon him the entire burden of filling a church, and no church should be run only upon cold and heartless methods labeled with the name of business, indicative of a desire to show a gratifying balance sheet at the end of the year. What the successful church needs is a membership of loyal, earnest and joyous Christians.

### A Company of Joyful Christians

In a prayer-meeting I once heard a good man exclaim: "O Lord, make us hillierous Christians." Evidently what he had in mind was hilarious, but the variation, "hillierous," was not so bad after all. Did it not suggest a favorite psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help?"

As church members we should not tarry in the lowlands nor linger among the mists, nor walk day by day in ruts that are full of drudgery and have little delight. A church filled with joyful people will of itself attract the young and cheer the old.

A certain cult in these days, having to recommend it nothing very profound and certainly nothing novel, is said to have filled its adherents with a spirit of joy, until tired people enter its doors and sit in its atmosphere with a sense of elation, because optimism and good cheer are always contagious.

### Our Love of Country

A legitimate sense of joy united to pride and thankfulness inheres in our love of country. Every July we celebrate Independence Day. We ought to do this with no waning enthusiasm. The men who signed the Declaration, which made them famous and stands forever as one of the bravest of human documents, were actuated by faithful devotion to their country and obedience to the dictates of conscience.

In the midst of our great prosperity, now that we are a strong nation, it behooves us to remember our starting point and to emulate the spirit of the fathers. We have a right to be optimistic, to be joyful under our flag, to thank God more and more for our territory, our opportunities and our millions of homes. Love of country ought to be a passion with us as it has always been with the strong and brave nations of the world in the course of history. Most of all, it would seem that we should rejoice in the marvelous spread of Christian missions and in the fact that with us home and foreign missions are so closely interblended that whose works for the one cause cannot help working for the other.

Where are you and I living in so far as we are patriots? Do we indulge in cynical criticism of our public men? Are we living in a spirit of narrowness and exclusion in regard to foreign immigration? Are we disdainful of our birthright as those to whom the poor of the earth turn with longing eyes? This we should never be.



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## Editorial

### A Patriotic Issue

THIS number of the AMERICAN MESSENGER has  
many features that will be of interest and of value  
to our readers. The illustrated article dealing with  
the volume entitled "Through the Wildernesses of  
Brazil by Horse, Canoe and Float," by William  
Azul Cook, gains added significance in view of the  
fact that an edition of this book has recently been  
published in England, a fact which testifies to the  
importance of its theme and the value of its con-  
tents.

The predominant feature of this issue of our  
paper is found in the emphasis which it lays upon  
two subjects which have not always been closely  
associated in the minds of the people of our na-  
tion, but which the enlightened thought of the  
present age is coming to recognize as practically  
inseparable, namely, Patriotism and Peace. It  
seems eminently fitting therefore that this patriotic  
issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER should lay stress  
upon the subject of international peace, for we be-  
lieve that in the promotion of the peace of the  
world we are working for that which will make  
for the best interests of our beloved country, whose  
natal day we are so soon to celebrate.

## Men and Religion

One of the marked features of the religious life  
of the present day is the effort to enlist the men  
of the nation in a forward movement for the  
strengthening of the Christian Church and the ex-  
tension of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour  
Jesus Christ.

During recent months this effort has taken on  
tangible shape, and the result is the organization  
of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement,"  
which seems destined to play an important part in  
the advancement of the Kingdom.

The message of this Movement is a compre-  
hensive one, and it lays stress upon five great ob-  
jects, the attainment of which constitutes the goal  
toward which a concerted and united effort is to be  
made.

The first great object is to win the men and boys  
of our nation for Christ and the Church and to  
enlist them in service for others. The present nu-  
merical disparity between the masculine and femi-  
nine elements of Church membership has often  
been noted, and the feeling is widespread that if  
conditions were normal the number of men and  
women on the Church roll should be about equal,  
whereas now there are in most churches only one-  
half as many men as there are women. This is  
not the most disturbing fact, however, for the most  
vital and critical difficulty about the present situa-  
tion is that the Protestant Church membership as  
a whole constitutes so small a part of the entire  
population.

In recognition of the truth that the boy is the  
coming man, a special effort is now projected which  
shall endeavor to win the boys for Christ, and dur-  
ing the coming months it is hoped that Christian  
parents, teachers and friends will make the most  
earnest personal efforts to lead the boys and young  
men of our land to take their stand under the ban-  
ner of the Cross.

The second great object is to promote the study  
of the Bible and to make it the paramount author-  
ity in the hearts and lives of the people of our  
country. It is realized that when the men of Amer-  
ica adopt the Bible as the guide of their lives and  
recognize it as God's written and authoritative  
message to mankind there will result a wonderful  
uplift of moral standards and an ennobling of hu-  
man character such as has never been seen before.

Evangelism constitutes the third great element  
in the message of the Men and Religion Forward  
Movement. By this is meant that there is to be  
a spirit of soul-seeking and an earnest effort to do  
personal work with the object of bringing men to  
a saving knowledge of Christ. Too often, as has  
been well said, Christians are satisfied to work by  
proxy instead of by proximity, oblivious of the  
fact that it is chiefly if not wholly by the personal  
touch that human souls are won for the Kingdom.

The fourth great object sought is the promotion  
of Christian Missions. This means both Home  
and Foreign Missions. It means an effort to reach  
the unsaved, that shall include both the man next  
door and the man who lives in the uttermost parts  
of the earth. It means both world-wide evangelism  
and the evangelization of the unsaved members of  
our own households. In the prosecution of this  
object there will be no room for divisive theories,  
but there will be a strong and persistent emphasis  
on the essential unity of the missionary enterprise.

The fifth great element in the program of the  
Men and Religion Forward Movement is that of  
Social Service. By this is meant the effort to put  
the teachings of Jesus into practical effect in social  
life. It means the amelioration of human misery  
by applied Christianity and the transformation of  
human society by the working of the leaven of  
Christian brotherhood, as illustrated and personi-  
fied in the life of our Elder Brother.

This, in briefest outline, is the aim and purpose  
of the present movement. And this plan of action  
must surely commend itself to all who desire to  
see the spread of the Kingdom, which Christ came  
to establish and for which He gave His life on  
Calvary.

If the objects as set forth shall be attained, who  
can estimate the benefit that shall accrue to the  
Christian Church, to the life of the nation and  
to the uplift of the world at large? It is safe to  
say that a realization of the ideals which are thus  
set before us would bring a larger growth to the  
Church, a richer blessing to humanity and a greater  
impetus to the Kingdom than have ever before  
been experienced.

To attain these objects, and to accomplish the  
advancement of Christ's Kingdom which we so  
greatly desire, there must be a larger spirit of self-  
sacrifice. The history of Christianity during past  
centuries testifies to a noble spirit of devotion  
which impelled men and women and even little  
children to lay down their lives for the truth as  
it is in Christ Jesus. And the same spirit of sacri-  
fice which animated every true martyr of the Cross  
must still be present in the followers of Christ to-  
day, if His Kingdom is to go forward victoriously  
among men.

One vital point should not be overlooked in the  
prosecution of the campaign that lies before the  
Christian Church, and that is the value and effi-  
ciency of Christian literature as an instrumentality  
for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ.  
What the sword was to the warrior of old, what  
ammunition is to the soldier of to-day, that Chris-  
tian literature is to the Christian worker of the  
present day.

At home or abroad, in the crowded city or in the  
rural districts, among young or old, rich or poor,  
indeed among all classes and conditions of people,  
the word of gospel truth in the printed page is a  
mighty factor for spiritual uplift and a fruitful  
and effective means of Christian evangelization  
and enlightenment.

For eighty-six years the American Tract Society  
has been serving as an auxiliary to every movement  
to advance the spread of the Gospel and to hasten  
the progress of the Kingdom. And in the new de-  
velopments which may lie before us the Society  
stands ready to aid to the utmost of its ability  
those who are seeking to win mankind to the ser-  
vice of the Lord Jesus Christ.

✻ ✻ ✻

### The Passing of a Valued Friend

We regret to record the decease on June 4, 1911,  
of Rev. Hermann Ficke, the pastor of Immanuel  
Church of Dubuque, Iowa. He was a life-long  
friend of the American Tract Society, and warmly  
interested in all the various phases of its bene-  
ficient work.

Rev. Mr. Ficke was exceedingly helpful in aid-  
ing the circulation of the Society's periodicals.  
Through his agency hundreds of copies of the  
AMERICAN MESSENGER and of the *Amerikanischer  
Botschafter* were introduced into the homes of his  
parishioners every month, and it is worthy of note  
that he himself received these papers in one ship-  
ment and distributed them personally from house  
to house among the subscribers, always walking on  
foot.

At the last meeting of the teachers of the Sun-  
day School, which he attended, he suggested that  
one of the teachers be made a Life Member of the  
American Tract Society, so that a contribution  
might be made to the work he loved so much.  
In these and in other ways he manifested an  
ever-abiding interest in the work of the American  
Tract Society, and in his death the officers of the  
Society feel that a real loss has been sustained.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

JULY 2

## Ways of Serving Our Nation

Esther 4:1-17

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., June 26. By law-abiding. 1 Pet. 2:11-17.  
T., June 27. By prayer. Neh. 1:1-4.  
W., June 28. By city-building. Neh. 4:16-23.  
Th., June 29. By honest toil. Prov. 13:11.  
F., June 30. By exposing impurity. John 2:13-19.  
S., July 1. By true goodness. Isa. 2:1-5.

LIKE Esther, we have come to the kingdom of our country for such a time as this, and God has a useful part ready for us to play. We can serve our nation by promoting intelligence. Ignorant citizens are a menace. We can serve our nation by leading honest and industrious lives. We can serve our nation by following wise leaders. We can serve our nation by daring to do what we see needs doing.

We believe it was wise forethought in our fathers which led them to set apart Independence Day for yearly observance, when the attention of all our people would be turned toward a review of our past history and toward a consideration of questions bearing upon our future national interests and welfare.

One of the facts the day should fix in our minds is that the founders of our Republic recognized God. The last sentence of the Declaration of Independence reads: "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge," etc. When the Continental Congress was organized, Benjamin Franklin, although not a church member, suggested that the sessions be opened with prayer. At Valley Forge, the leader of our little army was found in the stillness of midnight on his knees, supplicating the God of nations to save his country. In that struggle for independence the colonies put their trust in Him who had guided another nation with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Heaven forbid that we should ever abandon the faith of our fathers! "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

We may well learn also from this day, and from the story of Esther, something of the power of woman's influence. When Great Britain placed a tax on silk the women of America said, "We will wear no silk." When a tax was placed on tea they said, "We will drink no tea." While history speaks of the Warrens and the Jaspers, let it not fail to mention also the women of the Revolution. And let us not forget the influence of women to-day upon the nation's welfare.

Let us learn also the importance of committing one's self publicly to the support of right principles. Fifty-six men put their names on the Declaration of Independence. Placing a name there meant victory or death. Had they not committed themselves thus publicly, they would have been more likely to waver before the war ceased. But after the names were down, there was no retreat. As one of them said: "We must either hang together or hang separately." Their names had been published to the world as supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and this public avowal helped them to keep firm during the seven years' war.

There was divine insight in Christ's requirement that Christians should confess Him and thus commit themselves to Him publicly. "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father and the holy angels," said the Master. Such public confession is not obligatory, but is a great source of strength. Public avowal in itself helps you to be true to the Redeemer. Do not try to be a Christian secretly. To the whole world let it be plain that you intend to be a Christian. Sever thus all connection with the sinful past; cut off all chance of retreat; and then go steadily forward until you behold brightly gleaming the spires of that eternal city whose builder and maker is God.

JULY 9

## Lessons from Great Lives: David

1 Sam. 17:32-51

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., July 3. God's choice. 1 Sam. 16:1-13.  
T., July 4. David the friend. 1 Sam. 18:1-4.  
W., July 5. God's warrior. 1 Sam. 17:32-49.  
Th., July 6. A generous foe. 1 Sam. 24:1-17.  
F., July 7. "Thou art the man." 2 Sam. 12:1-13.  
S., July 8. A father's heart. 2 Sam. 18:24-33.

What is that in thy hand, David? It was only a sling. A little weapon that he had made for pleasure or with which to keep the wolves away from his sheep. Yet with that sling David slew Goliath, whom none of the whole army of Israel dared to meet. Some of us have accomplishments we have never thought of more seriously than as a source of some slight pleasure to ourselves or to others. We can sing, or play on an instrument, or draw, or paint a picture, or tell a story well. Have you ever thought of using your accomplishment for God? Or perhaps you have gained some power in the more serious endeavors of your business or profession. Whatever the accomplishment, whatever the power you have developed or skill you have cultivated, why not use it for God? You have no idea how much it may result in, if you will only use it, as David used his sling, in the name of the Lord of Hosts. That is one valuable lesson we may learn from the life of David.

Another notable characteristic of David was his capacity of inspiring friendship. We think especially of his relation to the noble Jonathan.

If we are true men and women, our friends are our ideals. We cultivate in ourselves what we long for in our friends—sweetness of character, evenness of temper, purity, confidence, loyalty, patience, sympathy, and love. There is a wonderful restraining and constraining power in the life of one we love. We dare not do wrong in the sacred presence of a friend. You know how unworthy you feel when you come with the recollection of some sin or some meanness into the presence of one you honor as your friend. In "Middlemarch" George Eliot puts it thus: "There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration. They bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust." Yes, I am sure another lesson we may well learn from David is the value of having friends and of being a friend.

We are told how the soldiers of Napoleon admired their leader and Emperor. One of his men was wounded by a bullet entering his breast just above the heart. The surgeon was probing the wound, and as the courageous man felt the knife near his heart he exclaimed: "A little deeper, and you will find the Emperor!" Oh, dear friends, have we all got Christ, the Supreme Friend, in our hearts like that?

JULY 16

## Our Debts: What Are They? How to Pay Them

Romans 13:7-10

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., July 10. Our debt to God. Matt. 6:12.  
T., July 11. Our debt to man. Rom. 1:13-16.  
W., July 12. Our debt of service. John 13:14.  
Th., July 13. Our home debt. Eph. 5:28.  
F., July 14. Pay by love. Luke 10:25-30.  
S., July 15. Love's currency. 1 Cor. 13:4-7.

Sins are debts. They are entered in God's books. They increase. They can never be discharged. They cannot be transferred to any fellow-creature. They cannot be escaped by lapse of years or change of residence. Payment will be claimed. How, then, can the debt be cancelled? Not by repentance; not by good works; not by any amount of seeking and striving; but solely by God's good grace forgiving the debt for the sake of Jesus Christ. "In Him we have remission of sins through His blood."

Forgiveness is an unmerited favor of God. The first thing felt by the soul of man, when once it begins to know itself and to realize what God is, is the sense of guilt and ill-desert. Nothing is so far from a conscious sinner as the prayer of the heathen Apollonius: "Give, O ye gods, give me my dues!" Instead, we see our whole lives packed with sins, failures in duty, moral defaults, countless sins of omission and commission, until we are aware of one long, unbroken, crowded schedule of black indebtedness, and not one farthing in our possession with which to pay. Bankruptcy, everlasting, irremediable, irredeemable bankruptcy, stares us in the face. What, then, is the poor debtor to do? What can he do but fall on his knees and pray: "Father, forgive me my debts! Relieve me from their consequences! Reckon them not against me! Wilt Thou graciously blot them out of the book of Thy remembrance? Forgive! Forgive!"

To be forgiven we must forgive. It is not that there is merit in our forgiving one another. We do not win God's forgiveness by doing what is nothing more than our duty to do. Our Father does not forgive us our debts because we have forgiven our debtors; but our having forgiven our debtors is a condition of our Father's forgiving our debts. "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "When ye stand praying forgive, if ye have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses." Forgiving is one indispensable condition of being forgiven.

JULY 23

## Lessons from the Animals

Psalm 104:10-31

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., July 17. The birds; provision. Matt. 6:25-34.  
T., July 18. The ants; industry. Prov. 6:6-11; 30:25.  
W., July 19. The lion; strength. Prov. 30:30.  
Th., July 20. The eagle; training. Dent. 32:9-13.  
F., July 21. The sheep; trustfulness. Ps. 23.  
S., July 22. Dove and serpent; purity and wisdom. Matt. 10:16.

One of the finest and most comforting lessons we can learn from the animals is the lesson of God's care. He tells us to take no anxious thought for our life, or what we shall eat or what we shall drink. He says, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." He cares for the animals. He says, "How much better are ye than a sheep!" From the animals let us learn the lesson of being carefree, of taking no anxious thought, of reposing in calm trust in God's provision and love.

A very beautiful thought is brought out by the French translation of the seventh verse in the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of Peter. The words are: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." Where our version reads "casting," the French translation is "unloading" (*dechargeant*). The difference of meaning is made plain by an illustration we have somewhere seen. The writer said: "The word 'cast' might seem to bring to our mind the action of taking up something and throwing it over on Jesus; but many times, dear friend, have you not found the cares too heavy to lift? Have you ever seen a coal cart unload? The man took out of the front of the heavy cart a little iron pin, and the cart was so balanced on the axle that then, with a slight pressure on the back of the cart, it would tip up and the whole load slide off to the ground, and the pony would trot away with a light step. You do not have to take it up; just take out the little pin of your endeavors to help matters, and, with your hands of faith and committal, tip up the big load, and then run on, for 'He takes care of you.'"

Unload Your Cares

Unload the cares you carry on your shoulders. Unload the cares you carry on your head. Unload the cares you carry on your heart. God has no children without sorrow, and in many cases the load seems too heavy to be borne; but His own invitation is: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

But the thing that can most surely unload the heart is to come into consciousness of the fact so plainly stated: "He careth for you." That means that He loves us and sympathizes with us and will exercise His strength in our behalf. Whatever the burden that bears down upon us, to know that God has not left us out of mind or out of sight, but that He is "keeping watch over his own," and "will make all things work together for our good," cannot fail to lighten the weight and give a sense of security and a glad hope of final good. Unload your cares! Learn from the animals to accept your meat in due season and rely on God's continued care.

JULY 30

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. VII. Missions in Burma and India

Acts 17:16-31

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., July 24. Impotent gods. 1 Sam. 5:1-5.  
T., July 25. Making a god. Isa. 40:1-20.  
W., July 26. A man is like his god. Ps. 115:8.  
Th., July 27. A word to workers. Hag. 2:4-5.  
F., July 28. Christ regenerating India. Eph. 4:20-24.  
S., July 29. The vital seed. Matt. 13:38.

Notwithstanding the unrest and disturbances in India, the past few years have witnessed marked progress in that land. There have been large ingatherings. The so-called "mass movements" in different parts of the country are resulting in the turning of many of the outcasts and members of the lower castes toward the Christian religion and the Church of Christ. The readiness of the depressed masses to receive the Gospel is indeed very impressive and a hopeful sign. In the Telugu country thousands of villagers, including members of the higher castes as well as of the depressed classes, are clamorously desiring to enter the Church, while the available schools are not able to meet the demand for the needed religious teachers. Similar movements are reported in the United Provinces, in the Panjab, and in Western India. It is believed that all over India the leaven of the Gospel is permeating the lump of heathenism. Among the high castes many have given serious attention to Christianity and have come into sympathy with its teaching and spirit. Many have been baptized, confessing their faith in Christ, but many more are secret disciples.

A prominent worker among students in India has pointed out recently that there have been more conversions among the educated classes during the last ten years than in any previous decade in the history of Indian missions. The student class was never so accessible as now. A leading missionary asserts that nowadays no *bona fide* idolater is to be found among university men. The firm hold which the old religious customs of India had upon the people is breaking down.

Great changes are taking place in the physical conditions in this great country, with a population of over three hundred million. Fifty years ago there were in India only 300 miles of railway. Now India stands fifth among the nations in railways, having over 30,000 miles.

The year 1913 will be the centennial year of Burmese missions. The missionaries have been and still are almost entirely Baptists, and they have had wonderful success, especially among the hill tribes, who are spirit worshippers, and were without a literature till the missionaries gave them one. Now there are among them many thousands of strong, intelligent and aggressive Christians.



Exposition of the  
International Lessons

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph. D.Isaiah's Prophecy Concerning  
Sennacherib

JULY 2

Isaiah 37:14-38

**GOLDEN TEXT.** God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46:1.

At the time of our present lesson the kingdom of Judah had been experiencing a reformation under the wise leadership of King Hezekiah. The idolatry introduced by Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, had been checked and the worship of Jehovah had been re-established. Under Hezekiah's sovereignty Judah prospered also in material things, for he carried out extensive schemes for fortifying Jerusalem, and improved its water supply, besides developing in other ways the military resources of the kingdom.

Meanwhile Assyria, under the rule of Sargon, had also increased in military strength and resources, and stood as the greatest power in the then known world. Under the evil leadership of Ahaz, Judah had become tributary to Assyria, but upon the accession of Sennacherib, Hezekiah withheld the annual tribute, and this furnished the immediate provocation for Sennacherib's invasion.

## The Assyrian Attack

Sennacherib at first carried everything before him. He captured forty-six of the fortified cities of Judah and swiftly approached Jerusalem, where the king had shut himself up in preparation for a siege. At this juncture Hezekiah stripped the Temple of its gold and sent an immense tribute to Sennacherib at Lachish, which for a time induced the Assyrian foe to withdraw. But Sennacherib did not long rest content with the tribute. Soon he returned to the attack, and, sending an insolent messenger, he demanded the surrender of the city in the most blasphemous and scurrilous terms.

There is no more searching test of character than a flood of adversity, and in the moment of his utmost extremity the devout character of Hezekiah shines resplendent in its trustfulness and courage.

The presence and counsel of the prophet Isaiah doubtless constituted a most powerful factor in enabling Hezekiah to maintain hope, where to other eyes there seemed to be room for nothing but despair.

## An Answer to Prayer

In the crisis in which Hezekiah now found himself he turned unto God in prayer. Going into the Temple, he lifted up a prayer for deliverance which entered in at the gate of heaven, and speedily there came to him in answer to his petition the prophecy of Isaiah concerning Sennacherib which is found in the text of our lesson.

Isaiah's prophecy was speedily fulfilled. The Assyrian army was stricken in a remarkable manner by the hand of the Lord, and they returned to their own land, where Sennacherib finally perished by assassination.

## Helpful Suggestions

Many helpful teachings are found in the lesson. The reward of piety, the answer to prayer, the fulfillment of prophecy, the security of the righteous, the value of faith, and the punishment of blasphemy—all these find illustration in the story of Hezekiah and Sennacherib.

The Suffering Servant of  
Jehovah

JULY 9

Isaiah 52:13—53:12

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Isa. 53:6.

The Gospel in the Old Testament is nowhere more clearly presented than in the passage of Scripture which has been selected for our study from the writings of Isaiah, the evangelical prophet of the Old Dispensation.

The theme of this lesson is the Suffering Servant of Jehovah, and in Jesus Christ we find the perfect embodiment of the prophecy uttered by Isaiah. There are many phases in which the Saviour is presented to us in this wonderful description of the Suffering Servant of Jehovah. We may think of Him as Exalted, Exalted, Despised, Rejected and Glorified. Again we may consider Him as Suffering, Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted. The one thought that should be kept pre-eminent is that of the redemptive mission of the Messiah, which is here described as a work of vicarious suffering.

In the opening verse of the lesson we have the suggestion of the Messiah's final triumph, and the truth of this prophecy is abundantly sustained by the glorious victories of the Cross which have already been won, and by the promise of the future conquests that are betokened by the onward progress of the Kingdom.

Before the final triumph of the Messiah, however, Isaiah tells us He must needs pass through His humiliation, and in the words of our lesson we have a vivid picture of the rejection of Christ by wicked and sinful men.

## The Bearer of the World's Sin

Isaiah portrays the Messiah as bearing the heavy load of the world's sins. Upon His shoulders is the burden of our griefs and sorrows. The wounds that He bears are those due for our transgressions, and the stripes that have left their cruel mark upon Him were inflicted for our healing. As the scapegoat in the wilderness was supposed to bear away the sins of the people, so upon Him has been laid the iniquity of all humanity. He is a patient sufferer, and though He is led as a lamb to the slaughter no word of complaint falls from His mouth.

## Victory at Last

The note of victory is struck at the close as at the opening of this matchless prophecy. The Lord, it is said, shall divide the Messiah's portion with the great. He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands.

## Timely Reflections

The present triumphs of the Cross were made possible only through the humiliation of the Suffering Servant of Jehovah.

The sin of rejecting the Messiah is not confined to the Jews. There are many to-day who are as surely rejecting Christ as the Jews who persuaded Pilate to crucify Him.

The fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy in the person of Christ is one of the clearest proofs of divine revelation which can be cited.

JULY 16

Manasseh's Wickedness and  
Penitence

2 Chronicles 33:1-20

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Isaiah 1:16, 17.

Manasseh's sins are set forth in the text of our lesson in a clear light, and reveal to us a man who was exceedingly depraved. The enormity of his wickedness is still further aggravated by the fact that he was the son of a godly father, Hezekiah.

After long years of idolatry, Manasseh was visited with condign punishment for his sins. The king of Assyria (probably Assurbanipal) carried him into captivity, and there he suffered all the rigors of an Oriental prison. Assyrian kings sometimes thrust a hook into the nostrils of their captives, and so led them about. What Manasseh suffered is not recorded, but no doubt his condition was one of the utmost misery.

## Manasseh's Repentance

Amid the horrors of his Assyrian dungeon Manasseh came to repentance. The story of his penitence is briefly but graphically told. "When he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers."

God is always ready to restore the penitent sinner. So Manasseh's repentance was quickly followed by his restoration to the divine favor, and in token of this he was presently released from captivity and allowed to return to Jerusalem. The effect of this divine favor upon Manasseh is expressed very vividly in the closing words of the lesson: "Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God."

## The Lesson for To-day

In the story of Manasseh's sin and repentance we have a picture of the experience of every sinner who truly repents and turns unto God. No matter how greatly one has sinned, there is pardon for every one who will believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and seek forgiveness through His precious blood. And with this pardon there comes a peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away, a peace which rests upon an absolutely sure foundation and which abideth forever.

JULY 23

## Josiah's Devotion to God

2 Chronicles 34:1-13

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Eccles. 12:1.

Manasseh was succeeded as king of Judah by his son Amon, who "did evil in the sight of the Lord," and reigned only two years, at the end of which his servants made a conspiracy and slew him in his own house. The people, however, killed all the conspirators and seated his son Josiah upon the throne at the early age of eight years. The record of Amon's life shows that he was a thoroughly wicked man. It is possible, however, that his wife, Jedidah, the mother of Josiah, was a pious woman, and perhaps it is to her that Josiah owed the good impulses which showed themselves so early in his life.

## A Youthful Reformer

Josiah was but a boy of sixteen years of age when he made evident his purpose to serve the Lord and showed that it was his intention to drive out of his kingdom everything opposed to the worship of the true God.

Accordingly, we are told, he began to purge Judah and Jerusalem from the high places, the groves, and the carved and molten images. The account given in the text of our lesson and in the corresponding passage in the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of Kings indicates that Josiah carried forward this work with the utmost vigor. In this enterprise he was fortunate in having around him a band of like-minded spirits, amongst the most conspicuous of whom were Shaphan, the scribe; Hilkiah, the high priest; and Huldah, the prophetess. Within this circle the young king had grown up, while he was also brought into contact with another youth destined to be even more conspicuous than himself—the prophet Jeremiah.

## The Temple Repaired

While engaged in destroying the heathen shrines which had contaminated Judah with their presence, Josiah was not unmindful of the fact that the Lord's house had been allowed to fall into neglect. So in the eighteenth year of his reign he set about repairing the Temple. Hilkiah, the high priest, superintended the work, and the enterprise was pushed forward with energy and fidelity by all concerned. In this way the Temple was finally restored to proper condition for the worship of Jehovah.

## Important Teachings

A consecrated purpose to follow righteousness is more than a match for the influence of a bad heredity.

Boys and young men can accomplish great things for God and for their country. "Let no man despise thy youth" is a good message for every young person to remember.

Faithful helpers are always ready for those who resolutely seek after God and who consecrate themselves, body, soul and spirit to His service.

All true reformation must be constructive as well as destructive. Not only must we tear down heathen altars, but we must make the Lord's house fit for services of worship and praise.

It was said of Josiah's helpers: "And the men did the work faithfully." Could this be truthfully said of our work for the Lord?

JULY 30

The Finding of the Book  
of the Law

2 Chronicles 34:14-33

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee. Psalm 119:11.

The finding of the book of the law follows in direct sequence with the repairing of the Temple by Josiah. The exact spot in which Hilkiah found this precious treasure is not stated. The book of the law of the Lord was of course in the form of a roll. The rabbinical tradition is that it was found beneath a heap of stones, under which it had been hidden when Ahaz burned the other copies of the law.

## The Book Brought to the King

After Hilkiah, the high priest, had found the book he delivered it to Shaphan, the scribe, who brought it to Josiah, the king, and read from it aloud in his presence. The effect of this reading was most disconcerting, for Josiah rent his clothes in token of the deepest distress, and the plain inference is that the words read by Shaphan must have been such as those found in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, setting forth the judgment which would rest upon the people of Israel if they failed to hearken to the voice of the Lord and to observe all His statutes and commandments.

## The Counsel of Huldah

Josiah now directed that inquiry should be made of the Lord concerning the fate of the nation. Hilkiah thereupon consulted Huldah, the prophetess, concerning whom we know only what is recorded of her in this connection. She at once confirmed the truth of the prophetic judgment pronounced in the words of the book of the law. The people had sinned, and they must suffer under the wrath of Jehovah, whom they had so flagrantly offended.

Josiah, however, having found favor in the sight of God by his exemplary piety, was declared exempt from the condemnation which rested upon the people, and it was promised that he should not behold the evil that should come upon the nation, but should be gathered to his grave in peace. This latter prediction must mean that he should die in peace with God, for, as a matter of fact, Josiah fell in battle fighting with the king of Egypt.

## Concluding Thoughts

Let us guard against any failure to appreciate the value of God's Book. There is still danger that the Bible may be lost, not as in the days when it lay hidden in the Temple at Jerusalem, but by the denial of its inspiration and the neglect of its teachings.

We cannot overestimate the dynamic of the Bible. Great things were wrought in Judah by the finding of God's law. So great things will be accomplished in any nation that exalts the Bible as the rule and guide of life.

True virtue and humble and sincere piety are never unrewarded. The divine benediction rests upon all those who, like Josiah, seek after God, and who treasure His Holy Word as the supreme law of their lives and who make it an infallible rule of faith and practice.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



DEAR UNCLE HARRY: As this is my first letter I hope to see it in print. I think a lily is very interesting. Love to all the little folks.

LOTTIE HOLT.

You have well said, Lottie, that the lily is a very interesting flower. Do you remember what our Lord Jesus Christ said about the lilies? If you will turn in your Bible to the sixth chapter of Matthew, and read verses 28 and 29, you will find these words: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

He said it is the best paper he has taken for a long while. I hope to see this in print, if it is not too long. I hope it isn't.

Lovingly,  
ANNA H. REUTER.

Our last letter on this interesting subject this month is from a boy who lives in Eddy, Okla., and who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old, and live on a farm near the Salt Fork River. The most beautiful thing I ever saw was an orange tree in Southern California in winter time. It was covered with orange blossoms at the time and looked very beautiful with its dark green leaves.

## Flowers, Plants and Trees

DURING the past few weeks the boys and girls have been writing pleasant letters to Uncle Harry about the flowers, plants and trees, and now we will turn to these letters and read the interesting things which they contain. Our first letter comes from a boy in Etna, Pa., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I was ten years old in April. In school I am in the fourth grade. The most beautiful flower I ever saw was the night-blooming cereus. We have a conservatory, and have lots of flowers and plants. With love to all.

Your loving nephew,  
STANLEY McCLELLAND.

The night-blooming cereus is certainly a handsome flower, Stanley, and a most interesting one to watch. You are fortunate in having a conservatory, and we would like to have you write again some day and tell us more about the beautiful plants and flowers which it contains.

Our next letter comes from a girl who lives in Falk, Humboldt County, Cal., and this is what she writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I want to join your happy band, and tell you about the large redwood trees where I live. My father has been felling these gigantic trees for twenty-five years. Near our house there is one that measures about fourteen feet through. My father has been taking the AMERICAN MESSENGER for twelve years, and I enjoy reading Our Little Folks' page. I am eleven years old, and go to the Congregational Church and Sunday School. We have a cow, a calf, two dogs and a cat.

Your loving niece,  
RUTH CHRISTIE.

You live in a most interesting section of our country, Ruth, and many of our little folks who have never seen the big trees of California would be glad to see the redwood forest in which you live. Write us again, when you can, and tell us more about these monster trees, which grow so near your home.

A Missouri girl, who lives in Mindenmines, has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is my first letter. I am ten years old. I live about a mile and a half from the schoolhouse. I am in the second class at Sunday School, and in the fifth grade at day school. I live on a farm of forty acres. My father has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER about two years. I read Our Little Folks' page every time we get a paper. I think the most beautiful sight is a flower bed full of roses in the summer time. With love to all the little folks,

Yours truly,  
ETHEL SHoup.

The rose is the favorite flower of most people, I suppose, and it is not strange either, for there is a loveliness about its form and a fragrance in its perfume which we cannot find in any other flower. And yet there are other flowers which are very beautiful and fragrant, too. One of them is mentioned in the following little letter from a girl in Charlotte Court House, Va., who writes:



AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER

An Ohio girl, who lives in Toledo, has sent us a very pleasant letter, in which she tells us of her favorite tree and flower. This is what she says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade. I go to Sunday School every Sunday; my papa is the superintendent. My mamma is the teacher of one of the classes. I have no pets except my dear little brother and sister. The prettiest flower I ever saw or heard about is the rose. It is the sweetest flower that grows. The nicest tree is the cherry tree. Papa takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and he likes it very much.

I picked some oranges, and they were very sweet. I also saw a banana tree bearing bananas. We like the AMERICAN MESSENGER very much.

RAY ALONZO MITCHELL.

We are glad to receive this letter, Ray, and to welcome you into our happy band, together with all the other boys and girls who have written us at this time. Surely we have had a very interesting subject, and as there may be others who would like to write us about the flowers, trees and plants which they have seen or heard about, we will continue this subject for another month.

## Our Mail Bag

IN addition to the letters that have already been printed there are others which have been in Our Mail Bag for some time, and which we would like to print now. The first comes from a little girl in Tampa, Fla., and this is what she says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I live in the Sunny South. My grandma takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and she sends it to me to read. I am eight years old. I have no brothers nor sisters, but I have lots of little playmates. I go to school and Sunday School. I can skate on the sidewalk. I suppose some of the little girls who read this can skate on the ice. We have no ice in Florida to skate on. I have never seen snow.

THELMA BROWN.

You have sent us a very interesting letter, Thelma. Perhaps you will come North some winter, and then you will have some wonderful sights to see, not only in the deep snows which often cover the ground, but in the hoar frost which produces such beautiful effects on the landscape, and in the ice and the icicles which sometimes seem to make a fairyland of crystal all about us.

Here is a letter from West Frankfort, New York:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I would like to join your happy band. I am nine years old. I like to read Our Little Folks' page. My grandma takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I have three sisters and a pony.

Your loving friend,  
M. ADDIE FABEZ.

In Demster, New York, there lives a little girl who has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old. I go to school and Sunday-school, too. I have a dog and a cat. The cat's name is just Kitty, and the dog's name is Nigger. I live on a farm that extends to Lake Ontario. With love to all the little folks.

ELLEN L. ANDERSON.

A boy in North Branch, N. J., writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I live on a big farm and like to work. I am in the fourth grade at school and am eleven years old. I walk one and a half miles to school.

ROBERT WHITELEY.

A little girl who lives in Organcave, West Virginia, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my first letter to Our Little Folks' page. My father owns a farm, two mules and a horse. My mother takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I go to school at Chestnut Grove. We have two rooms. My teacher's name is Miss Lula White. I am eleven years old. I live in the country.

Your niece,  
ANNA BOONE.

There are still other letters in Our Mail Bag, but our page is full, and we must keep all the rest for another time. Don't forget to write something about the Flowers, Plants or Trees. Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.





## A REUNION IN POMPEII

By Chara Broughton Conant

### CHAPTER I

**I** SUPPOSE you're right, Miss Delavan. It *would* seem strange for us to be in Naples and not pay a visit to Pompeii. Though I suppose we saw most of the trash they dug up there in the National Museum? Now don't look horrified, my dear," pursued Mrs. Partridge, looking up with twinkling good-nature at her companion. "'Trash,' I call it, for the most part, let them rave about it as they will! But there, I know you're pining to explore that old 'City of the Dead,' and I suppose I ought to be. So we'll go to-morrow if it's pleasant. But let me enjoy myself this evening. I'm so sleepy, and this delightful armchair just suits my 'fairy-like' figure! Really!"—glancing around the luxurious room—"our landlady takes great pains to make us comfortable. It's much nicer to be here than in the hotel, eh? And we can always go there for our dinner and supper when we like."

"Yes, it's much nicer," replied Cordelia gently. She was a slender, rather tall woman of thirty with a fine high-bred face, too pale and thin, however, for perfect beauty. It was clear that she must have been extremely handsome when younger, for her slightly aquiline nose was exquisitely chiselled, her eyes blue as the lovely Bay of Naples itself, and her hair was the glossy light brown that keeps its color better than darker tresses. Her face had the pensive, patient expression of a proud, sensitive nature that has learned resignation and humility in a school of severe suffering. The last few months had been a welcome change after years of privation, for Mrs. Par-

tridge, her employer, though far from intellectual and often tiresomely garrulous, was sweet-tempered, motherly and unselfish.

"Miss Delavan," she broke out suddenly, "did you notice that fine-looking man in the museum, with the pretty lady in light blue—his bride, I imagine? He's an American, I'm sure, and I guessed he was a college man before I heard the lady in brown call him Professor Conrad. He's not what you call handsome, but he is so distinguished-looking, with such magnificent black eyes! How interested he seemed in those collections! But he looks too old and too learned for that pretty wax doll of a girl."

The delicate wave of pink that had surged into Cordelia's cheeks receded as quickly, leaving them deathly white.

"You are tired, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Partridge, "and no wonder, after piloting about a portly woman like me all the morning. Now while I take a nap, step out on the balcony and rest yourself."

Mrs. Partridge closed her eyes, and in a moment her heavy breathing announced that she was fast asleep. Thankful that the good lady had not observed her agitation, Cordelia stepped out upon the balcony and seated herself in a light wicker chair.

There was an enchanting picture upon which she had feasted her eyes now for several days! There lay that beautiful bay, whose color baffles the beholder who attempts to describe it: neither azure nor violet, but something between—a warm, delicious, ineffably lovely blue. And there arose Mount Vesuvius, shorn of its graceful cone, but still majestic, with exquisite tints varying from hour to hour. Capri, throned upon the hills, could be discerned in the distance, so transparently clear was the atmosphere. White-winged vessels glided swan-like over the bay.

But this afternoon Cordelia Delavan looked absently at the beautiful picture. Yes, she had recognized Professor Conrad, the noble Christian man, the refined and gifted scholar, whose suit she had rejected, when a spoiled child of wealth and fashion, eleven years before. Following the dictates of her worldly mother, she had engaged herself, while traveling abroad, to a titled Italian, who was not only a decided skeptic, but utterly wanting in moral principle. The sudden collapse of the immense fortune Mr. Delavan had bequeathed his wife and daughter alienated Count Riccardi's affections at once, and he abruptly terminated the engagement. Cordelia returned to America with her mother, where, in a secluded village, they lived upon the pitance left them, eked out by Cordelia's meager earnings. A brave spirit had been developed in the girl by their misfortunes, and in her sorrow she had turned to the Divine Friend, who never forsakes or betrays. And when, a year later, her mother passed away, it was in childlike faith, for she, too, had sought and found shelter under the Saviour's care.

Of Professor Conrad, who long before had accepted a position in a Western college, Cordelia had not heard a word. This morning was the first time she had set eyes upon him since their parting, eleven years ago.

"I knew him in a moment, but he did not recognize me, and no wonder, aged and faded as I am!" she thought dejectedly.

"Ah, well," she murmured, rousing herself as she felt a tear trickling down her cheek, "this is wicked of me and selfish!"

(Continued on next page)

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## A Reunion in Pompeii

(Continued from preceding page)

I should rejoice in his happiness, for that little woman—I'm sure she is his bride—has a face as sweet and good as it is pretty. God bless them both and give them many happy years together!"

The unselfish prayer had restored her serenity. Closing her eyes, she murmured under her breath the words that had become so dear to her:

"In each event of Life, how clear Thy ruling Hand I see!"

It was the loveliest of May mornings. As Mrs. Partridge and Cordelia alighted from the carriage that had conveyed them to the station the latter caught sight of the Professor, accompanied this time only by the little "lady in blue." She seemed in the liveliest spirits.

"Come, come, Mrs. Conrad," Cordelia heard him say distinctly in the playfully persuasive tone one would use to a child; "time and trains wait for nobody! If we stop to buy fruit now we shan't secure good seats."

"Mrs. Conrad!" That settled it beyond the shadow of doubt; but though Cordelia grew a shade paler she preserved her composure. Soon she and Mrs. Partridge were comfortably seated in the train. The portly lady, exhausted by her unwonted early rising, soon dozed off, and Cordelia, absorbed in the view from the windows, was quite unconscious of the searching though kindly black eyes that from a distant corner were keenly observant of the slender, graceful figure gowned in silvery grey.

After leaving Torre del Greco an enchanting panorama spread itself out before them. On the shore side of the Bay of Naples, with its fair islands, Procida, Ischia, and Nisidia, Vesuvius dominated the scene. On the left rose sunny hills with their green slopes covered with vineyards. A delicious breeze tempered the sunshine.

As they neared their destination the scene grew desolate. Beds and immense heaps of black lava extending over a considerable space showed where the last eruption had done its worst. Cordelia

gazed upon the picture with melancholy interest, dreaming not of the far more appalling calamity, the earthquake, that a few months later would devastate the Sicilian Islands and wreck beautiful Messina, sending thousands of its inhabitants into eternity!

"I suppose we'll have to hire a guide," said Mrs. Partridge as she paid the customary fee at the entrance, "though I hate the disagreeable fellows, bawling out their information in a jargon I can't understand! You'll have to interpret for me, dear, and—bless me, there's our Professor again with his pretty bride! Couldn't we hire the same guide, Miss Delavan, or 'tag' along behind, gleaning the distinguished gentleman's valuable remarks?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the horrified Cordelia, shrinking into herself. But the next instant she was amazed to find the Professor himself at her elbow.

"Excuse me," he said, lifting his hat in the courtly way Cordelia remembered so well, "but have I not the pleasure of addressing the Countess Riccardi?"

Cordelia, though trembling from head to foot, responded quietly:

"No, Professor Conrad, I am still Miss Delavan."

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

## The Name on the Glass

A BUSINESS establishment in a downtown district had changed hands, a different firm had taken it, and a new sign appeared above the door and new names on the letter heads.

"Only one trace of the former management left," laughed an old employee, "and that's the big front window. There's something queer about that window. The old firm name was painted clear across it in large letters, and, of course, one of the first things the new people did was to get rid of that. A man came and took it off with soapstone and acid—or whatever they use—and the plate glass was soon left as bright and clear as you please, without a spot or line on it. But let there come a frosty night or a day when the windows are covered with mist, and the old firm name shows up again so plainly that any one can read it. I suppose there was something in the paint that so penetrated the glass that frost or mist won't cling where it has been. At any rate, the old words stand out when the rest is covered."

It is like some things that are written on our hearts and lives for good or evil. We may pass into new experiences, choose other alliances, and think we have erased all the old record and put it forever out of our thought, but some enveloping mist of sorrow, some sharp frost of adversity, will bring us face to face with it again. The hard and bitter thoughts we once allowed to rule our lives, or, more blessedly, the dear old faith of other days from which in our self-sufficiency we may have turned away, comes back to us from out of our past.

SELECTED.

## Always Bettering the Past

God can give you better things to-day than He has ever before given you in your life. "Write it on your heart," said Emerson, "that every day is the best day in the year." That means that every day can be the best so far; and it can. For our best days in the past have not exhausted God's resources—His power, His goodness, His love. Nor have we ever yet opened our life to Him as freely as we might. The best day in all our memory was the day on which we gave Him most of ourselves; but we can give Him more, and then He can give us more. The more we yield ourselves to Him and receive from Him, the better do we learn how to go on farther and farther in this giving and receiving, and the more do we realize how far from sounding His infinite resources we are and always shall be. He wants us always to receive more from Him in order that He may always give Himself the more richly through us to others. Therefore our growth in surrender and service marks our best days. Shall we not let to-day see more of this than ever before?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

## A Bit of Honeycomb

As we look around the crowded deck, gay with laughing travelers, our eyes fell upon the sad sight of a lame child, hopelessly and conspicuously lame. Doubtless it is for her sake, we thought, that this family is taking the ocean trip; but nothing can bring real cheer to this young life, so broken, so sad, so suffering, so cut off from the natural joys of youth. And we wondered what we might contribute to her amusement, to help beguile the tedious days.

But the next day, and the next, and all the days of the voyage, that invalid chair was the center of the happiest group afloat; for the precious child, instead of thinking of herself, instead of demanding service from those about her, instead of pitying her sad case, spent herself in giving to others the cheer that we had thought her so scant of herself. Every child in the ship's company came to hang around her, first to watch her nimble fingers cut marvelous things with her scissors; and they stayed because of the sweet merriment of her silvery voice, asking each one about the things that particular one loved to talk about, and giving sympathetic hearing to all.

"Dear child," said one in passing, "you are like a bit of honeycomb, and these bees cannot get enough of you."

And we thought of Jonathan and his tired soldiers and the honeycomb that refreshed them by the way. Do you see that it was because of her infirmity she made herself a little song of cheer and comfort? Are we using our crosses and trials to bring the sweetness of honeycomb to the weary and discouraged soldiers who fight near us in the battle of life?

EXCHANGE.

## The Power to Win

IN Christian work and worship, especially when the heart is deeply and tenderly touched with the spirit of compassion, how we long for spiritual power to win men to Christ. Of course, the first and fundamental desire is to win Christ, in whom "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Paul counted all things but loss, that he might win Christ, who is our dependence in the work of winning men to Him. The secret source of power to win men is in Jesus Christ. When His disciples went out in His name they found that even devils were subject unto them. The name of Jesus is not only sweet, as the poet says and sings, but also potent. All power is vested in Him, and His grace and power are at our disposal, if we meet the conditions upon which it is offered. Each believer is divinely assigned to service, in which the supreme desire and pleasure is that of winning souls.

RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.

## COMES A TIME When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y. "Its lightest punishment being to make me 'logy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood.

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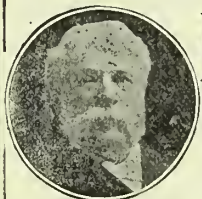
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Estate of Mrs. Cowgill, \$8.

### CONNECTICUT, \$78.06.

Miss Curtis, \$1; A Friend, \$2; Miss Daggett, \$1; Mrs. St. John, \$5; Mr. Clark, \$10; Mrs. Cooke, \$10; Mrs. Cameron, \$10; Mr. Latham, \$2; Mrs. Kinney, \$1; Miss Comstock, \$1; Litchfield First Cong. Church, \$21.06; Mrs. Baldwin, \$3; Mrs. Pantan, \$1; Mrs. Van Tassel, \$10.

### DELAWARE, \$32.

Miss Spotswood, \$15; Mrs. Nisbet, \$15; Miss Janvier, \$2.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$5.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley, \$5.

### GEORGIA, \$2.

Miss Clay, \$2.

### ILLINOIS, \$185.34.

Chicago Tract Society (including \$75 for Colportage), \$98.09; Miss Smith, \$5; Mr. Haley, \$5; Woodstock Presb. Church, \$5.25; Mr. Stiver, \$1; Mr. Vogt, \$2; Mr. Schaeffer, \$2; Mr. Hill, \$5; Mrs. Bent, \$5; Miss Hunter, \$5; Mrs. Henry, \$5; Mrs. Lawler, \$10; Mrs. Chandler, \$3; Miss Todd, \$5; Mrs. Sheldon, \$5; Mrs. Brown, \$5; Mrs. Dr. Keith, \$5; Mrs. Parsons, \$1; Mr. Bidwell, \$5; Mr. Emmert, \$3; Estate Alex. D. Forbes, \$5.

### INDIANA, \$26.72.

New Albany, Third Presb. Church, \$6.72; Mr. Hildebrandt, \$1; Mrs. Bass, \$10; Mr. Taylor, \$2; Mr. Pixley, \$2; Miss Daviss, \$5.

### IOWA, \$76.

Mr. Buckmann, \$1; A Friend, \$5; Miss Herbert, \$1; A Friend, \$2; Mr. Blood, \$2; Mrs. Collier, \$5; Miss Latta, \$5; Mrs. Blair, \$1; Mrs. Blackwell, \$10; Prof. Bayless, \$2; Mr. Jones, \$2; Mr. Beach, \$5; Mr. Harris, \$5; Mr. Loetscher, \$5; Mr. Carr, \$10; Mr. Harger, \$5; Mr. Adams, \$5; Mr. Conzett, \$5.

### KANSAS, \$30.65.

A Friend, \$30; Mrs. Krehbiel, 65 cents.

### KENTUCKY, \$49.

Mr. Hunt, \$2; Mr. Chiles, \$1.50; Mrs. Skillman, \$5; Dr. Clark, \$5; Mr. Bullock, \$1; Mr. Curran, \$1; Mr. Bassett, \$1; Mr. Ross, \$1; Mr. Milward, \$1; Mr. Shaw, \$1; Mr. Sharp, 50 cents; Mr. Davis, \$5; Mr. Wheat, \$5; Wheat & Laufer, \$5; Miss Short, \$5; Mr. Meldrum, \$2; Mr. Barrett, \$2; Mr. Barrett, \$1; Mr. Davis, \$1; Mr. Sperry, \$1; Mr. Cecil, \$1; Mr. Massie, \$1.

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Mrs. Mills, \$1.25; Miss Southworth, \$2.50; Mr. Pope, \$5.

### MARYLAND, \$0.65.

Mr. Villmar, 65 cents.

### MASSACHUSETTS, \$127.67.

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### MICHIGAN, \$23.40.

Prof. Vesey, \$2; Beaverdam, Chr. Refd. Church, \$11.40; Grand Rapids, B'way Chr. Refd. Church, \$10.

### MINNESOTA, \$105.95.

Mr. Degegnier, \$3.95; Mr. Bass, \$2; Mr. Douglas, \$25; Mrs. Kirk, \$10; Mr. Ware, \$5; Mr. Bigelow, \$5; Mr. Clark, \$5; Mr. Noyes, \$10; Mrs. Noyes, \$15; Mr. Bigelow, Jr., \$5; Mrs. Norton, \$20.

### MISSOURI, \$5.

W. H. S., \$5.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$3.70.

Miss Wentworth, 25 cents; Rev. Mr. Elkins, \$1.45; Mrs. Delzell, \$1; Mrs. Rowell, \$1.

### NEW JERSEY, \$142.25.

Union, Connecticut Farms Presb. Church, \$10; Mr. Moore, \$5; Miss Soper, \$1; A Friend, \$2; Mr. Anderson, \$5; Mr. Donahue, \$1; Mr. Sellow, \$50; Mrs. Howell, \$5; Mr. Tooker, \$50; Mrs. Woodruff, \$2.25; North Branch Refd. Church, \$5; Mrs. Reeve, \$1; Mrs. De Witt, \$5.

### NEW YORK, \$956.81.

N. Y. City, Fourth Presb. Church, \$25; King Testamental Fund, \$18; Miss Billings, \$25; Mr. Edwards, \$10; Mr. Thorne, \$25; Mrs. Dwight, \$10; Mrs. Sibley, \$15; N. Y. City, Madison Square Presb. Church, \$122.35; N. Y. City, Coll. Refd. Churches, \$428.83; Mr. Yreance, \$25; Miss Strong, \$20; Mrs. McCarter, \$5; Mr. Ludlow, \$100; Miss Parsons, \$3; Mr. Havemeyer, \$25; Mr. Plantner, \$10; Mr. Kouwenhoven, \$10;

Mrs. Hazelwood, \$1; Mr. Carey, \$15; Mrs. Marvin, \$3; Mr. Blaisdell, \$5; Irvington on Hudson Presb. Church, \$20; Mrs. Henkins and friend, \$10; Miss Forrester, in memory of Mrs. Forrester, \$3; Miss Harmon, \$5; Miss Busby, \$10; Miss Brooklin, \$1; So. Salem Presb. Church, \$6.63.

### NORTH CAROLINA, \$2.

Dr. Hay, \$2.

### OHIO, \$95.58.

Miss Wittick, \$2; Mrs. Lehman, \$1.70; Dr. Brush, \$10; Mr. Stark, \$10; Mr. Meinger, Jr., \$10; Mr. Stearns, \$10; The Baldwin Piano Co., \$10; Mrs. Moffatt, \$5; Mr. Kite, \$5; Mr. Seacham, \$5; Mr. Poundsford, \$5; Mr. High, \$3; Cincinnati, Thld Presb. Church, \$1.20; Mrs. Brown, \$2; Mrs. McClintock, \$2; Mr. Hale, \$1; Cash, \$2.68; Cleveland, Windermere Presb. Church, \$10.

### OREGON, \$2.50.

Mrs. Longbottom, \$2.50.

### PENNSYLVANIA, \$293.30.

Mr. Barnett, \$10; Mrs. Sanford, \$25; Mr. Trexler, \$10; Mrs. Trexler, \$10; Washington, First Presb. Church, \$10; Mr. Fleming, \$10; Mrs. Gest, \$10; West Sunbury, Presb. Church, \$3.70; Mrs. Lyons, \$5; Bishop Mackay-Smith, \$25; Elkland, Parkhurst Mem'l Presb. Church, \$1.60; Mr. Savage, \$100; Mr. Herron, \$25; Mr. Park, \$20; Mrs. Wallace, \$5; Mrs. McAteer, \$2; Mr. Hemlock, \$1; Mr. Kuhn, \$5; Mr. Line, \$15.

### SOUTH DAKOTA, \$4.75.

Mr. Stratmeyer, \$1; Mr. Dreesmann, \$2.65; Mr. Maxwell, \$1.10.

### TENNESSEE, \$17.

Mr. Smith, \$5; Miss Muse, \$12.

### VERMONT, \$11.

Mr. Barnes, \$5; Elklund, \$1.

### VIRGINIA, \$7.50.

Mr. Blencowe, \$7.50.

### WISCONSIN, \$70.02.

Mr. Falkenstein, \$3; Mrs. Mary I. Barnard, to constitute herself a Life Member, \$30; Mrs. Frank, \$5; Alto Calvary Presb. Church, \$5; Alto, Christian Refd. Church, \$19.02; Miss Fagg, \$1; Mr. Holley, \$2; Mrs. Ray, \$5.

### WYOMING, \$17.

Mrs. Oastler, \$2; Mr. Schreibeis, \$15.

### FOREIGN, \$3.70.

Canada, Mr. Troegel, \$1.20; Mr. Machado, \$2.50.

### LEGACIES, \$85.00.

Columbia, N. J., Estate of Herman Geisse, \$100; Brooklyn, N. Y., Estate of Susan A. R. Moses, on acc., \$500; Elm Grove, W. Va., Estate of Helen M. Atkinson, \$50; Yonkers, N. Y., Estate of W. W. Rand, on acc., \$200.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$650.  
Income for Missionary Work, \$650.



## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to "THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of ..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.



## Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.



## Tracts at Work

THE Superintendent of one of the Homes of the Florence Crittenton Mission writes:

"We are pleased to acknowledge your generous donation of tracts received lately. Your kind remembrance of the Home is greatly appreciated."

A voluntary tract distributor in Lexington, Ky., writes:

"Tracts came O. K. Many thanks for your courtesy. I am now using them daily, as I find need. Trust to see much good done."

## Grants Gratefully Received

Among the acknowledgments which the American Tract Society has recently received in response to grants of Christian literature which it has scattered far and wide are the following:

A Christian worker in Paterson, N. J., writes:

"Your three packages of books for our Sunday School Library came yesterday, and we are very grateful to you indeed. Since our church and Sunday School Library was burned, on December 15, 1908, we have been busy raising money to build the new church, and have not had a library book in our Sunday School. Your gift of two hundred books will send Christian books into more than a hundred families of poor people, who have little opportunity to read good books."

A voluntary tract distributor in Washington, D. C., writes:

"I thank you in the name of the Lord Jesus for the tracts, and will distribute the same with prayer. I ask you to pray for me as I go about, that God will bless the Gospel message, and that some poor soul that is lost may find the seeking Saviour."

A mission worker in Huntington, W. Va., writes:

"Have just received the package of papers which you have so kindly donated to me, and which will be of great service to me in my mission work. I truly appreciate your kindness."

From the superintendent of the Helping Hand Mission in Wyoming, Pa., has come this acknowledgment:

"Accept my thanks for the booklets and tracts. This place needs Christian temperance work."

A Christian worker in Canton, O., writes:

"I received your tracts in different languages a few days ago, and I am much obliged to you. I handed some out at the workhouse on last Sabbath, and the prisoners enjoyed them very much, especially the foreigners, as they had not much reading."

A worker in Albany, N. Y., writes:

"Received the packet of tracts, for which I wish to thank you. May they be, as it were, bread cast on the water."

Rev. H. B. Someillan, the Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Havana, has transmitted the following communication:

"At a recent meeting of the Presbytery of Havana it was unanimously voted to express to your honorable Society our sincere gratitude for the generous donation of a large number of the Spanish paper, *Manzanas de Oro*, with which you have so kindly favored our missions in Cuba. May God's choicest blessings ever abide with you in your efforts to spread the glad tidings of joy throughout the world."

From West Palm Beach, Fla., has come the following letter:

"I have received the books, and I want to express my gratitude to you. I wish you could know how much benefit they are to us. Nearly all the colored ministers in the town find much help from them. The tracts I give to the young people to read, and it is surprising to see how eager they are to read them."

An earnest worker for souls in East Poultny, Vt., writes:

"Just received the package of tracts. Many thanks, not only for myself, but for the people that will receive them and be benefited by them. Expect to use them for God's glory and the saving of souls."

Mr. Henry Carlsen, of South Amboy, N. J., writes:

"I thank you for myself and in behalf of the people who may be blessed by reading them, for the donation of those beautiful tracts which you sent me."

## American Tract Society

THIS Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publications of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 775,995,849 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$779,287.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$21,300.81, being equivalent to 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,548,095.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 233,710; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 77,581, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in seventy years 17,004,116, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,356,367.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

# HELPFUL PERIODICALS

## FOR THE HOME, CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The American Messenger

Is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Sunday School Lessons, Prayer Meeting Topics, and much other interesting and instructive matter. The price is very low, being but Fifty Cents a year, or in Clubs Thirty Cents a year.

## Apples of Gold

Is a delightful paper for the little ones. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-part parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for Primary Departments and infant classes; attractive pictures; large, clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copy, 30 cts.; five copies to one address, 25 cts. each; ten or more, 20 cts. each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cts. per copy additional.

## Amerikanischer Botschafter

Is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription is Thirty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents, forty or more, Eighteen cents.

## Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is Twenty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents a year.

Send for Sample Copies

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY  
150 Nassau Street New York



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## Presenting the Scriptures to the Royal Family of China

TOWARD the end of the past year a committee of Chinese Christians presented four copies of the New Testament, bound in heavy covers of engraved silver, to the royal family of the empire, including the empress dowager, the young emperor, the prince regent, and the latter's consort. These volumes, costing, including the cases, over \$1,250 (silver), were paid for by voluntary subscriptions by the native Christians of China, it being expressly stated wherever the matter was presented that no gifts were to be received from foreigners. The idea of the presentation originated with a Shansi Christian, Mr. Chao Bing-tung.

After public meetings and much display of the volumes at Shanghai, the committee of two charged with the presentation left for Peking. There as en route at Tientsin and at Tungchow, they received an ovation from the Chinese Christians and the missions, their arrival being made the occasion for mass meetings in the interests of the Christian advance in China.

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## The Strength of Islam

THE Turkish journals of Constantinople have been making up statistics as to the number of Mohammedans in the world, and arrive at the following total:

The Ottoman Empire, 27,000,000; Bosnia and Herzegovina, 600,000; other Balkan States, 100,000; Russia, 24,000,000 out of a total population of 135,000,000; India, 60,000,000, of a total population of 250,000,000; China, 40,000,000; independent Asiatic States, 20,000,000; Java and neighboring islands, 25,000,000; Philippines, 500,000. They estimate that the strength of Islam in Africa is no less than 60,000,000 to 70,000,000. In conclusion the journals put the total number of Mohammedans in the world at 270,000,000, and affirm that this number is being rapidly augmented by conversions, as well as by the large birth rate, which is a feature of Moslem life. This statement is one of the convincing arguments for the need of Christian missions among Mohammedan people.

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## A King Turned Missionary

MISSIONARY SCHWARTZ, of the Basle Society, writes home from the Gold Coast: "King Njoya might be called the most influential missionary of all the interior. He is himself building a great school for his 500 pupils. I have been working for a week at making him doors and windows, and had to make the plan of the building in order that the doors and windows might fit exactly. Njoya is enchanted with his educational palace, and has given me twenty-five logs for our station. He teaches the school himself, relates and dictates Bible stories to the children, composes Christian hymns and teaches the children to sing them. One cannot but admire the results of his teaching. It is an extraordinary apparition, that of a king, himself still heathen, who is giving Christian religious instruction. . . . The same society's mission at Bali and Bamum, in the Kamerun, is advancing very hopefully, and two chiefs, who are not themselves converted, are favoring the Gospel by every means in their power."

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## A Fitting Memorial

A MEMORIAL church is to be erected in Osmanieh in Asia Minor in remembrance of the American missionaries and Armenian, Greek and Syrian pastors who suffered martyrdom, April, 1909, while on their way to the annual conference of the Cilician Church Union. This group of victims of Mohammedan ferocity numbered thirty pastors, teachers and evangelists. The church will be built on the ruins of the earlier church and, as the earlier one, will be the center of active evangelistic work.

## Zenana Bible and Medical Mission

As the pioneer among zenana missions, this society has maintained its twofold ministry of preaching and healing for sixty years. The women and girls of India have been the object of its care and sympathy, and its progress has meant an ever-widening stream of mercy and beneficence. Deeply interesting is the record of the society's progress. At the end of the first twenty years of its activity there were 17 European missionaries and 26 Indian workers laboring in 233 zenanas and 18 schools. The number of pupils was 304, and they met in hired houses and in any building which could be obtained. There was no medical or orphanage work. At the end of 1909 the society had 150 highly qualified European missionaries, graduates or students of British universities; 260 Indian workers; 5 hospitals, where more than 33,000 patients were treated; 12 dispensaries, where 80,000 attendances were made. In 47 schools and training institutions there were over 3,000 pupils. Over 6,000 zenanas are regularly visited, and Bible women and missionaries itinerate in more than 750 villages. In addition, there is a home for lepers, another for untainted children of lepers, two orphanages for girls, and two industrial homes for widows.

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## A Missionary Romance

AN interesting story has just been told concerning the Providence Industrial Mission at Ciradzulo, Blantyre, British Central Africa. Nineteen years ago a certain official in the district made use of an intelligent boy of the Yao tribe to take a message under difficult circumstances across country, and for this service rewarded him with a rupee. With this small sum the lad laid the foundation of greater things. He bought an English primer and began to attend school at the mission. Later he was ordained a minister of the Gospel, went on a voyage of European travel, and has since built a church which has some 300 members. The episode is one which shows how the natives of Central Africa are learning to help themselves.

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## By-Products of Cuban Missions

BY REV. E. P. HERRICK

THE missionaries in Cuba fully realize that their chief work in this great island is a ceaseless proclamation of the gospel; an exaltation of "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." We are called first of all to preach the Word, organize and build up churches into which converted souls shall be gathered for worship and for work; but we realize also that incidental benefits accrue to the 2,000,000 inhabitants of Cuba, benefits which we may characterize as the indirect fruitage of the seed sown, the by-products of the gospel.

First. Of these we would name first of all the betterment of the old church through friendly competition. It is awakening from its lethargy and sleep of centuries. Romanists are demanding purity of life in the priesthood. The mission homes are object lessons and most helpful along this line. Sacerdotal celibacy is not as popular as formerly. It suffers by contrast with the Christian homes which center in the families of the pastors. All over Cuba Sunday schools are being organized. Expository preaching is at times heard in Romish pulpits. Some Sabbaths since we heard them singing the praises of Jesus in Spanish in the ancient church near our mission. Young people's societies patterned in part after our own and the public reading of the Scriptures in Spanish with other innovations unheard of in colonial times, all these things show that the gospel leaven is at work in the institution which has so long dominated Cuba.

Second. The missionary in his pastoral work gives needed instruction in hygiene and the need of sanitation. Cuba suffers to a pitiable extent from preventable diseases, the most prevalent being the white plague. Forty per cent. of our deaths are due to consumption. Education in the laws of health naturally accompanies gospel teaching. Wretched ventilation, the crowding of families in tenements, carelessness in the selection and preparation of food, and utter neglect of sanitary precautions, all these things are feeling the benefit of our influence.

Third. One of the by-products of missions is the creation of a purer civic atmosphere. While holding aloof from partisan politics, gospel teaching tends powerfully to establish civic righteousness by implanting deep moral convictions and imparting the courage necessary to avow them. Social regeneration flows naturally from a renewed heart. The missionary stands for intelligent citizenship, a free church in a free state. Self-control, civic integrity, purity in body and soul, truthfulness and honesty in dealing, all these are genuine fruits of our missionary work. In our day and Sabbath schools a new generation is being trained in the knowledge and practice of gospel ideals. Much is being done also in the development of an intelligent and systematic beneficence, a work which is greatly needed in a country where there are few organized charities and mendicancy is widespread.

Great is the task of reform which the evangelical churches are fulfilling. The people are being trained to choose only pure and worthy men to occupy high places, to oppose the boss, the heeler and the reign of graft, to repress cruelty to animals, to oppose the national vices of sensuality and gambling, cock and bull fighting, Sabbath desecration and all that follows in the train of these evils.

A people subjected to Spanish domination for four hundred years cannot be expected to master the art of self-government in a day nor in a decade. They are being taught to claim and retain their rights, as citizens, by peaceful rather than revolutionary measures, and to make their government one of, by, and for the people.

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## The Boer Missionary Institute

ONE of the results of the revivals which took place in the Boer prison-camps during the South African war was the foundation of the Boer Missionary Institute at Worcester, South Africa. One hundred and fifty-five young people have already passed through the course, sixty of them being on the field, while the rest are engaged in further study in the Wellington Seminary and elsewhere. The Institute purposes also to provide school teachers for the Boer people. The Boer Calvinist churches have now missions in Rhodesia, British Bechuanaland and Nyassaland.

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## Among the Laos

MR. DODD, a missionary of a Rochester Presbyterian Church, has just reported on a long reconnaissance among the Laos of the Siamese and Chinese Hinterlands. Instead of the supposedly half million there are, he finds, from twelve to sixteen millions. Their national existence runs back forty centuries, and they live in a country 400,000 square miles in extent, i. e., half as great as the United States east of the Mississippi. They have poured millions of their population into China, Siam, Annam, Burma, Assam, and Cambodia, yet are still a numerous and growing race. Mr. Dodd's tour took him over a thousand miles, much of the time at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the sea. He describes the people as marvelously receptive and well disposed, a vigorous stock and only needing instruction to be won by multitudes for the Kingdom. The successes among the Miao of China and the Muhsos of the Chino-Burmese frontier who belong to this Laos family, indicate the promise of another Korea in this strategic land.

## Working for the Italians

BY REV. STEFANO L. TESTA

THE Italian work has passed the experimental stage. It is the general verdict that no work among foreigners yields larger, quicker and more abiding results than that among the Italians. Eighteen years ago, when I was converted, there were only ten Italian missions in this country; to-day there are 250. The greatest increase has taken place in the last five years. Fully one-third of these churches and missions are under Presbyterian auspices, and are the strongest in the number of adherents. A mission has never been started under good auspices without immediate results, and seldom is a Lord's Supper celebrated among us without accessions; on one occasion in my church in Brooklyn there were sixty new members received on confession of faith.

It is easy to find the reasons for this responsiveness of Italians to Protestant Christianity. The alienation of the larger portion of the Italian people from the Roman Catholic Church, is one of the outstanding facts of to-day. The Church has oppressed them for centuries, always standing against their liberty and independence, finally secured in 1870 after the shedding of much blood in the revolt against the temporal power of the Pope. Then there is the innate reasoning ability of the Italians, their warm-heartedness in appreciating any act of kindness however slight; their capacity for great faith, testified to by both Scripture and history; the fact that Italy has had many martyrs of the Protestant faith, and also gave birth to the first Protestant Church in the world (the Waldensian Church); their freedom from ecclesiastical control and imposition when they come to this country; their notice of the progress, comfort and general well-being of peoples under Protestant influences as compared with the ignorance, poverty and wretchedness of peoples dominated by Romanism—all these things combined, together with their loneliness in this country and their eagerness for a friendly hand, make the Italians especially amenable to missionary endeavor. The evangelization of Italians in this country (2,000,000 of them—500,000 in Greater New York alone, so estimated), is one of the pressing duties before the American Christian Church to-day, as well as the greatest opportunity to effectively prosecute both Home and Foreign Mission work at the same time.

But the Italian needs to be Americanized as well as Christianized. Hence, the appeal can be made with equal force from a patriotic standpoint. No one can appreciate the blessings of American institutions better than an intelligent naturalized citizen; for, *he knows the other side and is an American by choice*. By the "Americanization" of the Italian, I mean that he ought to be brought in touch with the best side of American life, for, alas, they become Americanized quickly enough on the worst side. The Italians come here to give their best to America; they give their work, their strength, their lives, their children, their artistic genius; they should get in return the best that America has to offer—education, fair treatment, and, best of all, the Bible and Evangelical Christianity, which are the pillars of American civilization.

The Italian missionary, therefore, must be a leader among his people. He must be in sympathy with the American spirit and life; he must not only preach the Gospel, but also be a teacher, a link between the Italians and American institutions, a living example for his people to follow. He must teach English, civics, etc., and do for adults what the public school does, in a large way, for their children. I am glad to say that the majority of our missions are doing this educational and social work in connection with their religious work.

ASSEMBLY HERALD.



# OUR SPECIAL SUMMER PREMIUM OFFERS

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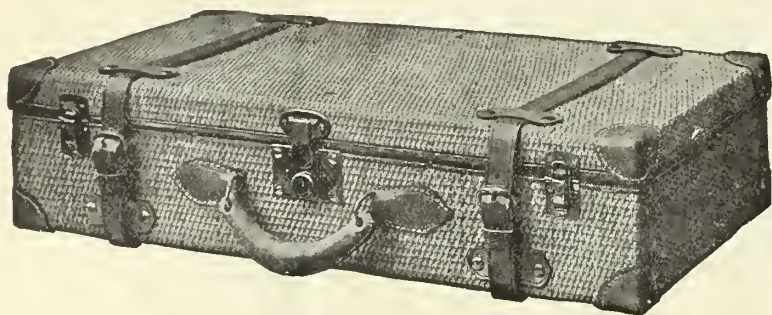
The vacation season has arrived, when people are wont to go on little journeys and a dress suit case is indispensable.

The suit case which we offer to our readers as a premium is a beauty, very light and serviceable and suitable for either lady or gentleman.

Any one with a little effort can easily secure enough subscriptions to earn this dress suit case.

It will be given free to any one sending only 20 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, the receiver to pay express charges.

As a special inducement we will send to each subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors (size 14½x20 inches) entitled "The Good Shepherd."

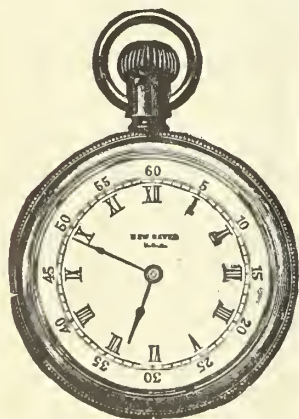


This suit case is made of fine woven ivory cane, 6½ inches deep, 24 inches long, with wooden frame, extra quality fancy linen lined, gathered pocket and tie-tapes inside, brassed lock, bolts and 1 inch straps around the case, sewed on leather corners and fine seamless ring handle.

## WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Every boy and every girl would like to have a watch. Here is a good opportunity to secure one free. Boys and girls in different sections of our country have gone to work, and within a very short time, and with very little effort, they have become the owners of beautiful watches. Our youthful readers can do likewise. Boys, try it and see how easy it is to secure only 5 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. Girls, you certainly can obtain the names of 7 of your friends as subscribers to aid you to secure this watch. Go to work now.

### Girl's Nickel Watch

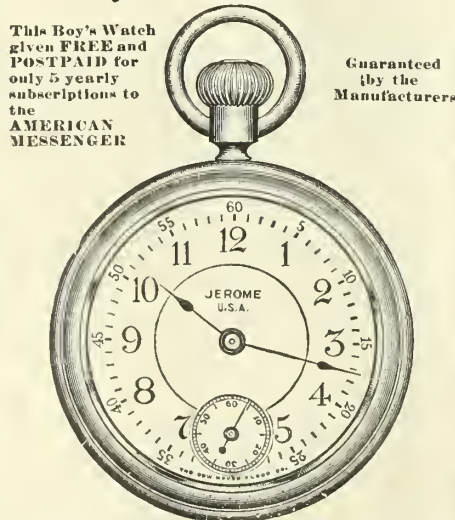


This beautiful little watch is finished in solid nickel silver case with fancy engraved edges and is stem wind and stem set. The dial has plain Roman figures, and the crystal is made of heavy beveled glass. We have used this little watch as a premium for a number of years and it has given the best of satisfaction.

The Watch will be sent FREE and all charges PREPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

As a special inducement, we will send to each new subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors, "The Good Shepherd," size 14½ x 20 inches.

### Boy's Nickel Watch



This Boy's Watch given FREE and POSTPAID for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER

Guaranteed by the Manufacturers

This watch is an up-to-date, American-made serviceable watch, stem wind and stem set, and is a good time-keeper. It has a highly polished open face nickel-silver case. A guarantee for one year goes with each watch. The illustration given herewith is an exact reproduction of the watch we are offering.

## The AMERICAN MESSENGER

from

July 1 to December 31, 1911

and a splendid

## Fountain Pen

for only

One  
Dollar



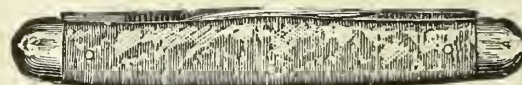
To any one remitting us One Dollar, we will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER from July 1 to December 31, 1911, and also this splendid Fountain Pen. This pen is known as the Famous "Eagle Fountain Pen." It has a 14 karat solid gold and best iridium point, para hard rubber barrel, also two engraved one-quarter inch Gold Bands, and is six and one-half inches long. It is suitable for either lady or gentleman, and is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

If you are already a subscriber to this paper, why not send it to a friend for the balance of the year, and receive the pen yourself. This is the most liberal offer we have ever made to our readers. Act promptly.

Splendid Pocket Knives are offered as premiums to those who secure new subscriptions for the AMERICAN MESSENGER. These knives are manufactured by the well-known firm of T. F. Curley & Co., of New York City. All blades are hand forged from the best steel. Only the best material and the finest workmanship are used in the making of these knives.

As a special inducement we will send free to each new subscriber a copy in colors of the beautiful picture, "The Good Shepherd," by the celebrated artist, B. Plockhorst, in a size suitable for framing.

### Pearl-Handled Knife



Given free and postpaid for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

The handle is of heavy iridescent pearl. The bolsters and lining are German silver. The two blades are fine English hand-forged steel, carefully tempered and hardened. The large blade is a regular cutting blade and the other is a nail cleaner and file. The Knife is 2¾ inches long. This knife is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

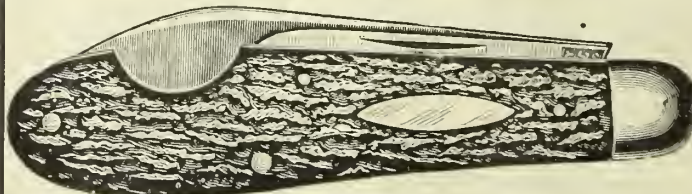
### Pocket Knife No. 2174

Given free for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each



This Knife for gentlemen has two blades. Each blade opens easily. The blades are made of finest quality of steel. The handle is of patent stag, and is brass-lined.

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Given free for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good, firm hold. It has a German silver bolster and name plate, and is brass lined. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy.

CIRCULATION  
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# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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No. 8



A TEMPLE TOWER IN MADURA, INDIA

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK



## A Temple Tower in India

IN connection with the heathen temples of India there are often lofty towers, which form a conspicuous feature in the landscape.

The illustration on the front cover page of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER shows us a temple tower in Madura, India. The photograph from which this picture was made was sent to us by Rev. L. B. Chamberlain, whose father, Jacob Chamberlain, was one of the great pioneer missionaries to India.

There is a tower corresponding to the one shown in the illustration, on each of the four sides of the temple enclosure in Cadura. At night during the Festival of Lights these towers are illuminated by thousands of tiny lamps, and they make a brilliant sight. And yet we cannot forget that these temple towers are built to glorify heathen divinities, and we shall rejoice when instead of using these glittering edifices with their pagan rites, the people of India shall turn unto Him who is the Light of the World, and worship God in the beauty of holiness.

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## A Little Light on Love

BY THE REV. JAMES MUDGE, D.D.

THERE is wide difference between light and love, between knowledge and zeal, between scholarship and piety. There is no necessary antagonism between them, thank God, but the combination, the possession of the two in any large measure by the same individual, is not as common as one could wish. It is scarcely needful to raise the question here as to which is better, zeal without knowledge or knowledge without zeal, love without light or light without love. It is perfectly clear that a life conspicuously lacking in either is fatally deficient, that both are indispensable, invaluable, and each rightly apprehended helps the other. It certainly requires much light to know just what love is, and what it will do in the various relations of society.

One chief mistake is to identify it with the especially or exclusively feminine qualities, such as gentleness, meekness, tenderness, making it all smiles and sunshine, ever acquiescent and complacent, expressing itself in endearments and caresses only. This is altogether incorrect. It will not do at all. This emasculated notion of love, which makes it too soft and sentimental to hold the reins of government, which strips it of all manliness and brings it perilously near the point of contempt in the eyes of those who have any strength and stamina, has done great harm. Just as faith and hope are in constant danger of being degraded into fanaticism and hallucination, so the danger of love is laxity. Parents imagine that if they love their children they must give them loose reins and gratify all their whims, which is only another way of consenting to their ruin. And multitudes fancy that since God is love nothing very severe or painful will be done to those who wilfully and habitually disregard His laws. Love must not be so defined as to shut out of its possession the strong and the great, those best fitted to be supreme in the counsels and actions of mankind, those sternly faithful to duty.

What is love? We call it the opposite of selfishness. Yet we often observe a manifestation of it which might almost be termed selfish love. Such was that which the Apostles had for the Saviour when they would have kept Him with them at all costs. He said to them, "If ye loved Me [truly] ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto my Father." Is there not a similar display of self in much of the lamentation over departed friends to-day? Does not the violent grief exhibited proclaim that, not the good of those to whom we profess such extreme devotion, but our own inconvenience or loneliness is the main thing with us? And when we love others mainly because of what they have done, or will do, for us, is there not a large element of self in it? Disinterested love is rare; but, so far from being impossible, it may be set down as the one thoroughly genuine article. It is at least the only divine love, the only perfect love, that which longs to give and not take, to pour itself forth and spend lavishly on the beloved, that

loves God (and man also) for himself, not for his gifts. Love counteth not the cost.

"For others' sake to make life sweet  
Though thorns may pierce your weary feet;  
For others' sake to walk each day  
As if joy helped you all the way.  
While in the heart may be a grave  
That makes it hard to be so brave;  
That makes it hard to be so brave;  
Herein, I think, is love."

Yes, the poets, with their keen insight into truth, and into the human heart as well, have clearly seen and fitly phrased some things on this theme which strike the mark very closely. James Russell Lowell, for example, is exactly right, we think, when he avers:

"That love for one from which there doth  
not spring  
Wide love for all is but a worthless thing."

And still another, using "one" in a higher sense, gives utterance to a sentiment worthy of all acceptance:

"If I truly love the One  
All the lovers are mine;  
Alien to my heart is none  
And life grows divine."

Among "all the loves" none is more to be prized and sought than that which Miss Waring has termed "a thoughtful love, through constant watching wise." Is not this what the Saviour meant when He bade us love God with all our *mind*, as well as with the heart? We surely have a duty in this direction, that of ascertaining what love requires when let loose among the complicated affairs of the daily round. It is easy for it to miss its way in practical application, unless guided by intelligence. There is call for study and diligent use of the understanding on the problems of behavior. The problem of loving everybody, including our enemies, is not altogether easy of solution. One may contemplate the matter a good while without feeling sure that he has entered into all its secret and mastered the very best method. He will see, however, without much trouble that it cannot mean we are to love everybody in just the same way, or precisely to the same extent, nor to doom ourselves to perpetual poverty by sharing our goods equally with all who have less, nor to refrain under all circumstances from fighting, nor absolutely to forget self and the duties due it. We may have a love of benevolence or good will toward those whose character and conduct we can not approve. We may have an inner circle of friendship, even as Jesus did among His disciples. Communism is neither obligatory nor wise. Spiritless acquiescence in the dominion of wrong is never right. Some care for self is necessary if we are to do the largest and really noblest service in the world. We are to do good to our enemies whenever we have the chance—not for the sake of making them feel uncomfortable, though it is pretty sure to have that effect—we are to speak pleasant things to them and about them so far as truth permits, and we are certainly to pray for them.

Love is an emotion. Yes, a state of excited feeling, of nervous agitation, a pleasurable sensation pointing toward activity, an affection or attachment—but it is also a volition. At least it has such close relations with the will that it cannot reach its fullest measure without a connection there; and it can be commanded. "Thou shalt love," saith the Lord. Hence it is not to be associated with the sensibilities alone. It is a voluntary matter which we may do much both directly and indirectly to control. It is of many kinds. It has many grades, degrees and stages. It is a complex entity. It may exist with much, with little, or with no alloy. When it is strong and full, permeating the life, controlling all, the spring of every action, every thought, every word, then surely we have heaven within, whatever may be the drawbacks without. And this heaven is our privilege. Whatever other luxuries we may have to forego, the luxury of loving, the secret of Eden, may be ours. Even if people refuse to love us, that does not necessarily prevent the pouring forth of our love. Even the love-valiant hen has a happiness of her own not dependent on the degree to which the chicks respond. Longfellow has taught us not

to talk of wasted affection. It cannot be wasted for, "if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment." And Tennyson has shown us that when love takes up the glass of time it runs in golden sands, when love takes up the harp of life the chord of Self is no longer heard. Those who love most are happiest. "Who loves, no law can ever bind." What freedom his, what keen delight!

We may go through love to light, and through light to love. It passeth knowledge, and it passeth praises. It leads the heavenly choir, surpassing in some respects both hope and faith. John Wesley put it well in a very neat-turned verse, when he said,

"Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned  
what they thought

Of future glory which religion taught:  
Now Faith *believed* it to be firmly true,  
And Hope *expected* so to find it too;  
Love answered, smiling with unconscious glow,

'Believe? expect? I *know* it to be so.'"

Ah, love's sweet assurance, love's intuitive certainty, love's clear-eyed self-restraint, and purpose clean as light from every selfish taint betoken a vision beautiful and wonderful, equaled by no other. Love blind? Nay, nay; not the truest love, divine love, at any rate. It sees things as they are, and does its best to make them better. Faber has said that "if our love were but more simple" we should have no doubts, we should have always the sunshine and "the sweetness of our Lord." And so it verily is. For if we loved Him more we should know Him better, and the more we know Him the easier it is to trust Him, to take Him at His word, to care not for explanations.

The subject is much too large for anything like full treatment here. Have we cast a little light upon it? To speak adequately of the worth of love would take a volume. To train ourselves properly in its complete acquirement will occupy all our days. Let us do our very best to love in deed, and not in word alone, to see that our deeds, whatever else they lack, lack not the love which "the dear Lord looketh for hidden with holy care in the heart of the deed so fair," to avoid all defective, spurious loves, and, by constant loving, get, day by day, "more love, O Christ to Thee," and more also to Thy people.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

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## A Little While

BY FANNY J. CROSBY

A LITTLE while to sow in tears and weakness  
The precious seed along the vernal plain,  
Till into life the tender blade expanding  
Fresh promise gives of summer's ripening grain.

A little while of patient, earnest labor,  
For His dear sake, our best and truest friend:

A little while to wait for His appearing,  
And then the joy that nevermore shall end.

A little while to bear the cross for Jesus  
And meet the foes that once He overcame;  
To stand unmoved, the sword of truth uplifting,  
And through its power to conquer in His name.

A little while around His throne to gather  
For one sweet hour within the house of prayer:

A little while when, heart with heart communing,  
We know by faith that He Himself is there.

A little while to weep for those we cherish  
As one by one they near the river's brink,  
A little while to catch their sweet assurance  
That we in heaven shall find each broken link.

A little while! and then the glorious dawning  
Of that fair morn beyond the swelling tide,  
When we shall wake, and in our Saviour's likeness,  
Perfect and pure, we shall be satisfied.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD.

## Settling Beacons

IN the far East a ship hailing from a German port lately drove ashore on the sands of Java. When the master of the ship was called to an account for the disaster, he gave as an excuse that the beacon on shore had settled several feet in the sand, so that it did not register the height from the sea which was ascribed to it in the hydrographic books. Mistaking the elevation of the light, the skipper substituted its indications for those of another light, and went ashore. The beacon, not the skipper, was at fault.

Christians are set as beacons in the world. Some of them are comparable to tall and graceful lighthouses equipped with the finest lanterns, while others may be but lower lights along the shore. But all are expected to shine for God, and to maintain their position as long as their lives are spared. Too many church members, however, do not look well to the foundations of their faith, or allow themselves to be affected by seductive worldly influences, so that, consciously or unconsciously, they begin to settle deeper into sin. Their light burns dim, if it does not go out altogether, or is shed forth upon the world from a lower moral plane, and so misleads into ruin those who have been accustomed to look to the example of the church members in question for spiritual guidance.

SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

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## Loyalty to the Church

LOYALTY to the Church is one of the great duties to which Christians are bound. Christ and His Church are inseparably connected. The Church is the Bride of the Lamb. The Church is the body of His redeemed, His called ones; called to be separated from the world and united to the Lord. The King and His kingdom are inseparably connected.

This loyalty is expressed in love to the Church, both as a spiritual body as composed of all who believe and have been regenerated by the Spirit, and as a visible organization in the world of which we become members on the profession of our faith in Christ.

It is expressed in hearty co-operation in its work. The Church of God is doing His work, and it is in the Church that we are workers with Him. It is popular to say that many are doing as much good as are the members of the Church, but the Church is God's organization, and it is in it we render the services due to Him.

It is expressed in the hearty support of the creed of the Church. The faith of the Church is its foundation. The popular call for service without creed is against the philosophy and the fact of the Christian life. It is possible that the written creed may have more of detail than is necessary, but the body of truth should have the loyal support of every member.

This loyalty to the Church is expressed in loyalty to the particular part, or division of the Church in which we have recorded the confession of our faith. Love, sympathy and service go out to the Church at large through that in which we live.

It expresses itself in the effort to bring honor upon the Church. A course of life that is apart from or against its organization, works a direct injury to the Church from the smallest division to the Church Universal. The individual member should put himself in the place of the whole body, and honor the Lord by loyalty to his own Church.

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.

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## The Genuine Kind

MR. MOONY once told the story of an artificial bee that would buzz and fly around. The man who made it placed it on a table beside a real bee, and then challenged any one in a large company of people to tell the difference. A man secured a drop of honey, and placed it upon the table. The real bee went directly for the honey, while the artificial bee continued to buzz and fly around. There are many who profess to love God, buzzing around in church activities, "cumbered with much serving," but who will not feed His sheep. Love must express itself upon an object, and a real child of God goes after the lost sheep.



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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## LIVING IN THE UPLANDS

By George Ernest Merriam

ONE of our foremost statesmen belonging to a former generation has been quoted as saying, "New Hampshire is a good State from which to emigrate." Unquestionably he thought, on the one hand, of the rocky soil, the rigorous climate, and the superlative altitudes which meant such limitations and such struggles as one might gladly leave behind; and, on the other hand, of those sterling and dependable characteristics which those bred among the mountains could hardly fail to take with them wherever they went.

We are speaking now not merely of those highlanders whose whole life has been a struggle for existence, but of all who dwell in mountainous districts, whether on the crags above, the slopes below or in the green valleys which nestle at their base. The lowlanders, less schooled in the privations and hardships of their upland brothers, may not boast such rugged physique, but they do possess the same manly purity, mental strength and moral stamina which are inherent in all who breathe the clear, bracing air of the higher atmospheres. Nor are we surprised that persons and peoples of such a character have taken a prominent part in human history from the earliest times, proving themselves, thereby, highlanders not alone in locality but in thought and in action.

In every sphere of life the same principle holds good—whether it be the physical world by which we are surrounded, the mental realm in which alike we must needs dwell, or indeed that spiritual kingdom wherein we achieve the real conquests of life. He who resides in the uplands—amid earth's higher peaks, nobler thoughts and grander activities—is in the intimate presence of Deity, and, wittingly or unwittingly, inbreathes somewhat of the divine ozone of aspiration and creative power. As in certain climates the lungs naturally expand with the invigorating tonic, so there is an atmosphere in which the soul exalts itself and becomes pregnant with life-giving power.

### The Influence of the Mountains

As a conspicuous illustration of the power of environment, let us consider the influence of the mountains.

Remember that Palestine has been described as "a mass of mountains"—Zion, Tabor, Carmel, Lebanon and Hermon—thus inspiring their glad songs, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help" and "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever." Remember that in historic Greece no one lived more than half a day's walk from mountains, many of whose cloud-turbaned summits were higher than the loftiest peaks of the Appalachians. Remember that Rome, the mistress of the world, was established on seven hills and near to the Apennines. Remember that Switzerland and Scotland are practically nothing but mountains.

Now consider these facts for a moment. By the Scots and Switzers every civilized nation has been strengthened in its moral fiber and stimulated in its patriotism. The history of Rome has fired the martial and political ambitions of illustrious kings and celebrated peoples. The culture of Greece has shed its refining influence over the ages, and in art and literature it has set a standard to be imitated, but never surpassed. And by the will of the Almighty, through the agency of Hebrew sage and singer and Saviour, with all their treasures of life and hope, has come our most holy religion.

The practical inference to be drawn from these facts is simply this—choose your home among the hills or on the mountain ranges; better is it to live in the cabin on the rocky ledge than in the palace by the swampy meadows. Or if you cannot permanently dwell in the region of the mountains, at least visit frequently the uplands of native heath or neighboring plateau.

"Breathe the air of the mountains  
And their unapproachable summits  
Shall lift thee to the level of themselves."

Yet mighty as is the influence of such an environment, reinforced and multiplied by heredity, it is still less than the power of thought, when it comes to the shaping of the child of destiny.

This does not mean an entirely new force; it does not mean, always, getting away from one's environment, or even rising above it. It may mean this, and frequently must mean this, as when one is born in the valley of the marsh lands; for this necessitates removal or irrigation; transformation of one kind or another. To be sure, even in the slum portions of the modern metropolis, the soul may rise toward the blue zenith, on wings of longing, on pinions of purpose; but man was made to be influenced by his surroundings as surely as the insect is colored thereby.

### The Things on Which Thought Feeds

Thought is not a cannibal—in its normal stages. Thought feeds on things, not other thoughts. It is nourished and developed on a varied diet; but food it must have. It breaks its fast at dawn on billowy mists and ambrosial dewdrops: it dines on violets and sweet-scented grasses, on shrubs and trees as well as bird and beast, on granite boulders as well as waving cornfields—or its products, and slakes its thirst in the cataract as easily as in the mountain torrent or the rhyming rill; it sups on the sunset, ever and yet never the same, and lingers over the evening zephyrs while the star candles are lighted one by one. Only thus may one's thoughts grow from infancy to maturity, from suggestion into action.

Paul is speaking of a man's thoughts, but only once does he say "think," and seven times does he say "things," in that single, oft-quoted verse—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. 4:8.) You may assert that Paul is referring to inner conceptions; we can as easily affirm and more easily prove, by text and context, that he refers to actions. The self-evident fact is that his subjective theme demanded an objective expression. The intellectual ideal was revealed through the language of things. If this seems strange, it is necessary only to test a single one of the provinces of thought that are mentioned by the great apostle, as, for instance, that of beauty.

Ponder, then, upon the power of thought when it deals with "whatsoever things are lovely." This is but climbing to the uplands of vision and taking into our hands the perspective glasses of the shepherds. It means the close study not alone of material objects of beauty, but of every art and custom which affects, artistically or aesthetically, our personal habits and daily meditations.

It may be the landscape or the waterscape, the palatial residence or the cottage home, the public park or the old-fashioned garden, the book-lined

library or the spire-crowned church, the melodious, persuasive, sympathetic voice of musician, orator or friend. Who has not felt the influence, imponderable and indescribable, of these things—lovely in themselves and making lovable all who dwell in their atmosphere or under their sway.

Surely every reader will agree with me, however, that life does not consist merely of the external uplands, whether of topography or of beauty and of harmony, and of their influence upon the mind and soul; you will further maintain that knowledge must blossom into emotion and emotion must fruit into action. The uplands of character are known not in subjective feeling and planning, but in concrete realization.

We quoted from Paul, but were we just to him? We read only a single verse. How reads the next? "The things which ye both learned and received and heard and saw in me, these things do: and the God of peace shall be with you." (Phil. 4:9.) You may question the meaning of "things," even when explained by these suggestive past participles; but you cannot question the meaning of the word "do."

### The Winning of Final and Eternal Success

Would you live in the uplands? Then choose your habitation among the mountain ranges. But stop not here. Live with the poets and prophets and apostles of the ages: learn to see not only beauty but truth and goodness in things. And then—what more? Climb—climb in daily action, from crag to crag, from achievement to achievement, until you stand on the summit of success.

Beauty is not to be divorced from service. And as with beauty, so with goodness and truth; this trinity of excellences, even when applied to character, find their culmination in some benefit to others, in some new creation, in some definite attainment, in some signal victory.

Such a life—based upon an absolute devotion to and an unselfish, persistent toiling together with God and man—must needs gain if not temporal then final, eternal success. Even when the physical strength fails and footsteps flag, even when the mental vision grows dim, even then the soul may rise to unknown heights.

For life is not a matter of mere environment and of mere happen-so; nor is it made up of feelings and desires. Life is intensely real. If we would know its upland crests, our motto must be, like that of the Empire State, "Excelsior!" What matters it, if, striving upward—long before we reach the summit, we drop! What though the heart's flood is congealed and all seems at an end! Still through death itself our life shall speak with clarion call.

"There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!"

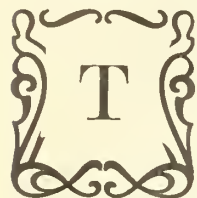
### Where We Meet with the Divine Master

Ah! let us not forget—it is in the uplands, if not on the mountain top of life's varied experiences, that we meet with the divine Master—as did of old Peter and James and John. It is there we behold Him transfigured before us, the one "altogether lovely," "chiefest among ten thousand." It is there we gain strength and wisdom and purpose to descend again, with Him, into the valley of practical and sacrificial service.



# SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AS FISHERS OF SOULS

By Warren G. Partridge, D. D.



THE writer was a barefotted country boy in Maine and had as keen an instinct to follow the trout brooks as a hound has to follow the scent of a deer. The disciples of Jesus have always seemed dearer to me, because they were fishermen. As a boy I loved a boat as one of the most charming objects, and the Master has always seemed more human to me because He spent so much time on the Lake of Galilee among the fisher folk, amid the boats, and nets, and gamy fish.

In imagination I have seen thousands of times the boats drawn up on the sandy beach, and the fishers casting their nets, or mending the same, as the Master said to Peter and Andrew, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

By experience I think I know some of the qualities which should characterize a successful fisherman. One of the first prerequisites is patience. Many men admit that the reason that they take no interest in fishing is because they have not enough patience. Fish are very capricious. Old fishermen, who have studied their habits and haunts for a lifetime, confess that they cannot account for the fact that some days many fish will bite on a hook, and on other days, just as favorable apparently, they cannot entice even one to bite. Fishermen study the weather, and all the phases of the moon, and even the signs of the zodiac, and yet on many days, when the waters abound with fish, they cannot catch them. I have seen good fishermen, both in fresh and in salt water, fish all day long and not catch even one. I have seen men fish for lake trout in the winter through the ice. They built a tiny house on the ice. They made a hole through the floor and through the thick ice, and then baiting a hook they held the line patiently every day for three weeks without having even a bite. Here they ate their cold lunches and waited and waited, and I have called upon them and asked, "What luck?" They shook their heads and kept right on doggedly fishing. I never saw one of these old veteran fishermen give up in disgust. They have phenomena! patience. And some day when a speckled beauty, weighing from seven to twelve pounds, is caught, the fisher feels rewarded.

Are those who are Sunday-school teachers keen to catch boys and girls for the Master? Boys and girls are capricious and gamy. They, too, go in schools, and also shun the net. Young people differ in temperament. They have their moods, and some days they will not bite. On some Sundays they try your patience. They are listless and indifferent. Oftentimes they show no reverence for God's house or His word. Perhaps they have not looked at the lesson. Will you give up your class? Will you ask the Superintendent to take some obstreperous boy or girl out of your class? The fisher of young folk must have indomitable patience. Never give up that boy or girl.

Perseverance is an unflinching characteristic of the true fisherman. Usually a man is born a fisherman. He may inherit love for fishing from his father or grandfather. The father of Peter and Andrew was a fisher; so also was Zebedee, the father of James and John. Such men seem to ever hunger for the sport in their blood. They will play the game in any weather and under any conditions. No bad luck will ever dampen their enthusiasm. If one trip is not successful, then they will try another. If one body of water is not favorable, then they will try their luck elsewhere. The true fisherman knows that he can catch fish somewhere, and he perseveres until he is successful. I have waded rivers, waist deep in water, all day in the rain, as I munched a cold pocket-lunch, and fished for black bass or pickerel; and I was one of the happiest fellows in the county just because my blood was up and I was bound to bring home the spoils of the sport. Paul had this perseverance as a fisher for souls. He exclaims, "I am made all things to all men that by all means I may save some." Every teacher may catch souls for Christ, if he persevere in prayer, tact, wisdom, and love for Christ. You must never be discouraged by rebuffs, indifference, unbelief or hardness.

A true fisherman has skill. Fishing is an art. Study Isaac Walton, the preacher fisherman. The angler must be an expert. He must study the habits and haunts of fish. He must study the weather, the bottom of the lake or stream, the insects or other food the fish are feeding upon and so forth. I have seen skillful fishers angling for black bass for hours without success, trying every sort of bait imaginable, until at last they have hit upon the proper bait, and the cricket, miller, grasshopper, minnow, or crab, tempts the finny prey from the hiding place, and their skill is amply rewarded. I have seen guides in the Adirondacks who had spent most of their lives in the woods, studying the nature of the trout, so that they had the consummate skill to make their own flies for fly-fishing. They could imitate every fly the trout fed upon at different seasons of the year. The guides were wonderful trout fishers. But they had skill. This had cost years of study and effort. The same skill is required to be fishers of souls.

## Skillful Winners of Souls

Consummate tact is required on the part of the teacher to win boys and girls to Christ. Some teachers are very studious, and are very successful at catching points in geography and antiquity, but never win their young people for Christ. But I have known teachers who had remarkable skill in catching the souls of all the members of their classes. Some teachers are skillful winners of souls. They understand the real function of a Sunday-school as an evangelistic agency.

The well-equipped Sunday-school should be a feeder to the church. Here is where we must secure our converts and new recruits for the kingdom. The teacher should study human nature, temperaments, dispositions, tastes, environments, different trades and vocations. We should make a study of moods and seasons in adolescence. We should study the new psychology and modern pedagogy, until we understand the nature of youth. Some teachers use no tact in winning their pupils to Christ. They are blunt, unsympathetic, thoughtless, and abrupt. Some are dogmatic, and become impatient if a pupil has a mind of his own.

Are we as skillful in approaching an unsaved soul as a genuine fisherman is in approaching a deep pool in a trout stream? Have we his zest, alertness, and mastery of our art? How many pupils in our classes have we led to Christ? The proof of a fisherman's skill is seen in the number and size of his fish. If we as teachers have not won souls, it may be the result of our not following the Master.

## Keeping Oneself out of Sight

A true fisherman must keep himself out of sight. The most valuable fish in my experience are very shy. It does not pay to wade down the middle of a stream making all the splashing and noise possible. Some fish are as swift as a sunbeam. When any one makes a motion they dart across the stream like an electric spark. Some people cannot catch fish because they are unwilling to take the trouble to keep out of sight. But see the caution of a genuine angler as he creeps up to a stream and casts his fly cautiously over an inviting pool, as he skillfully hides behind a tree or bush. Peter must have been such a fisherman, for Jesus said to him, "Henceforth thou shalt catch men." Here was prophecy of success.

There is much difference between fishing and catching fish. Perhaps our conceit makes us too conspicuous to become successful fishers. Perhaps our self-esteem throws us too often into the limelight. Christ was the most successful fisher of souls that ever came into this world. But He said, "I am meek and lowly in spirit." He said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

We must love the art of saving souls as the fisherman loves his art. The more the fish fights, the better sport for the fisher, and this type of fish is called gamy, and is considered the most valuable. Have we the love, skill, patience, perseverance, and the meekness, to catch the young people who are gamy and who stubbornly resist us and all our efforts to win them for Christ?

## Longing for the Courts of the Lord

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT

HAVE you ever stood and watched a lion in a cage? There is something almost pathetic about it. For a long time the noble beast will lie still behind the bars which shut him away from the world. Now and then one of his mighty paws will twitch, as if he were dreaming of the old days when he was at home in the forest across the sea. Then suddenly he will spring to his feet and hasten away to the side of the cage, his face resting tight against the steel rods which hold him back. There he stands, growling low as if in deep trouble. Again back and forth he marches, from end to end of his prison cage, roaring wildly. Who can doubt that his fierce heart is full of pain because he cannot get back to his home in the woods? Another moment and he may stand silently gazing out with a faraway look in his eyes. Is he thinking, do you fancy, of the wild scenes of days gone by? Surely it seems as if his heart were miles distant and his dreams were of the liberty he once had—dreams which are mocked by the bars which hold him a prisoner.

Longing for home! It is a picture of the human heart. There are days when it seems as if we might be content to stay right here in our earthly homes forever. This world is so beautiful! It has so many things to charm and make us happy! Friends we love are near us! Hope sings such a sweet song! At such moments are we not like the sleeping monarch of the forest, satisfied with the dreams which chase each other through our souls?

Then suddenly comes a change. Storms sweep over us. The friends of yesterday are swept from our arms. The hopes that made earth so bright a place quickly pass into nothingness and we are stripped of all that makes life worth living. Now what is our cry?

Did not David give it voice when he cried:

"My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

We want to get away from everything that links us with the life of earth and be alone with God. Just to sit in the house of the Lord and hear His Word as it falls from the lips of the minister; only to hear the sweet songs of Zion trembling from heart and voice. Simply to turn the pages of the Book ourselves and drink in the precious truths it holds for those who love Him and are waiting for His appearing brings a peace that nothing else can.

Every living creature wants a home somewhere. Years and years ago some one built a barn on our home farm. High up in the gable he sawed a star-like place out of the boards, just large enough for a bird to creep through. It was only a little while before they began to come. First one mother swallow spied the opening in the gable and flitted into see what was there. She thought it a beautiful place and called her mate to come in and see it, too. Before night they had begun to bring in bits of straw and soft earth to make them a nest. All through the years since the birds have had their home high in the peak of that old barn.

"The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young."

It is the longing God has given us all. But do we not know beyond a question that through all the earth-longings runs the deeper yearning for something which will last longer than any house man can make?

## The Eternal Home

Sweet though it is to meet with loved ones around the home circle; precious though the moments are which we spend in the house of the Lord on earth: there still is a cry in our souls for a resting place which will outlast all the storms of time. Were this not so, the lion would lose his ambition to chase through the forest paths; the swallow might forget to make the nest where she might lay her young; the soul might ever be satisfied with the shifting things of this world.

Thank God, then, for the longing for those courts of which the earthly house is but a type! Blessed be His name that He has been so good to make for us the mansions which never can be shaken by storm or wind, sure, eternal in the heavens!

Chains may hold the eagle for a little while; bars of steel may keep in check the restless lion; for a few days the human heart may go about its little round here: soon the chain will break, soon the bars of iron will be shattered, soon the soul will fly away to be at home with God.



# THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

## FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

**I**N recent years the islands of the Pacific have acquired a new interest for every loyal American citizen. The new relation which the United States now bears to certain of the island groups that dot the surface of that vast ocean, and the progress of what may be called the world movement, by which our country has come into more intimate touch with the uttermost parts of the earth have resulted in an increasing desire for knowledge with reference to all the islands of the sea in both the Eastern and the Western Hemispheres.

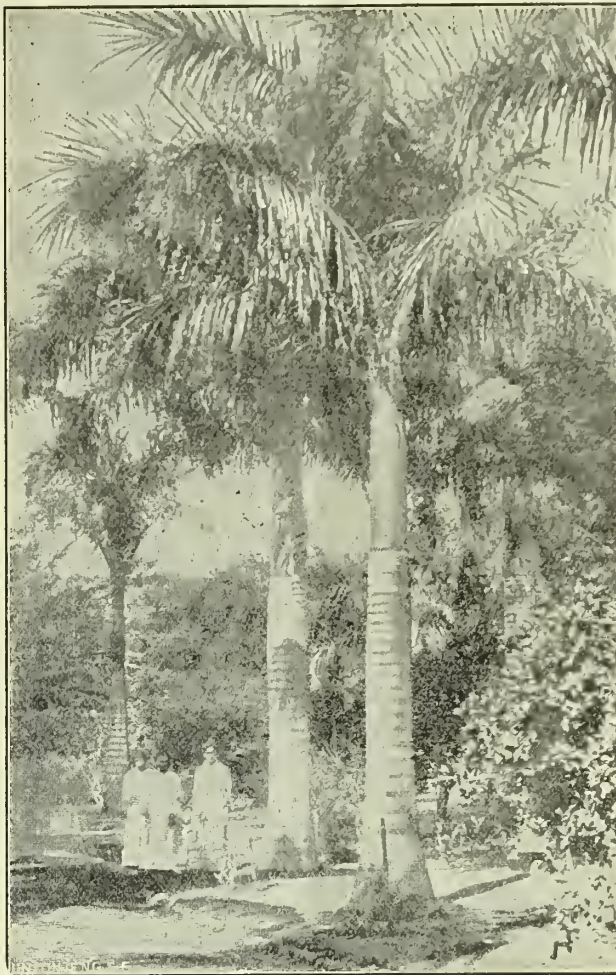
In view of this awakening of interest we desire to call the attention of our readers to a revised and enlarged edition of the book entitled "The Islands of the Pacific," by James Alexander, which is one of the recent publications of the American Tract Society.

In this volume we have a comprehensive survey of all the groups of islands found in the Pacific Ocean, and the principal facts are given with reference to their geographical location, their geological formation, their ethnological condition and their religious advancement.

While the author has presented to his readers a veritable mine of information concerning the natural features of the Pacific Islands, and has recounted the main historical facts, his chief purpose has been to furnish an account of the progress of Christianity in these islands. To this end he has described the missionary enterprises for lifting the native inhabitants of these scattered isles out of their primeval paganism into a Christian civilization.

There is nothing dry about this book. Touches of humor enliven its pages, and amusing incidents are told, such as the following, which is related in connection with the work in the Marshall Islands in Micronesia.

"The work of the missionaries was greatly advanced by the wonder with which the natives regarded the art of reading. An amusing incident illustrated this. One of the missionaries once sent a native with two melons and a letter to his assistant at a distant place. On the journey, the sun being hot, the native ate one of the melons. When he arrived at his destination, he handed the other melon with the letter to the teacher. But the latter inquired for another melon. The native expressed surprise that he should have known that two melons were sent. 'Why,' he said, 'I covered the



ROYAL PALMS AT HONOLULU

letter with a stone while I was eating the melon. How could the letter have known that I ate it?"

A fine touch of irony pervades the following paragraph, in which the author describes one of the tribal habits of the Maoris of New Zealand.

"The Maoris had a singular custom, called *murū*, of showing sympathy for each other in misfortunes by robbing each other of property. If a man's wife ran away, or his child got his leg broken, or any other calamity came upon him, a *taua* (multitude) of his neighbors would kindly call on him, and in condolence eat all his food and carry away all his goods. This prevented the accumulation of property."

### Marvels of Missions

The history of the conversion of the natives of the Pacific Islands furnishes many illustrations of what may be called the marvels of missions. Such is the story of the evangelization of the people of Tahiti, one of the Society Islands. Here the first successes of the missionaries were only achieved after "a long night of sixteen years of toil." But the winning of the Tahitians for Christ was followed by many other notable missionary triumphs which more than compensated for all the toil and suffering which the missionaries and their first native converts endured.

The result of the mission work in Fiji, we are told, is that where once there was not a single Christian, to-day there is not an avowed heathen. For many years cannibalism has been wholly extinct. In almost every house family worship is observed, and with great enthusiasm and benevolence the people are conducting mission enterprises for the pagan islands further west.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The illustrations that accompany this article and the quotations used in the text are taken from the volume entitled "The Islands of the Pacific—From the Old to the New," by James M. Alexander. Second Edition: Revised and Enlarged with New Illustrations. Copyright, 1895 and 1908, by the American Tract Society. This book is an octavo, containing 377 pages. It has many illustrations and nine maps, is printed on fine paper and attractively bound in cloth. It will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of the price, \$1.00. Address all orders to the publishers, American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

"In all history," writes the author, "no human enterprises have caused such a change in the character, conduct, and condition of a degraded people as this that has been accomplished in Fiji, nor is there any more remarkable transformation reported in the annals of missions. The uplifting by the sun of the briny waters that surge around these islands, to float in the sky, and gleam in hues of light, is not more wonderful than this transformation by divine grace of the foul and fiendish heathen into humble, loving and lovable Christians, into sons of God and joint heirs with Christ."

### Some Important Conclusions

In his final chapter the author states some of the conclusions to which he has been led by his observation of the conditions which exist in the Pacific Islands as a whole. He says:

"From the accounts given of the productions and exports of the Pacific Islands it may be inferred that those islands are destined to become in the future of greater economic importance than has been generally realized. Heretofore they have been regarded chiefly as delightful little Elysiums, interesting fields for missionary enterprise, or mere strategic points for the naval and commercial control of the ocean. Yet they have, in proportion to their areas, as excellent resources for producing wealth, as have the agricultural lands on the continents, and, in the aggregate, they rival in area, and may yet rival in productions, some of the greatest countries in the world.

"Undoubtedly, the growing necessities of the great countries bordering on the Pacific, as well as those of the rest of the world, will tax to the utmost all the resources of the islands, and the future vast trans-Pacific commerce will stimulate to the highest development the industrial enterprises of the islands, so that the islands will yield almost all that their resources can produce. Doubtless no one can form an adequate conception of the greatness of the future commerce of this part of the world.

"From these facts we learn how urgent is the necessity of enterprises for uplifting the inhabitants of the islands into genuine civilization, and how important it is to determine which of these enterprises will be the most successful.

"From the past history of the islanders we learn that, without assistance, they cannot rise into civilization. Bishop Richard Whately has declared



MARSHALL ISLAND WARRIOR



A GILBERT ISLAND BELLE





AN UNCIVILIZED FIJIAN



A CIVILIZED FIJIAN

that 'there is no one instance of any savage people in the world rising into a civilized condition, without instruction and assistance from people already civilized. Whenever civilization has been introduced into such a people, it has been introduced not from *within*, but from *without*.' This has been true of the Pacific Islanders. Throughout the long past ages of their paganism not a single tribe of them spontaneously rose to better enlightenment and better conditions.

#### Mere External Civilization Cannot Uplift

"From that history we learn also that the islanders cannot be uplifted by the mere influences of civilization. It has been generally supposed that the establishment of commerce, the introduction of the superior implements and the choicest fabrics of enlightened countries, instruction in mechanical arts and fellowship with people of civilized nations would very powerfully awake and elevate barbarous tribes. But the influences of civilization have never had power to cause the moral renovation that is essential for the beginning of true civilization. In many islands the natives have refused to put on clothes, and have preferred to bask in the sun, feeding on the spontaneous fruits of their forests, instead of laboring in the enterprises of civilization, and have only at last accepted clothing when they have become Christian. A few chiefs from different groups have been taken to Europe and America, clothed in the best styles of civilized people, shown the splendors of modern arts, and lavishly supplied with the means of living in enlightened style, and have returned to their homes to be only more evil and barbarous than before.

#### Natives Worshipping a Plough

"A philanthropist once took a plough into the interior of Africa and showed the natives how to use it. As they saw it turning up more sod in an hour than they could dig up in a month they danced and turned somersaults in delight. But when a few days afterward he returned to see how they had succeeded in using it, he found that they had turned it upside down, covered it with flowers, and were worshipping it. They had deeper wants than could be supplied with the mere implements of civilization, and till those wants were supplied, it was useless to endeavor to civilize them. We might as well expect that the winged seeds and butterflies that sometimes are blown into the volcanic craters of Hawaii would there cause a kingdom of life, as to suppose that the useful and ornamental arts of civilization, when introduced into a pagan country, would develop a pure and noble people.

"But the influences from civilized countries, when not accompanied by Christianity, have been not only useless, but also harmful. They have awakened cupidity, instigated robberies, murders, and piracies, and have been accompanied by an immorality that has been more degrading and deadly than heathenism itself. And thus the worst developments of the islanders have been where they

have had the most contact with civilized races, and the best where they have been secluded from such races.

"Nor can the Pacific Islanders be uplifted by the influences of spurious Christianity. We have considered the striking illustration of this fact afforded in the history of the Marquesans. By that history it was shown that, at the coming of the white man, the Marquesans were physically and mentally the finest of the Polynesian races, and that they inhabited islands the best calculated to develop a vigorous, courageous and independent-spirited people; it was shown also that for sixty years they were under the training of an able force of Roman Catholics, aided by the wealth, the military power and the civil Government of France, and that now they are unchanged in character, ready, whenever the French police shall be withdrawn, to return to barbarism and cannibalism, and dying off at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

#### A New Proclamation of the Gospel

"On the other hand, we have in the history of the Pacific Islands numerous illustrations of the success of evangelical missionaries in uplifting pagan tribes of various races and in various environments into genuine Christian civilization. We have seen that, just as far as evangelical missionaries have had opportunity, they have been able, through God's blessing, to deliver the islanders from their primeval heathenism and savagery, to

advance them toward civilization, and to conserve them from extinction as races. In the Tongan, Cook, Society, and Samoan groups and in New Zealand, the native populations have been lately increasing, and in the other groups under missionary care the rate of decimation has been greatly diminished. Whoever, with candid mind, goes through the Pacific Islands receives, as it were, a new proclamation of the Gospel—a proclamation, not by words, but by achievements, that Christ is saving lost men.

#### The Unity of the Missionary Enterprises

"These successes indicate that the Christian denominations, conducting missionary enterprises in the Pacific Islands, are essentially one. Since these denominations have been alike successful, their success is to be attributed, not to the matters in which they differ, but to those in which they agree; and it must be admitted that by their agreement they are in fact, as they should be in form, ONE.

"These successes indicate, also, that Christianity can and will transform the world. From a small portion of arc we can determine the circuit the arc is calculated to produce. According to a Japanese proverb we can learn the future from the past. This is scientific; for all science is built on inductions; from the known to the unknown. Thus from the history of Christianity in the Pacific Islands we can forecast its future course throughout the world. As in those islands it has transformed the most degraded, obdurate, and hopeless races, it can transform all races.

#### The Apologetic Value of Missionary Triumphs

"These successes prove, also, the truth of Christianity. The triumphs of Missions are of apologetic value. They afford the evidence of which Christ taught when He said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' They show that Christianity produces good fruit. They show that so far as Christianity prevails, it makes heaven on earth, and prepares for the Heaven above.

"The religion that is of such truth, and produces such results every one should accept. The enterprises that are extending this religion throughout the world every one should strive to promote."


#### A Masterly Volume

It is hard to do full justice to the merits of this admirable book, which deals with a subject of such deep interest and such vital importance to every American citizen, and especially to all who love the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The author has imagination, historical acumen, a well-trained power of observation and an enthusiasm for the subject upon which he writes so ably and with such discrimination. He has brought before us facts which are of timely interest and given us information which is of great value not only for every student of missions, but for every one who is interested in the progress of humanity and the welfare of the human race.




A PAPUAN HOME





# AT EVENTIDE



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

**M**ISS HARRIET BLANCHARD was engaged in the business of packing up her belongings preparatory to removal from a place in which she had lived and of which she had been a part for a little more than forty years. At an early age she had entered upon her work of teaching in what was then known as the Brookside Young Ladies' Academy. In due course the title of the school had been changed from the Brookside Young Ladies' Academy to Brookside Seminary. Girls had been called young ladies in the days when Miss Blanchard had been under process of training for her long and useful career. The term had become obsolete and old-fashioned, and the trustees had dropped it for good reasons some twenty years before the evening on which this story opens.

Brookside Seminary after passing through several stages of evolution had now become Brookside College. From one source and another it had received legacies and gifts, and where once there had stood a single four-story building, there might now be seen a group of attractive houses surrounding a beautiful campus. The equipment and appliances of this Woman's College were modern and up to date, and Miss Blanchard reflected with a feeling of sadness that she and several of her lifelong friends, who, year after year, had trained the graduates and sent them forth to fields of usefulness, were at last themselves out of date. In the slang of the day which Harriet Blanchard would have scorned to use, they were back numbers. She had never felt herself to be this, and had imagined that she had kept pace with the world, had been in sympathy with new methods, adopting them when they pleased her, and continuing to impress the youthful minds with which she came in contact with the value of what was best in literature, and with the subtle philosophy underlying all history. Miss Blanchard had spent her strength and vitality with the lavishness of the one who broke the alabaster box that it might refresh the Master when He was worn and weary, in the service of Christ and in consecration to her high office as teacher.

She was a lonely woman, so far as kindred were concerned, being the last survivor of her household and having no very near relatives. Her friendships were many, and one and all, they were woven around Brookside, its former students, its present classes, and its growing influence. She cared for Brookside College as a mother for a child, and until the last year it had never occurred to her that Brookside College would not always return her love, need her as in earlier days and adhere amid all changes to herself as occupant of the Chair of English Literature and History.

As a thunderbolt suddenly falls from a clear sky, a letter from the trustees had reached her three months before this evening. As she read it over and over, not immediately understanding its import, a hot flush had risen to her cheek and her eyes blazed with resentment. She felt a certain contempt at her lack of intuition. Why had she not perceived that along with its many changes, its greater ambition, its more superb equipment, and its largely increased faculty, she might be superfluous. She had never taken a post graduate course in Berlin, she had traveled but little, she had lived quietly among her books in the upper room she was now leaving. Here at early morning and in the twilight she had carried her anxieties to the One Friend ever ready to listen and assist. Here girls had come to her with every possible confidence, and here, too, she had changed imperceptibly from youth to that maturity which lies on the farther side of middle age. The brown hair had grown white and she had never thought about it. She was still a strong woman, physically equal to the

demands of her day, yet the trustees had intimated that her term of service was over. They generously offered to pension her, and there was a hint that an additional honorarium would be given at the end of her year in order that she might go abroad if she wished.

After the first hot flush and the first keen resentment passed her composure had returned, and, accepting this letter as an indication of the Lord's will in her life, she had acquiesced in the decision of the trustees. Her name, so long a feature of the college catalogue, would be thenceforth dropped. Her calm face and dignified bearing at this crisis were lessons in self-control to the younger members of the faculty. There were those who thought she lacked in sensitiveness, but the few who knew her best were aware that underneath her proud acceptance of what was really a dismissal, and back of her queenly tranquillity, there was a heart-ache which hurt.

Just as she had closed and locked the last trunk, and as she was gazing about a room stripped and bare, from which the tokens of long residence and sweet personality had vanished, there came a knock at the door. Opening it, she saw standing there two visitors; one was a senior who had been a thoughtful and earnest student, reticent to a degree and never one of Miss Blanchard's intimate circle. The other was a little lady with white hair like Miss Blanchard's own. The girl, Helen Burtiss, presented her mother, and the three sat down together. Helen's mother said, "I have come with my daughter to tell you, Miss Blanchard, that no words of mine are sufficient to express the fulness of my appreciation of what you have done here in this school of girls, not merely for Helen, but for numbers of her age who year after year have sat at your feet. I have had the privilege of knowing something of the lives of women who have gained from you the impulse of noble living. Your lines from this room have literally gone to the ends of the earth. God has given me the privilege of dispensing my means on missionary fields, and now I am going to ask a great favor of you. I want you to go home with me, stay with me for the next twelve months, and enjoy the Sabbath year you have never had, go abroad with me, and at the end of another twelve months, enter, if you will, on work that lies near my heart."

This was a very long speech. The woman who made it spoke very quietly, with, however, an air of something like authority. Miss Blanchard, who had never given much thought to the question whether her girls were rich or poor, had time to remember that Helen Burtiss was said to have a fortune and that her people were among the wealthiest in the land. She was surprised at the invitation, the more so that it was altogether unexpected, or, to put it more accurately, altogether amazing. It had come to her as suddenly out of space as had the letter of the trustees, yet she begged leave for a few days for consideration before accepting the gracious proposal of Helen's mother.

"Surely," said Mrs. Burtiss, "you must take time to think over so daring an intrusion as mine, and I would not have you come unless it seemed to you that you and I could serve one another. You shall do under my roof precisely as you please, and, believe me, dear Miss Blanchard, the time has come when you have earned a long holiday, and should feel yourself entitled to break the shackles of routine and be free from a college schedule."

When the Commencement exercises were entirely at an end, Miss Blanchard went by herself to a little hamlet on the Atlantic shore. It was a retired spot, apart from summer crowds, and in the home of an old friend she spent the weeks of July and August, taking long walks on the beach, watching the white waves roll in, spending themselves in foam and creaming at her feet, and in-

haling deep breaths of the refreshing salt air. In September she set out for the home of Helen Burtiss, in a distant Southern city.

Miss Blanchard could never have believed, in the absorption of her busy life, that she could so readily accommodate herself to leisure as she was able to do in the next two years. When the two years were over, one spent in rest at home and the other in travel, she was just sixty-two, vigorous, incisive and overflowing with new stores of energy and new sources of interest. She said to Mrs. Burtiss as they sat at breakfast one morning, "Tell me now, if you will, what vision was before you when you invited me to this long, delightful rest and brought me into the privacy of your home and the sweetness of your friendship?"

"I knew," said Mrs. Burtiss, "that you were fitted beyond all women to take charge of a project that was one of my dreams. It had seemed to me that among our many efforts to do good, we were in this day forgetting the needs of the working woman who breaks down in her youth, at her loom, her counter, or her office desk, and is obliged to go to a hospital for an operation, or to spend weeks on a fever-tossed bed. She gets well, as it is called, but before her convalescence is complete she must return to a household in which she cannot rest, where she is not properly nurtured, and where everything is against her. Some friends and I have lately purchased a home on the outskirts of this big manufacturing city. We mean that it shall be a comfortable place for tired young women. Above everything else, we hope to fill it with the love of Jesus Christ. Two years ago, when I was casting about in my mind and quietly making investigations that I might discover the right woman to be at the head of this enterprise, Helen wrote to me that the teacher whom she most honored and who had led her to Christ was soon to leave the college."

Here Miss Blanchard interposed. "I?" she exclaimed. "Was I the one who led your Helen to her Saviour? I cannot remember that I ever had an interview with her or that she sought me for counsel."

"Life is stronger than speech," replied Mrs. Burtiss. "Helen was shy, but she worshiped you and watched you from afar. When she saw the splendid courage and perfect sweetness with which you accepted withdrawal from the work of all your years, her last hesitation vanished. She wrote me then that she had taken the final step, and would from that time consecrate her life to her Lord and yours. Her letter decided me, and I went North to the Commencement with my plans matured. The convalescent home was then nebulous. It is not meant to stand where it is to-day without growth. I could not alone carry out my purposes. I had to enlist friends who had means, and I had to convince them of the occasion demanding this special work. This has been done. The first house is ready, and there are applicants enough to fill its every room. We shall build another house, God willing, in another year. By the first of October it is to be opened, and, am I taking too much for granted in saying that you will accept this great responsibility and new toil?"

Miss Blanchard's answer was given in a silent clasp of her friend's hand. So it came to pass that at eventide the light of her day was golden and bright, and she entered with the enthusiasm of youth on a period of beneficent activity.

The promise that all things shall work together for good to those that love God is always fulfilled. The one thing we should never do is to let go our hold on the promises. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and sufficient, too, is the good the dear Lord sends us. Well may we say to ourselves "Wherever He may guide us, no want shall turn us back." Especially as we grow older, our faith should grow stronger. God never forgets His own.



# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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## Editorial

### Summer Gatherings

DURING the summer months are held some of the  
most important gatherings of the year. Great edu-  
cational conventions, numerous Chautauqua assem-  
blies, large camp-meetings, and a multitude of  
conferences of one kind and another take place in  
various localities throughout the land, and the  
summer-time, far from being a period of inactivity,  
witnesses some of the most uplifting and soul-  
inspiring scenes that are ever given to human eyes  
to see.

The reports of the religious meetings that have  
thus far been held this season are full of encourage-  
ment to all who are interested in the uplift of  
humanity and the progress of the Kingdom of our  
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The press ac-  
counts give a most inspiring narrative of the great  
convention recently held in Atlantic City by the  
Christian Endeavor Society, of which Dr. Francis  
E. Clark, one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of  
the American Tract Society, is the honored and  
beloved founder and President. Among the many  
beneficent results which attended that convention,  
not the least was the splendid emphasis laid upon  
the subject of International Peace.

One of the greatest meetings held this summer  
was the Thirteenth International Sunday-school  
Convention, which assembled in San Francisco.  
This is a triennial gathering, and the reports given  
therefore cover a period of three years' activity.  
Mr. Marion Lawrance, the General Secretary of  
the International Sunday-school Convention, pre-  
sented a masterly review of the work and showed  
many lines of advance in the development of the  
Sunday-school Movement. In opening his report  
he used these felicitous words: "Many conventions  
assemble at the Golden Gate, but none of them  
more appropriately than this one, representing the  
Sunday-schools of North America, for 'The Sun-  
day-school is the Golden Gate to the Church's  
Promised Land.'"

Among the salient facts presented were the fol-  
lowing: The scholars in the Sunday-schools of  
North America now number 14,946,504, a gain of  
1,431,006. There are 1,670,846 teachers and officers,  
a gain of 76,172. There are a total of 173,459  
Sunday-schools as against 161,750 three years ago.  
In the past three years 53,380 Sunday-school con-  
ventions have been held, which means an average of  
forty-eight conventions for every day in the year.  
There are 27,870 Cradle Rolls, containing 687,626  
babies, while 19,700 different Home Departments  
report a total of 644,417 enrolled members. Over  
20,950 adult classes are enrolled, having a member-  
ship of probably nearly a million. The total Sun-  
day-school enrollment of North America as at pres-  
ent reported is 16,617,350, showing a net gain for  
the three years of 1,507,178. This means that 1,376  
new members are added to the Sunday-schools for  
every day of the year.

There has been a rapid growth in the number  
of those taking Teacher Training Courses. Nine  
years ago only one person in 111 of the officers and  
teachers in North America was enrolled in a  
Teacher Training Class. Now the proportion is  
one in twelve, or a total of 136,270 students.

The Home Visitation Department made its first  
report to an international convention. This depart-  
ment was established at the Louisville Convention  
three years ago. The superintendent of this de-  
partment says: "The work has developed and  
advanced rapidly, and its extension throughout the  
international field has, under God's blessing, been  
simply marvelous. Thirty-four States and Pro-  
vinces have established Visitation Departments, with  
superintendents to direct the movement. More  
than 14,200,000 people have been visited, with great  
and permanent results. The records indicate that a  
few more than 1,800,000 people were visited in  
Chicago and its suburbs on the afternoon of the  
General Visitation. Some visitors, unable to com-  
plete their sections the first afternoon, did so the  
following day, while others, in wards where there  
were the fewest visitors, continued in the work as  
their time would permit, until more than two mil-  
lion people were visited. More than a million  
people, who were not connected with any Sunday-  
school or church, were placed in touch with the  
Sunday-school and church of their choice; and  
records of some 45,000 church letters, not in any  
local church, were secured and given to churches  
preferred."

The most cheering fact presented at this con-  
vention remains to be mentioned, and that is  
the record of 1,193,422 conversions reported for  
the triennium. This means that in connection  
with the Sunday-schools of North America an  
average of a thousand souls a day were brought  
to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.  
Of course the Sunday-school is not the only agency  
which has helped to achieve this blessed result.  
But it remains true that the crowning work of the  
Sunday-school is most clearly revealed in this state-  
ment, and for this fact every lover of Christ's  
kingdom must be deeply thankful.

## The Work Abroad

AMONG the many phases of missionary effort  
there is none more important than the production  
and circulation of Christian literature in the ver-  
nacular. Indeed, the impression gained by reading  
the letters that come from those who are on the  
firing line of the missionary forces, endeavoring to  
win the world for Christ, is that the most essential  
thing in order to gain the victory for the banner  
of the Cross is an adequate supply of the word of  
gospel truth in the printed page.

The American Tract Society is constantly co-  
operating with the missionaries on the foreign field,  
and by its cash appropriations it is striving to  
supply the Gospel ammunition that is so sorely  
needed. What these appropriations mean to the  
workers at the front may be shown by a few ex-  
tracts from letters that have recently been received  
in acknowledgment of some of the Society's foreign  
cash grants.

From Salonica, Turkey has come the following  
communication:

"The European Turkey Mission, assembled in  
annual meeting in Salonica, send the American  
Tract Society hearty Christian greetings. We also  
wish to thank you for the aid extended to us this  
year, and to acknowledge the receipt of your remit-  
tance. This will substantially aid us in the print-  
ing and circulation of Christian literature among  
the Bulgarians—a means of evangelization which  
reaches farther, perhaps, than any other.

"Our issue of tracts and other Christian litera-  
ture from our printing department in Samokov,  
Bulgaria, is large and constantly increasing. Dur-  
ing the year 1910 there were issued from that depot  
37,657 copies of 81 different tracts, 14 of which  
were new tracts printed for the Mission and 3 new  
tracts printed for others. Of these one was an able  
and timely tract on 'Spiritism,' more than half  
the edition of which has already been disposed of.  
Two more were on 'Regular and Systematic Giv-  
ing,' and these will soon be distributed free of  
charge, and will, we hope, quicken the consciences  
and loosen the purse-strings of many of God's chil-  
dren here. Another is a translation of that sweetly  
reasonable tract entitled 'Give God a Chance,' and  
still another is the touching little booklet called  
'Mother,' which is sold at one cent each. The  
edition of the latter is already nearly exhausted,  
and we hope that it will do much to raise both the  
ideals of and the reverence for motherhood in this  
land.

"We are glad to see that there is a greater readi-  
ness than ever before to receive and read tracts  
which are offered on the trains, or even on the roads  
and in the markets. Educated people often read  
them at once, while those who cannot read tuck  
them in their sashes to take home for their children  
to read to them. The tracts are seldom refused,  
and almost never destroyed. Thus the truth is  
spread, and little by little the Gospel light shines  
into the darkness of these lands. One of our young  
preachers was first interested in the truth by read-  
ing a tract which had been given him by one  
of our missionaries. Now he, too, is spreading the  
light."

The Treasurer of the North China Tract Society  
has written as follows:

"Your draft for \$250 (gold) has been received.  
I wish to thank you very heartily for your con-  
tinued interest in our work. We are seeing much  
good done, but we are still hampered by lack of  
funds. Our missionary friends help us liberally;  
were it not for their constant subscriptions our  
work would surely suffer."

Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D., of the Punjab Mis-  
sion of the Presbyterian Church, whose head-  
quarters are at Ludhiana, India, has sent this  
message:

"I write to thank the Tract Society, on behalf of  
the Punjab Mission, for its generous grant of \$150  
for vernacular literature. I am glad the Tract  
Society is giving itself more liberally than for  
many years to the work of creating a missionary  
literature in foreign fields. The destitution is very  
great. We need a new literature, for a new era in  
Indian national and racial development. I could  
use a thousand dollars a year. Many large manu-  
scripts are now lying by me awaiting the money  
for publication."



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

AUGUST 6

## Lessons from Great Lives—Job

Job 6:1-11; 42:1-6

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Aug. 31. Solicitous fatherhood. Job 1:1-5.  
T., Aug. 1. Bolts from the blue. Job 1:18-22.  
W., Aug. 2. Test of patience. Job 2:1-10.  
Th., Aug. 3. A lesson in faith. Job 19:21-29.  
F., Aug. 4. Misjudged. Job 42:7-12.  
S., Aug. 5. A lesson in humility. Job 40:1-4.

JOB was a good man, but he suffered awful calamities. He desired to know why he was dealt with thus. He questioned men; but they answered him foolishly. He questioned God; and He answered him out of the whirlwind. God called Job's attention to the panorama of nature—to the hail, the frost, the snow, the wonders of creation. He asked Job if he knew where the foundations of the earth are laid, whence comes the light, and the whole visible creation. Job had to acknowledge that he was in a universe of mystery. Job learned that this is a mysterious world and that we live in a world of mysteries. His problem was but one little problem in a world of immense problems. We do well, then, to let Job teach us all, that God, who is our Father, is infinitely wise. Therefore we can well afford to trust Him. We are often like little children, in our ignorance crying for what would harm us. God is like a wise parent withholding only what would harm. A sea-captain allayed the fears of his ten-year-old daughter, on her first voyage with him, by assuring her that he would be at the helm all night long. God is our all-skilled Pilot. It is not for us who are passengers to meddle with chart or compass. We should let our Pilot alone with His work, and simply trust Him. That is one lesson we learn from the life of Job.

But God in His wisdom had another lesson for Job. The first call was to see His majesty in nature; but He goes on to call his attention to nature's sequence and order—how daylight and darkness, seed-time and harvest succeed one another. In other words, to the fact that there is system and order in nature. Behind nature there is a God with the sense of order, who displays wisdom and adaptation. So the lesson is that if nature is not haphazard, there is behind it a God who is not haphazard. He is not a God of confusion, but of order. God's dealings may be mysterious, but they are orderly. And it is this orderly mind of God we trust. If there is meaning and purpose in nature, then why not believe that there is meaning and purpose in God's control of our lives? From the life of Job let us learn to trust God—the God of order and wisdom and power.

### At the Heart is Love

But it was made plain to Job that the world is more than a world of order. It is a world at the heart of which is love. "He causeth it to rain where no man is." Yes, everywhere, in the most unlikely places God sends His rain. Why should Job have been told that? Why, if God cares there, where no man is, you may certainly trust Him to care for the places where men are—where His human children are! That is the implication. Job was taught to think of God's majesty as the author of nature; also to behold God's order and control and wisdom in nature. But especially to think of His love. If He causes rain where no man is, how much more where man is. "If God clothe the grass of the field, how much more you!"

You may be in perplexity. God does not solve your problems, He teaches you to trust, and wait for greater light. That is the way He dealt with Job. And that is the main lesson we may learn from the life of Job. All came out well with Him in the end. God's ways with all His children will be justified. We cannot always understand His dealings with us, but this we know, that they are all love-prompted.

### An Immutable Truth

God's love is constant, unvarying, so that we can rely upon it under all possible circumstances. It is related that a certain man placed on one of his buildings a weathervane upon which were inscribed the words, "God is love." Some one criticised him, saying: "You have put an immutable truth on a very changeable thing." "No, it is all right," he replied. "It means that God is love whichever way the wind blows." Yes, it is a glad fact that God is love, and that love can be depended upon and meets every condition and circumstance of life. God dealt with Job mysteriously; but He dealt with Him in love. He dealt with Him in wisdom. He knew the end from the beginning and Job did not. He dealt with Him as one having infinite power, able to make all things work together for His good. From the life of Job let us learn to trust God. We do not know our way, but we do know our Guide.

AUGUST 13

## Small Beginnings of Intemperance

Prov. 23:29-35

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Aug. 7. Small cause, big effect. Gen. 3:6.  
T., Aug. 8. Beware self-confidence. Prov. 28:26.  
W., Aug. 9. Wine's allurements. Prov. 23:31, 32.  
Th., Aug. 10. The drunkard's inefficiency. 1 Kings 20:13-21.  
F., Aug. 11. Power of habit. Jer. 13:23; 22:21.  
S., Aug. 12. Touch not. Col. 2:21; Rom. 14:21.

"First the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man." That is not the small beginning of intemperance; but it is the small beginning of the intemperate man, and its ending. The man is drunk. And in the end drunkenness, if continued, will shut the man out of the kingdom of heaven.

### Seemingly Trivial Ways

But this topic we are to study evidently was intended to raise a warning in the minds of young people against some of the insidious and seemingly trivial ways in which intemperance may have a small but real beginning.

Sometimes intemperance begins at the soda fountain at drug stores, when it is possible to get wine under some fictitious name as a flavor.

Sometimes it begins at the home with the eating of brandied food, like mince pies, peaches, or preserves. It is heart-breaking to think how many mothers are willing to make home an annex to the saloon by offering such eatables at their tables.

There is another shrewd device Satan has concocted. He never invented a shrewder scheme than when he prompted covetous men to put liquor into candy for children. It has well been said: "Every such confection is a devil's bait."

The writer is a minister and is able to say from much observation that another small-beginning snare is the giving of wine at weddings. People make the claim that a wedding is exceptional, and so serve wine at a marriage when they would not do so at any other time. And they make the taking of at least a little wine by the guests seem almost obligatory. We have seen all the children and young people in a family given wine at weddings. We have seen a mother give it to an infant two years old. We do all in our power to discountenance the custom of giving wine at weddings, for we consider it one of the most dangerous ways of breaking down the scruples of young people, and therefore one of the most dangerous small beginnings of intemperance.

There are patent medicines which contain large percentages of whiskey. Innocent people may make a small beginning in intemperance by taking these. Drunkards know them; for in prohibition States they are widely used as substitutes for whiskey. Some physicians there are—we are glad to say they are growing fewer—who set their patients

on the downward road toward intemperance by their prescriptions containing alcohol, or cocaine, or opium. The habits of intemperance are largely fostered by apparently "innocent" medicines.

### The Dwarf that Grew

Look out for the little beginnings. There is an Indian story of a morsel of a dwarf who asked a king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covering all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third he knocked the king down and took his throne. "Who is it knocks so loud?" "A little, lonely sin." "Slip through," we answer—and all hell is in!

AUGUST 20

## Mountain Scenes in Bible Story

Deut. 34:1-6; Matt. 17:1-8

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Aug. 14. Carmel. 1 Kings 18:19-22, 25-39.  
T., Aug. 15. The mount of vision. Deut. 32:48-52.  
W., Aug. 16. The mountain sermon. Matt. 5:1-12.  
Th., Aug. 17. The mountain temptation. Matt. 4:8.  
F., Aug. 18. The mount of the law. Ex. 19:9-13.  
S., Aug. 19. The unknown mount. Matt. 28:16-20.

We cannot take space to write of all the mountain scenes in the Bible. We therefore choose the second one to which reference is given—the Transfiguration.

We are told that Christ took Peter, James and John up into a mountain and was "transfigured" before them. His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow." Luke says, "glistening" white. Moses and Elias appeared talking with Him. Their conversation was upon the high theme of His death, resurrection and mission in the world. The disciples were awe-struck, but blessed, and said, "Master, it is good for us to be here."

We have times of exalted experience, and mountain-top visions. We have times when ideals are presented to us of high possibilities and holy living.

### Patterns in the Mount

Consider the use we may make of our visions. God took Moses upon a mountain and showed him the models and patterns for the tabernacle and its vessels. He then charged him, "See that thou make it in all things according to the pattern shown thee in the mount." Sometimes you open your Bible and read with strong spiritual aspiration such sentences as these: "Blessed are the pure in heart," "Blessed are the meek," "Be ye tender-hearted, forgiving one another," "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Do you not see that God has been showing you patterns for your life? And He bids you make all things in your life and character, dispositions, tempers, affections, motives like the pattern shown to you in the mount.

### Paint Your Dreams

Try to make life like your best dreams. Raphael was once asked how he painted his wonderful pictures. He answered, "I dream dreams and I see visions, and then I paint my dreams and my visions." Many of us have beautiful dreams and visions, but the trouble is we do not paint them anywhere. Work your dreams and visions into life.

But you ask, "How? Where?" We answer, "Down in the valley of every-day life." The disciples might well say, "It is good for us to be here" and wish to stay, but earnest work was awaiting them at the mountain's base. An only son possessed with an evil spirit was to be delivered. On the mountain-top many of us might be inclined to stay, but what of the world of woe and toil and tears down below? We must not stay. Stern work awaits us to be done, before we can live with Moses and Elias and the heavenly hosts. Go back down the mountain to your work. That is the only way to retain the blessing.

AUGUST 27

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. VIII. Missions in Persia and Turkey

Acts 4:13-31

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Aug. 21. Growth of false religion. 2 Kings 17:21-34.  
T., Aug. 22. Blight of error. Job 9:16-24.  
W., Aug. 23. The fruit test. Matt. 7:15-20.  
Th., Aug. 24. The coming of Christ. 1 Th. 5:16-20.  
F., Aug. 25. A prayer for the East. Eccl. 1:17-24.  
S., Aug. 26. The victory. Phil. 2:9-11.

### Two Remarkable Countries

Our journey to the mission fields now brings us to two exceedingly interesting countries, Persia and Turkey. In both these lands the most remarkable revolutions have taken place recently. In both of them the ruler has been deposed but not killed—which of itself is an advance in civilization. In Persia the new Shah is a little boy, who wept bitterly when placed upon the obnoxious throne. In Turkey the wicked old sultan has been forced to make way for a young ruler in sympathy with the new times. In each nation it is the reform party that has triumphed, the party of liberty, toleration, civilization, and constitutional government.

### Missionaries in Persia

In each country it is mainly the missionaries that have brought the new light and paved the way for the revolution. This they have done, not by interfering in any way with politics, but by the quiet processes of education, and by the power of splendid example. Roughly speaking, Persia is that part of Western Asia lying between the Caspian Sea on the north and the Persian Gulf on the south. The greater part of the country is an elevated plateau, but cut up by mountain chains on the north, the west and the south. Many of the mountain valleys are wonderfully fertile and exceedingly beautiful. Rare flowers, luscious fruits, valuable timber, and mountain brooks and torrents make the land a scene of picturesque beauty which is celebrated in history and song, and indissolubly connected with the ideas of Persia. The population is about nine millions. The leading cities are Teheran, Tabriz, Isfahan, Meshed, Kerman and Yezd. Among the names of missionaries connected with the work in modern Persia are Henry Martyn, C. G. Pfander, Joseph Wolf, Justin Perkins and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Grant, J. L. Merrick, and many more who are at work there today.

### Signs of Life

Forty newspapers sprung into life in Persia when the old Shah proclaimed the constitution. They were all suppressed when he refused to give the constitution that he had promised. As soon as he was deposed, the newspapers began to appear again. Popular education is the foe of despotism.

With the new regime in Persia comes an increased attendance on the mission schools, even many Moslem youth, some of high rank, coming under Christian instruction.

### Triumphs in Turkey

It would be exceedingly interesting to tell of the difficulties and triumphs of missions in Turkey. That empire holds Palestine, the land where Jesus lived. It is a small land, but the story of missions there is thrilling. But the same is true of all mission work among the Turks, in every part of the Empire. The work has been full of dangers, full of difficulties, and yet successful beyond all ordinary expectations.

The territory of the Turkish Empire is well covered by the missionary societies. The American Board has been longest in the field, and also occupies the largest amount of territory. The Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenant), the Church of the Disciples (Christian), and several other denominations are also prosecuting active missionary work within the limits of the Empire.



Exposition of the  
International Lessons

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph. D.

AUGUST 6

## Jeremiah Tried and Acquitted

Jeremiah 26

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Psalm 27: 1.

Josiah reigned for thirteen years after the finding of the book of the law as described in our last lesson. Then the king of Egypt marched along the seacoast of Palestine northward to meet the armies of Assyria. Josiah foolishly espoused the Assyrian cause and fought the Egyptian army at Megiddo on the plain of Esdraelon, where he was defeated and killed. Some one has called this disaster "unquestionably the most tragic event in Hebrew history."

Jehoahaz, the third son of Josiah, was now placed on the Jewish throne, but as soon as the victorious Egyptian king returned from the Euphrates, he carried Jehoahaz in chains to Egypt, after a reign of only three months, and left on the throne Eliakim, the elder brother of Jehoahaz. Eliakim changed his name to Jehoiakim, in token of his vassalage.

## A Character Sketch of Jeremiah

Jeremiah was born in Anathoth, a little village about three and a half miles northeast from Jerusalem. Dr. Peloubet thus describes the prophet: "He was of a retiring, exquisitely sensitive nature, and yet had a spiritual courage that triumphed over all weakness, and compelled his body to the most difficult and dangerous duties. He never failed. He was the butt of ridicule and scorn. He was put in the stocks. He was publicly whipped. He was misrepresented as an enemy. He was imprisoned several times. But he kept right on. He was like an elm tree, whose branches yield to every breeze, but which no storm, not even one that upheaves rocks from their bed, can cause to move one hair's breadth from its place in the ground. It is no wonder that he was sometimes discouraged, disappointed, almost despairing. He has been called 'the weeping prophet,' because he lived in such dark and evil times, but the only wonder is that he ever had such glorious gleams of hope, and that his prophetic eye ever pierced through the darkness of the night tempest and saw the silver lining beyond, and the rays of the coming dawn. He was a 'meliorist' rather than an optimist. He saw the evil, but he was ever working to make it better."

## The Prophet's Appeal

Jeremiah signaled the beginning of Jehoiakim's reign by an earnest appeal to the people to walk in the law of the Lord. He warned them that their present course of action could have but one result and predicted that in the event of their continued disobedience to the divine commandments, the temple at Jerusalem and the city itself should become a curse to all the nations of the earth.

The appeal of Jeremiah seemed to have the opposite effect from what he had hoped, for the people seized him, crying, "Thou shalt surely die. Why hast thou prophesied in the name of Jehovah, saying, This house shall be like Shiloh, and this city shall be desolate, without inhabitant?"

Jeremiah made a noble defense, and at its conclusion the princes and the people declared, "This man is not worthy of death; for he hath spoken to us in the name of Jehovah our God."

So Jeremiah was delivered from death, in striking contrast with the fate of another prophet, Uriah, whom Jehoiakim slew because he prophesied against Jerusalem in the same strain as Jeremiah.

## Points for Thought

A prophet's message should never go unheeded.

Jeremiah showed real heroism in proclaiming truths which he knew must be unwelcome to the people of Judah.

AUGUST 13

## Jehoiakim Burns the Prophet's Book

Jeremiah 36

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The word of our God shall stand forever. Isa. 40:8.

At the time of the incident recorded in our lesson the prophet Jeremiah had been trying for more than a score of years to persuade the nation of Judah to repent and turn unto God. But his preaching seemed to be of no avail, for the people and their rulers alike turned a deaf ear to his admonitions.

## The Writing of the Book

Hitherto Jeremiah's appeal had been by word of mouth, but now he was commanded by the Lord to take a roll and write therein all the words which Jehovah had spoken unto him against Israel, against Judah and against all the nations from the days of Josiah up to the present moment. "It may be," so ran the gracious message of Jehovah, "that the house of Judah will hear all the evil which I purpose to do unto them; that they may return every one from his evil way; that I may forgive their iniquity and their sin."

## The Reading of the Message

At Jeremiah's dictation, Baruch, his faithful scribe, had written upon a roll the message of divine warning. The prophet now commanded Baruch to go and read the words of the roll in the ears of the people in the house of Jehovah upon the fast day. Baruch accordingly read the words of Jeremiah to all the people in the chamber of Gemariah, the son of Shaphan, the scribe, in the upper court, at the entry of the new gate of Jehovah's house.

## The Destruction of the Roll

Soon the news of the startling character of the contents of this roll found its way to the ears of Jehoiakim's courtiers, and the king himself commanded that the roll be read in his own presence. Yet, as narrated in our lesson, but a small portion had been read, when with the utmost recklessness and bravado, the impious king cut the roll into pieces, and burned it in the fire. Furthermore he gave orders for the apprehension of Jeremiah and Baruch, but the emissaries of the king could not find them, for in the expressive language of the Scriptures, "the Lord hid them."

## A New and Enlarged Edition

It was not long after the destruction of the first roll that the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah, bidding him take another roll and write in it all the words which were in the former roll which Jehoiakim had destroyed. At the prophet's dictation Baruch wrote out all these words, and as we are told, "there were added besides unto them many like words."

Concerning Jehoiakim, who had so wantonly treated the prophet's writing, and thus despised the message of Jehovah, it was prophesied, "He shall have none to sit upon the throne of David; and his dead body shall be cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost." This dire prediction was fulfilled, for King Jehoiakim was slain and his son was carried in chains to Babylon.

## Practical Lessons

In these days, when the authority of the Bible is questioned, and its inspiration and infallibility are openly attacked, the present lesson is of the utmost value and significance.

The Bible is proof against all assaults, for the Word of God is indestructible, and no human ingenuity can destroy the holy oracles of God.

The Holy Scriptures have been committed to human hands for their preservation and propagation. In view of the character of Holy Writ, what a wonderful responsibility and opportunity is thus conferred upon humanity.

Jeremiah was divinely protected. So the Lord protects all His servants in the discharge of their duties, when they are acting in obedience to the divine will.

AUGUST 20

## Jeremiah Cast into Prison

Jeremiah 37

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Matt. 5:11.

In order to appreciate the conditions by which the prophet Jeremiah was surrounded, we must glance at the historical situation.

The kingdom of Judah was in the midst of the most troublous times. In the first captivity, which took place in the fourth year of the reign of Jehoiakim, Daniel and his friends, with many others, had been carried away to Babylon. After a reign of eleven years, Jehoiakim perished, and his son Jehoiakin ascended the throne. Jehoiakin reigned but three months, for he was scarcely on the throne when the Chaldean forces, which had been ravaging Judea, were joined by Nebuchadnezzar himself and closed around Jerusalem. Jehoiakin surrendered, and was carried to Babylon, where he remained a prisoner for thirty-seven years, and was then released.

Zedekiah, the brother of Jehoiakin, the twentieth and last king of Judah, was seated upon the throne by Nebuchadnezzar. He was but a shadow or phantom king, for he lacked practically all regal power, and possessed none of that iron will force needed to pilot a nation through such a situation as that in which the kingdom of Judah found itself.

## Jeremiah Seized

Jerusalem had been undergoing a siege at the hands of the Chaldeans, under the direction of Nebuchadnezzar. Zedekiah had been intriguing with the king of Egypt, and in response to Zedekiah's appeal, that sovereign now sent an army to attack the Chaldeans. For a short time the latter raised the siege of Jerusalem in order that they might repel this Egyptian foe. The Egyptians, however, do not seem to have ventured upon a battle, and the Chaldeans soon returned to the siege of the Judean city.

During this temporary cessation of the siege the prophet Jeremiah left Jerusalem to go to his native town, Anathoth, which was situated in the tribe of Benjamin, a little northeast of Jerusalem. His enemies among his own countrymen seized upon this as a pretext, and accused him of falling away to the Chaldeans. His chief accuser was Irijah, a captain of the guard, who arraigned him before the princes of Judah. Despite Jeremiah's protestations of innocence the charge made by Irijah prevailed, and he was thrown into prison "in the house of Jonathan the scribe."

## A Courageous Prophet

The text of our lesson gives us the account of a secret interview between Zedekiah and Jeremiah. It is a striking fact that Jeremiah, despite his own desperate plight, had no words of flattery for "the shadow king," but simply repeated the message of doom, which had already brought him into disfavor with the princes of Judah. Zedekiah, in this instance, however, was not untouched by the spectacle of the undaunted prophet who so faithfully proclaimed the word of Jehovah. Accordingly he ameliorated Jeremiah's condition and removed him into the court of the prison, where he was assured of subsistence, as long as there was bread in the beleaguered city.

## Truths of Vital Importance

Let us be careful as to how we construe the words and actions of those about us. The teaching of Jesus should constrain us always to put the most charitable construction upon the doings of others.

The princes of Judah were quick to persecute the prophet who rebuked them for their sins and foretold the sure result of their wrong-doing. So the heralds of righteousness have ever been assailed by those whose sins they have exposed.

AUGUST 27

## Judah Carried Captive to Babylon

Jeremiah 39

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Be sure your sin will find you out. Numbers 32:23.

The sacred narrative clearly states the reason for the destruction of the kingdom of Judah. It was the divine judgment upon a nation which had been highly favored of God, but which had shamefully neglected His worship, and had filled the cup of iniquity to the brim.

The last king to rule over Judah was Zedekiah, and of him we read that he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God. Yet Zedekiah was not the worst king that ever sat upon the throne of Judah. It was in his reign, however, that events reached their culmination, and the king himself by his weakness and folly hastened the destruction which had long been threatening to overwhelm his kingdom.

Zedekiah's greatest sin was his failure to heed the bidding of the prophet Jeremiah. It is true that the king secretly consulted with this seer, but he blindly and persistently disregarded his advice, until at last it was too late, and his own doom with that of the kingdom over which he ruled was sealed.

## Jerusalem Taken

The city of Jerusalem was besieged for a year and a half by Nebuchadnezzar. Zedekiah had sworn submission to this monarch, but the vain hope of assistance from Egypt had led the Jewish sovereign to rebel against the powerful king of Babylon, only to find that his Egyptian alliance was like a broken reed, and that Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, was the real master of the situation. After the besieging army had made a successful breach in the walls of Jerusalem, Zedekiah and his army attempted to escape. But they were pursued, overtaken, and scattered in the plain of Jericho. The king and his household were captured, and brought before Nebuchadnezzar at Riblah. Zedekiah's daughters were set free, but his sons were slain before him. Then his eyes were put out; he was bound, hand and foot, in double fetters of brass, and thus he was carried to Babylon, where he died in prison.

## Prophecy Fulfilled

In these sad events we have the literal fulfillment, not only of Jeremiah's prophecy, but also of the predictions of all the line of prophets from the time of Moses. The constant teaching of the prophets had been that if the nation lived in righteousness, God would honor it, but if they dishonored His commandments, they, too, should be dishonored by Him.

We need only to read the writings of Jeremiah to see the awful moral condition of the Jewish nation. He tells us that the land was full of idolatry, dishonesty, licentiousness, murder, adultery, perjury, treachery and slander. All classes of society were involved. "Crimes of violence, deeds of oppression and shameful vices abounded everywhere. The three great prophets of the period, Jeremiah, Zephaniah and Habakkuk, vie with each other in the indignation and mournfulness of their delineations—the root of all being in apostasy from God."

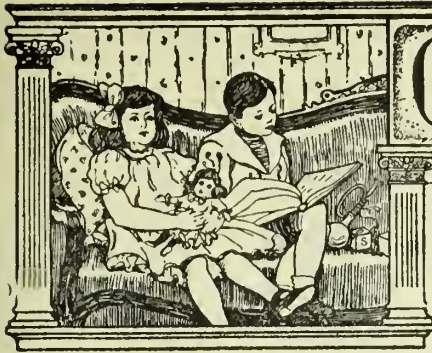
## Concluding Reflections

History repeats itself. A decadence of morals tends to a decadence of national power, and if not checked, it is the sure forerunner of national extinction.

Every man has a kingdom within him. Let us beware lest we bring ruin upon this kingdom within us, by refusing to listen to the voice of divine counsel.

National sin brings national disaster in its train. Let us strive to overthrow every evil tendency in our national life, for unless we overcome the evil around us, it may in the end cause the overthrow even of our own beloved country.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## In Flowery Japan

JAPAN may well be called the Land of Flowers. Some one has counted over three thousand different species of plants that grow in that island empire, and if we were to attempt to print merely their names, it would more than fill our page.

Among some of the more common plants that are found in Japan are ferns, violets, lilies of the valley, bluebells, and azaleas. There are many evergreen trees in Japan. Perhaps the finest of them all is the Japanese cedar, which sometimes grows to a height of 150 feet. Another beautiful tree is called the "maiden-hair tree," which is often found at the entrance to a Japanese temple.

Among other trees which grow in large numbers in Japan are the cypress, yew, fir, box, holly and myrtle. We find also the mulberry tree, which furnishes food for the silkworm, the tea-plant, the camphor tree and many different kinds of bamboo. Oak trees, maples, beeches, alders, the ash, the horse-chestnut, the birch, and the willow are also found in goodly numbers. Plum trees blossom in February and the cherry tree puts forth its blossoms in April. Other fruits which are raised in Japan include the grape, the orange, the persimmon, and the apple.

The beautiful flower garden of which we have an excellent picture before us is located in Tokio, Japan. It is filled as you see with the iris flower, and perhaps a few words about this handsome flower may not be amiss.

The iris grows in many parts of the world, and is found in many gardens here in our own land. The wild species of the iris is generally called the blue flag. The cultivated flower is known as the fleur-de-lis, or the flower-de-luce. This name was given to it, because it was the favorite flower of a French king, who was called Louis the Seventh.

Among the different kinds of iris are the dwarf iris, the mourning iris, the Persian iris, the Spanish iris, the yellow iris, the snake's head iris, the English iris, the Chalcedonian iris, and many others.

Some iris plants are highly ornamental and are used for decorating the home, which they fill with fragrance from their sweet-scented blossoms. A delicate perfume, which smells very much like the odor of violets, is made from one kind of iris.

## Our Little Folks' Gardens

SEVERAL letters have come from boys and girls in different parts of our own land, telling us of the gardens which they have, and mentioning what they think is the most interesting or the most beautiful flower that they have ever seen. The first letter comes from a little friend in Enreka, Pa., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have written to you once before. I have a little garden, which papa gave me. I have sweet peas, bachelor's button, sweet-william, nasturtiums, and mignonette which I planted. I hope to write about them when they bloom. The most interesting flower I ever saw was a rose with its different petals. We have lots of red cherries. I have a little kitty. We have six horses. I will close, with love.

FRANCES HARVEY.

You have sent us a very nice letter, Frances, and we shall be glad to have you write more about your flowers, after you have seen them all in blossom.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: My favorite flower is the carnation. There are three colors in carnations—white, pink and red. I hope to see my letter in print. With love to all the Little Folks and to Uncle Harry.

Your loving niece,  
ESTHER E. STILES.

Our next letter has come all the way from Fresno, Cal., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: This is my second letter. The most wonderful flower I ever saw is the four o'clock. I go to a nice school called the Lowell. I have taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER since last September. I enjoy reading Our Little Folks' page. I am in the A-4 grade in school. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday that I am not sick. Our preacher's name is Dr. Boyd. With love to all the little folks.

Your niece,  
ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE.

You have mentioned a very interesting flower, Elizabeth. The four o'clock is

the AMERICAN MESSENGER. We like it very much. I am seven years old.

Yours truly,  
EMILY R. DOW.

We are glad to hear from you, Emily. You must have a pleasant home and a very pretty garden.

We want to thank all the boys and girls who have sent us such interesting letters about the flowers, plants and trees, and who have told us about their gardens. We hope you will greatly enjoy your gardening during the coming weeks, and trust that as the years go by, you may have more and more success with the flowers which you plant.

✻ ✻

## Our Mail Bag

In addition to the letters that have already been printed, there are some others in Our Mail Bag, and we will now turn our attention to these. The first comes from a boy who lives in Oak Terrace, Dorchester, Mass., and who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I would like to belong to your happy little band. I have a little kitten, and she likes to tear up papers. I have a garden and I have a pear tree. I am building a train station. I am eight years old. This is my first letter. I would like to see it in print.

JOHN L. BEAL.

Surely you may belong to our happy band of little folks, John. Thank you for the little poem which you sent with your letter to Uncle Harry.

Another boy, who lives in Richwood, Ohio, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? My sister takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I have one brother and two sisters older than I am, and one younger. My brother and I have a goat and a dog for pets. We call the goat Billie

and the dog Lion.

MATTHEW H. FARMER.

Welcome to our circle, Matthew. You and your brother have two lively pets. Write us again some day, and tell us more about your home.

An Iowa girl in Marshalltown writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old. I am in the fourth grade. I go to school every day. I go to church and Sunday School every Sunday. I have three sisters and four brothers. I live on a farm.

HELEN HARPER.

Our page is full now, and all the other letters which have been received must be kept for another time.

Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, American Messenger, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.



A FLOWER GARDEN IN JAPAN

Our next letter comes from West Chazy, New York, and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have not written you for a long time, but as I was looking over the AMERICAN MESSENGER I thought I would write. The most beautiful flowers I have ever seen are the sweet peas, nasturtiums, and pansies. I think the pansies are very sweet-smelling flowers. We have some flowers growing in our garden, called devil-in-the-bush. They have great long leaves all around and a blossom in the middle. Love to Uncle Harry and the little folks.

Your niece,  
HAZEL STILES.

You have written us an interesting letter, Hazel, and we are glad to have heard from you and also from your little sister who has sent us this letter:

often called the marvel of Peru, and sometimes it is called "afternoon ladies." This wonderful flower originally grew in the land of Peru in South America. As most of you know, it gets its ordinary name from the fact that instead of opening its blossoms at sunrise like most other flowers, it blooms about four o'clock in the afternoon, and continues in bloom until the next morning.

Our last letter on the subject of flowers comes from a little girl whose home is in Exeter, N. H. This is what she says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: We have a lovely house on Great Bear's Head, and a garden with geraniums, petunias, verbenas and pansies. My grandma takes





## A REUNION IN POMPEII

By Chara Broughton Conant

### CHAPTER II

"PLEASE introduce the Professor to me, dear," whispered Mrs. Partridge to Cordelia Delavan as they stood, somewhat perplexed at the situation which had arisen. "Oh!" said Cordelia, recovering herself, "Professor Conrad, may I introduce you to Mrs. Partridge? I have been her companion, now, for several months, and she has always been so kind and considerate of me—"

"And why not?" queried Mrs. Partridge. "I consider myself most fortunate to have the company of such a lovely, accomplished young lady! May I ask," she continued, "if that very pretty little lady is Mrs. Conrad?"

"That is Mrs. Conrad," said the Professor, a strange smile crossing his face as he again looked intently at Cordelia. Did he think she deserved a moment's punishment for her past cruelty to him, or did he wish to read her inmost heart? But the kind, sweet look in her pallid face, as she glanced at the lovely girl in blue, changed his expression to one of remorseful tenderness.

"She is the bride of my young nephew, Walter Conrad," he hastened to say. "They came abroad on their wedding tour, but Monday he was summoned to Liverpool on important business that may detain him for some days. He left Kitty in my charge, and she makes things lively for the old Professor, I assure you!"

### A SPOON SHAKER

Straight from Coffeedom

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum, which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"No, I can't go a step farther," panted Mrs. Partridge after walking a short distance. "The heat is terrific, and the light from those ruins dazzles my eyes. I'll take a carriage to the Hotel Suisse, there secure some refreshments, and rest till you rejoin me, when, I hope, Professor Conrad, you and your niece will do me the pleasure of dining with us. No, Miss Delavan, you shall keep right on with your friends and enjoy the day as you deserve. You and Professor Conrad must tell me all about Pompeii later."

After courteously seeing Mrs. Partridge started on her way the Professor resumed his walk with Cordelia and Kitty. The latter kept her uncle busy with her eager questions, but Miss Delavan said little. She felt like one in a dream. His "old-time, valued friend," so had the Professor designated her when he introduced her to his niece. Ah, well, it was a boon indeed to have regained his faithful friendship, more than she had dared to hope for in hours of tearful remorse.

"And what are these ruins?" asked Kitty, stopping short.

"These are the remains of the Greater Theater, where the Pompeians used to flock to enjoy themselves. But I imagine the performances would seem dreary to us."

"But they had wild-beast hunts and gladiatorial combats. Where's the arena?" asked Kitty, her brown eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Ah, you sanguinary little person. To conjure up those gruesome shows, you'll have to visit the ruins of the immense Amphitheater, some little distance from here."

"I'm not sanguinary—I only want to get into the spirit of the thing! Well, Miss Delavan," she exclaimed, as Cordelia, who felt an irresistible impulse to escape from Kitty's prattle, made a sudden ascent to the right, "are you anxious to secure a box seat?"

"I'm trying to imagine myself an ancient Pompeian," returned Cordelia playfully, as she seated herself in one of the upper tier of benches.

Wearily and somewhat "spent" from the excitement of the last hour, she tried to withdraw her thoughts from the present and to conjure up the scenes that took place in the doomed city over two thousand years before. She glanced around the theater, imposing still in its decay; imagined the audiences during one of its performances, the chief men of the city in the front seats below, the masked actors on the narrow stage, the chorus grouped at either end, chanting in monotonous the story of the play.

From her high seat Cordelia could see much of the resurrected city, ruins of imposing temples, narrow streets and remains of houses once all aglow with life and activity—what a deathlike stillness brooded above them now! She pictured the lurid change in the atmosphere on that memorable twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 79, the sudden apparition that turns all eyes toward Mount Vesuvius. A cloud shoots up from the mountain, shaped like a gigantic pine tree; the trunk is black, with blazing branches. Then the earth shakes and trembles, a horror of great darkness falls upon the city, broken only by flashes of fire. Shrieks and wailing from a distracted multitude fill the air. Some seek their homes in the vain hope of finding a refuge there; others strive only for escape from doomed Pompeii. Half blinded by the storm of ashes and pumice-stone, which a strong north wind converts into

a volcanic blizzard of destruction, they grope their way along the narrow streets; many fall to rise no more! Out of twenty thousand people upon whom that summer morning dawned in tranquil beauty over two thousand met an awful doom—

A hand gently touched Cordelia's. She looked up with a start as Professor Conrad seated himself beside her. For a moment her eyes met his like a child's, full of trustful love. Then she recollected herself, smiling faintly as she looked away.

"What were you dreaming about, Cordelia?" The old familiar name from his lips thrilled her again, but she answered simply:

"I was conjuring up that last awful day in Pompeii—"

"But I am going to call you back to the present," he rejoined in a tone of gentle authority. "I want you to tell me all that has happened to you since we parted eleven years ago."

Cordelia obeyed him like a child. He listened intently, putting a question here and there. His face beamed with joy as she told him of the Christian love and faith that had transformed her life and her mother's after their misfortunes.

"Cordelia," he began again, but a voice of laughing reproof broke in upon their conversation.

"Uncle Charles! Is this the way to see Pompeii? And you such a 'walking encyclopedia of useful information,' as Walter calls you! Why, we might better have hired the guide you scouted at—"

A shade of annoyance crossed the Professor's face for an instant, then he rose with an indulgent smile. "When a man reaches my age, Kitty, he realizes how little he knows, how much he has to learn! But you are quite right to call me to account. Let us resume our rambles."

They had explored the city as thoroughly as their limited time permitted, had visited the principal temples and houses, the baths, the shops, the triangular Forum. After a stroll along the interesting "Street of the Tombs," the "Westminster Abbey of Pompeii," they returned to the beautiful "House of the Vettii."

"Those pictures are so wonderfully preserved," said Kitty, glancing around the room at the end of the garden, still adorned with charming frescoes. "When Walter and I set up housekeeping I'm going to have a Pompeian room. Those large paintings, of course, could hardly be imitated, but I'll have darling little Cupids as like those exquisite miniatures as possible, young men and women wearing garlands of roses and gathering grapes, all in antique costume. And I'll have Pompeian lamps and vases—"

She glanced for sympathy at her companions, then an understanding of the situation flashed into her childish brain.

"I must take another look at the

(Continued on next page.)

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## A Reunion in Pompeii

(Continued from preceding page)

kitchen," said the giddy but warm-hearted little creature, fluttering away like a butterfly.

The Professor and Cordelia passed into the garden, where they stood silent a moment.

"How lovely this garden must have been when the flowers were all in bloom and the fountain was playing!" said Cordelia dreamily.

The Professor did not answer. Looking up, her eyes met his, full of tenderness, yet with a gleam of gentle humor in them, too.

"If we 'set up housekeeping' in Ohio, Cordelia, shall we too have a 'Pompeian room' in memory of this blessed reunion?"

"Why—what—you really—" stammered out Cordelia.

"Eleven years ago, Cordelia, I asked you a question to which you answered 'No.' Shall it be 'Yes' or 'No' this time, my dear?"

Tears rose in her eyes. "Can you really care for me after the way I acted?" she asked.

"Care for you! If I loved you when you were a warm-hearted spoiled child of nineteen, what must I feel for you now, a noble, Christian woman, the pure gold of whose character has been brought out through suffering? But come, shall I put this on?"

"This" was his mother's ring, studded with rare pearls. Smiling through her tears, Cordelia laid her hand in his. He gently slipped the ring upon her finger.

And so a new life began for the Professor and Cordelia in the resurrected city of Pompeii.

THE END



## The Power of the Word

BY SOPHIA BRONSON TITTERINGTON

THE story of the New Testament! It is a story the most wonderful and the most inspiring in the chronicles of earth. Jews hate and despise the tale of the Nazarene, yet, even in spite of fanatical rancor the Gospels have won their way to the hearts and consciences of many a son and daughter of Abraham. They have brought eternal life to souls in bondage to Jewish rites and ceremonies.

The thrilling story of the work wrought through a single copy of the New Testament is told by a writer in an English paper in substance as follows:

Some years ago God put it into the heart of a Christian Englishwoman to work as well as pray for quite a large circle of Jewish friends. She bought a number of marked New Testaments to give to those with whom she was associated. Several of the little books had gone out with kind personal notes, and she was just starting out one day with the last of the volumes, when her plan was altered and she went with a friend for a needed walk on a beautiful beach overlooking the sea. She realized afterward that her feet must have been guided by a Power higher than her own volition, that she might be the Master's messenger to a needy and suffering soul. After bidding her friend good-bye, she realized her weariness and sat down to rest under a shelter before returning. One other person occupied the long seat with her. It was a lady, sitting white and still with closed eyes. Her appearance was alarming. At last our friend ventured to ask softly, "Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

Eyes, dark and despairing, opened and looked upon her; a voice, hollow and sad, replied: "Yes, I am ill and dying, but no one can help me."

Swiftly and almost involuntarily the answer came, "Christ only; but what a comfort that He can!"

The name of Christ aroused the suffering stranger. The dark eyes were brilliant with anger; while her scornful voice uttered burning words of hate and fanaticism.

"Do not mention that name to me! The impostor! The enemy of our race! The accursed one!"

What could the Christian woman do? Every nerve throbbed with anxiety to help. This woman, her neighbor for the time being, was near the gateway to the

other world; but how to meet this bitter hostility was a problem indeed. She sent up a swift, silent prayer for guidance.

Gently she began: "Have you ever read the New Testament?"

"Never!" came forth the answer, almost hissed into her ear.

"Is that quite fair?" she went on, gathering courage as the assurance of divine help filled her soul. "To us who know the Book and love it, your conduct seems like condemning a person unheard. You are dying, you say. The New Testament tells of a beautiful life after this. Oh, do read it," she entreated, holding out the little volume toward her.

The stranger's tense face softened a little. "What do you know about dying?" she said. "You are in possession of health and strength. Stand where I do, and you will know what 'no hope' means!"

The sorrowful words thrilled the listener's heart. Tenderly she answered, with a sensation as if she was not speaking her own words:

"I do not yet know what death is, it is true, but I know something of life. I have had some heavy trials to live through—trials which I could not have borne without my Saviour's help. I could not live without Him, and I could not dare face death without Him. But as He is sufficient for life, I am sure He will be for death. Oh, do read about Him!" And again she held out the little book.

A ghostly smile lighted up the worn, pale face. "Nothing can hurt me now, she said, accepting the small packet. "At any rate, I am sure you mean only kindness."

At this juncture another woman hurried to the place. Putting her arm about the invalid, and taking up the bag which now held the New Testament, she assisted her to a house close at hand. The blessed Word was started on its beneficent mission.

A year later, the Christian woman happened to be at the beach again, at the same spot where she had met the sick stranger. A woman passed her, eyeing her in an unfriendly fashion. Through accident or design they met again, when the stranger paused, saying abruptly, "Are you Miss —?" Receiving an affirmative answer, she proceeded:

"Then I have a message to give you. Do you remember giving a New Testament to a sick lady here a year ago?" After another affirmative answer she added:

"Well, she is dead. As she was dying, I promised her if I ever met you, I would tell you that she died in peace, trusting in your Jesus Christ. I was a fool to promise her, but I did it, and I have kept my word; but I curse you for giving her that book; you have destroyed her soul."

As she turned to go, the Christian lady asked: "The Testament—where is that?"

"I have it, I promised her to keep it; but no one shall ever see it; it shall do no more harm."

Mingled joy and pain were in the heart of this worker for Christ—joy for the saved soul, and pain for the still wandering, hate-filled sister. Many months passed, during which time a daily prayer had been offered for the Jewish soul still in darkness. Then, one day a letter reached her with a strange postmark. It was unsigned, but read as follows:

"Your Jewish sister thanks and blesses you. I, too, have read that New Testament, and found the true Messiah. Pray that I may be faithful. All here are against me, especially my husband. He has taken the Book from me; pray for him also. Yours in the love of Christ."

Months later another message came. "When this reaches you," it said, "I shall be with my precious sister before the throne. I am dying, as she did, of consumption, but I want you to know that I have been kept true, and that I have my dear copy of the New Testament again. Last week my husband gave it to me. He has said no word, but he is all kindness and love. I asked him if he had read it; he only said, 'Ask no

questions,' so I am praying in hope. Continue your prayers for him."

The end of the story the faithful worker never heard; but she is still praying for the one whose name and home she never knew. And although she may never know on earth, she rejoices over the two souls saved through the simple reading of the New Testament, and has faith to believe in answered prayer for the other.



## The Secret of Confidence

A LONG train, with its precious freight of human lives, was starting out from the station of a great city. Steadily and surely the engineer threaded his course amidst the maze of terminal tracks, out into the open country. He went on with confidence, because he knew that the track had been cleared before him. Time tables had been worked out with care and precision. The train despatcher had so arranged that all other trains should be out of the way. The engineer had but to obey his orders, and he would reach his destination in safety.

With equal confidence may we go on in the path of duty. Difficulties and perplexities may surround us, but the God who has commanded us to advance has, we may be certain, cleared a track for us. Take the case of the brave and resourceful Gideon and his band of three hundred—every one of them a hero. Right across their path was that countless host of the Midianites. But Israel's divine Leader had made a way through. They had but to obey Him, and their foes were put to rout.

In every command of God there is wrapped up a pledge, in every precept a promise. Whatever He bids us do, He will enable us to accomplish. It matters not how powerful are our foes, or how great the obstacles that confront us, once He gives us our battle to fight, our task to perform, we move forward with the confident step of the conqueror.

EAST AND WEST.



## The Rainbow Symbol

THE exiled John in ecstatic vision was permitted a view of the throne of God and of Him who sits upon that throne. He saw the lightnings play in awful splendor, he heard the thunder roar in sublime majesty; he listened to the songs of the worshipers, and he beheld a rainbow of unique resplendence surrounding that august throne. The throne suggests the power of God, and the rainbow the promise of God. This vision of the rainbow teaches us that the promise made in Noah's bow is beautifully repeated in the bow of John's vision. Our God is a covenant-keeping God; He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.



## Conversation

KEEP clear of personalities in conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. As far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

JOHN HALL.



## To Our Subscribers

THE Manager of the Subscription Department of the AMERICAN MESSENGER would ask each subscriber to look at the address label on the wrapper of the paper and see if it reads JULY, 1911, or any previous month. If it does, this indicates that your subscription to the paper has expired. We trust that this little reminder will be received graciously, and that the account, which doubtless has been overlooked, will be adjusted promptly.

## Trust

BY HENRY TAYLOR GRAY

My days on earth have not been few,  
But many suns have risen and set,  
Since first I saw the light of day,  
And God has never failed me yet.

My trust in Him is firm and true;  
He's blessed me hourly every day,  
And now, through all the retrospect  
I see His hand along my way.

I'll praise Him, with a grateful heart,  
Through all the days unto me given.  
And then I'll never cease my praise  
Through all eternity in heaven.



## All Within the Family

WHAT we do to help our own brothers or sisters we do more as a matter of course than as a favor or a concession. They belong in the family; and love binds the family close together. Yet that is exactly the spirit which God would have us feel and show toward every one in this world whom we have any opportunity to help. "God employs no hired men; His work is done by His sons." That makes every man my brother. For "the only real basis of brotherhood is that we have a common Father," says Jacob A. Riis, that big-hearted big brother to so many thousands of the needy ones of God's family—and ours. When we face and accept the full meaning of our blood-brotherhood with all men, we shall catch a new vision of its opportunities and its obligations, and we shall put a new spirit of love into its service. A little thing done to show another that we count him "within the family," will be worth far more to him than a big "benefaction" doled out condescendingly. SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

## FALSE HUNGER

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected by Good Food

There is, with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



# THE TREASURY

## SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

### Receipts of the American Tract Society during June, 1911.

DONATIONS (Including \$525. for Special Objects), \$1,516.37.

#### CALIFORNIA, \$1.

Mrs. Hills, \$1.

#### CONNECTICUT, \$49.86.

Southport Cong. Church, \$15; Miss Acton, \$5; Thompson Cong. Church, \$14.90; Miss Carter, \$5; Rockville Union Cong. Church, \$4.96; Mrs. Speeler, \$1; Mrs. Osborne, \$2; Mr. Southworth, \$1; Mrs. Kinney, \$1.

#### FLORIDA, \$14.

Mrs. Stone, \$4; Miss Washburn, \$10.

#### ILLINOIS, \$165.90.

Chicago Tract Society (including \$118 for Colportage), \$141.90; Mr. Clark, \$1; Rockford First Presb. Church, \$20; Winnebago Presb. Church, \$3.

#### INDIANA, \$5.50.

Mr. Starr, \$5; Miss Cole, \$0.50.

#### IOWA, \$7.50.

Mr. Hook, \$1.50; Mrs. Warner, \$3; Mr. McGregor, \$3.

#### KANSAS, \$7.95.

Mr. Christians, \$2; Mrs. Behrens, \$4.65; Mrs. Haury, \$0.65; Mr. Naussed, \$0.65.

#### KENTUCKY, \$54.

Dr. Condit, \$5; Colonel Putnam, \$5; Mr. Russell, \$5; Mr. Henthorne, \$5; Mr. Culbertson, \$10; Miss Means, \$10; Dr. Kercheval, \$2; Miss Coles, \$2; Mrs. Condit, \$1; Miss Hilton, \$1; Mrs. Pears, \$1; Mr. Pollock, \$1; Miss Kobs, \$1; Mr. Ogden, \$1; Miss Ogden, \$1; Mr. Putnam, \$1; Mr. Moore, \$1; Miss Condit, \$0.50; Mr. Ogden, \$0.50.

#### LOUISIANA, \$1.

Mr. Ginder, \$1.

#### MAINE, \$8.

Mrs. Hannon, \$2; Miss Fisher, \$1; Mrs. Hough, \$5.

#### MASSACHUSETTS, \$299.33.

Mrs. Hazen, \$5; Miss Shoemaker, for Polish Colp., \$41; Mr. Wales, \$5; Mrs. Turner, \$3; Hatfield Cong. Church, \$24.43; Miss Ramsdell, \$5; Rev. Mr. Moore, \$5; Mrs. Peabody, \$0.90; Mrs. Lane, \$10; Senator Crane, for Polish Colp., \$200.

#### MICHIGAN, \$45.

Mrs. Schindler, \$5; Mr. Brandt, \$7; Mrs. Wabeke, \$5; Mr. Brouwer, \$15; Prof. Veysey, \$2; Mrs. Shaw, \$1; Mrs. Joy, \$10.

#### MINNESOTA, \$59.18.

Greenleafon Ref. Church, \$49.18; Mrs. Rodgers, \$10.

#### NEBRASKA, \$0.65.

Mr. Balle, \$0.65.

#### NEVADA, \$2.

Mr. Dickie, \$2.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$10.50.

Mr. Martin, \$0.50; Miss Cummings, \$10.

#### NEW JERSEY, \$45.21.

Mr. Gruber, \$0.65; Mrs. Pitney, \$10; Miss Carson, \$1; Fort Lee First Ref. Church of the Palisades, \$2.56; Miss Rhoads, \$5; Miss Pudney, \$1; Mrs. Ballantine, \$25.

#### NEW YORK, \$261.52.

New York City. Collegiate Ref. Church of Harlem, \$33.86; Miss Oeters, \$10; Mrs. McCreery, \$10; Mr. Toller, \$5; New York City, Hope Chapel Sunday School, \$10; A Friend, \$100; Montgomery, Ref. Church, \$8.50; Mrs. Turnbull, \$4; Mrs. Esselstyn, \$5; Mr. Edwards, \$1; Mrs. Smith, \$2.25; Mr. and Mrs. Remsen, \$2; Mrs. Byington, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. Woolworth, \$5; Miss Pallison, \$30; Mrs. Denton, \$2; Miss Wilmarth, \$5; Miss Strong, \$2; Miss Wilson, \$5; The Misses Masters, \$10; Mrs. Coe, \$1; Mrs. Sherman, \$5; Tillson, Ref. Church, \$1.91; Rev. Mr. Scholl, \$1.

#### OHIO, \$253.80.

Cincinnati, Mt. Auburn Presb. Church, \$10; Mr. Fenn, \$5; Mr. Dodd, \$1; Mr. Smith, \$10; Mr. Ritchie, \$10; Miss Thorpe, \$5; Mr. Kyrk, \$3; Mr. Johnson, \$5; Mrs. Bay, \$4; Norwood, First Presb. Church, \$4.80; Mr. Willard, \$3; Mr. Culberstone, \$1; Mr. Davis, \$1; Mr. Tomlinson, \$1; Mr. Hutsinpillar, \$1; Mr. Drew, \$5; Mr. Selby, \$5; Mr. Peebles, \$5; Miss Peebles, \$4; Mr. Gates, \$2; Mr. Klien, \$1; Mr. Zieley, \$1; Mrs. Burke, Colp., \$100; Mr. Gowanlock, \$10; Mr. Manuel, \$10; Mr. Augustus, \$10; Mr. Staats, \$5; Mrs. Powell, \$5; Mr. Eyears, \$2; Mr. Haines, \$2; Mr. Russell, \$1; Mr. Williamson, \$1; Mrs. Rees, for colportage in Cleveland, \$10; Mr. Hall, \$5; Mr. Boehringer, \$5.

#### PENNSYLVANIA, \$132.10.

Mr. Walter, \$2; Spartenburg, Sparta W. M. Society Free Baptist Church, for Lit. for Japan, \$2; Mr. Petit, \$5; Mr. Welsh, \$1; Mrs. McCormick, \$25; Miss Small, \$15; Sewickley Presb. Church, \$20; Mr. Newton, \$5; Mr. Ward, \$1; Mr. McClellan, \$5; Mrs. Small, \$5; Mr. Hoover, \$2; Mr. Kirkpatrick, \$5; Miss Rudisill (In memo. of Father), \$5; State College Presb. Church, \$11.10; Mr. Walter, \$1; Mrs. de Schweinfelt, \$2; Miss Henry, \$10; Miss Sawyer, \$5; Mr. Baker, \$5.

#### RHODE ISLAND, \$15.

Miss Durfee, \$5; Mr. Talbot, \$10.

#### SOUTH DAKOTA, \$39.37.

Beresford, Komstad Swedish Free Church, (\$30. of amount to constitute Rev. Mr. Modig a Life Member), \$39.37.

#### TEXAS, \$9.

Unknown, \$4; Mr. Fraser, \$5.

#### VIRGINIA, \$10.

Mrs. Ivey, \$10.

#### WASHINGTON, \$10.

Mr. Acker, \$10.

#### WEST VIRGINIA, \$1.

Miss Williams, \$1.

#### WISCONSIN, \$5.

Muscoda, German Presb. Pulasti Church, \$3; Mrs. Jones, \$1; Mrs. Bryan, \$1.

#### FOREIGN, \$3.

Canada—Miss Foster, \$2; Miss Mann, \$1.

#### LEGACIES, \$3,358.36.

Marshall, Mich., Estate of Mary I. Wadsworth, on acc., \$1,500; Yonkers, N. Y., Estate of W. W. Rand, on acc., \$1,000; Ashland, O., Estate of Mary Herschler, \$400; New Paltz, N. Y., Estate of Eliza C. S. Lang, \$458.36.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$206.25.  
Income for Missionary Work, \$206.25.



## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to "THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.



## Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.



## An Influence for Good

Nor long ago a Sunday-school teacher in a village in South Carolina wrote, asking for books for the members of her Sunday-school Class of boys. The American Tract Society promptly sent a grant of specially selected books, and now we have this interesting testimony from the teacher as to the good that has already been accomplished:

"If I could tell you how much appreciated those books are, how valued, and the comfort they have already given, you would be surprised. On the day I received the books, the 'Intermediate Sunday-school Class' met at my home, and I organized them into a Social Club, taking for our motto the motto of the King's Daughters. I showed them the twenty-one books, all marked 'For the Intermediate Class,' and with three other books given by the oldest lady in our village, we started our library. Each book taken out is signed for, date given, etc. I found them eager to read good literature.

"One book was taken by a little boy into a home where the oldest son is a drunkard and gambler, who has never cared for reading, and who could not be kept at home at night. Hearing the book discussed by the little boy and his mother, the older brother asked to look at the book, and to the mother's delight, he became so interested, he forgot to go out to his card playing that night. And to my surprise he asked to be allowed to read other books, which he is permitted to do, of course. Some of the little fellows, enthusiastic over the book, 'The Blue Badge Boys,' have formed themselves into a club. Already we have cause to feel thankful for the books."

## An Open Letter to our Readers

WE believe there is no better paper published for general circulation with a view to doing good than the AMERICAN MESSENGER. It is full of practical religious articles that tend to warn, to instruct, to help, and to strengthen. It brings to its readers the results of practical experience and sets forth in clear terms the teaching of God's Word.

We are frequently in receipt of letters from chaplains of hospitals, prisons, homes, etc., requesting us to send them copies of the AMERICAN MESSENGER that they may be handed to the inmates, and so far as possible we have complied with these requests. We believe that there are many who would like to aid these needy people by sending ten or more copies to them, and the cost would be only 30 cents for each copy for a year. We have the names and addresses of many of these institutions. Remember the words of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The following is a copy of a letter recently received:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS:

"This is a state institution and there are many poor people here suffering from consumption (same as I am), and no Christian reading of any sort in the library, but most of the books are novels. What dying men and women want is *Christian Religious Papers*. Could your Society see its way clear to send me about ten copies each of several issues of the AMERICAN MESSENGER that I may hand them to patients in this institution to read? We are all poor, most of us having nothing but the clothes we have on our backs.

"Hoping to hear from you favorably in regard to the matter, I am

"Yours in His Service,

"———"

We gladly sent the writer of this letter ten copies each of several issues. If you are interested, and would like to assist in circulating this paper in this beneficent way, please send your subscriptions to

The Circulation Manager,  
AMERICAN MESSENGER,  
150 Nassau St.,  
New York City.



## Grateful Acknowledgments

The superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in Georgetown, S. C., has written to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society in part as follows:

"Your kind letter and the tracts both received. May Christians continue to donate largely to such a cause. I hope the tracts will be placed in the hands of such as will appreciate them. I again thank the Society. Shall always say a good word for you."

From Buena Vista, Fla., has come the following:

"Your grant of tracts received, for which I am grateful, and will use them the best I can."

A Christian worker in Toledo, Ohio, sends this acknowledgment:

"Accept my hearty thanks for the tracts received to-day through your special kindness."

Another Christian worker in Knoxville, Tenn., has written thus:

"Your donation of tracts reached me in due time. You were very kind indeed and liberal. I have looked them over, and think they will fit into my field quite well. I shall look them over still more carefully so as to use them to the very best advantage. I thank you very much and shall remember the favor."

From Jamaica, N. Y., a fellow-worker writes:

"Many thanks for the fine assortment of Italian tracts which you so kindly sent us, and which arrived yesterday. Rest assured they will be used to good advantage."

## American Tract Society

THIS Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 775,995,849 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$779,287.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$21,399.81, being equivalent to 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,548,095.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 233,710; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 77,581, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in seventy years 17,004,116, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,356,367.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

# INTERESTING PERIODICALS

FOR

THE HOME, CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The American Messenger

is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Sunday School Lessons, Prayer Meeting Topics, and much other interesting and instructive matter. The price is very low, being but Fifty Cents a year, or in Clubs Thirty Cents a year.

## Apples of Gold

is a delightful paper for the little ones. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for Primary Departments and infant classes; attractive pictures; large, clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copy, 30 cts.; five copies to one address, 25 cts. each; ten or more, 20 cts. each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cts. per copy additional.

## Amerikanischer Botschafter

is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription is Thirty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents, forty or more, Eighteen cents.

## Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons, and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is Twenty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents a year.

Send for Sample Copies

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY  
150 Nassau Street New York



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## Personal Evangelism

IN a recent letter Rev. A. C. Clayton, Secretary of the Tamil Publication Committee of the Christian Literature Society for India, tells of a Kanarese man in India who went to South Africa, there learned to read, and after reading some Christian books came back to his native land and village, where he taught his own people to know the Christ whom he had found. Like Andrew of old he sought out his own brother. The result was that through his efforts over a hundred of his tribe—the Holeyas—came to the missionaries in Mysore and became Christians.

"It is not often," adds Mr. Clayton, "that an instance of the usefulness and power of Christian books so clear as this and so cheering comes to light. Generally we have to do our work in faith. We know that good work is being done, but we do not see the result. I have been careful to make a note of this to add to the list of definite proofs of the value of Christian literature in India, especially vernacular tracts and books, that I am collecting."

## Progress in Turkey

THE American Bible Society has a branch in Constantinople which has been in operation for seventy-four years, and the year just closed has been the best one of all. Before the late Turkish revolution it took from six months to a year to secure permission to print a Bible, and this permission had to be renewed every five years. All these restrictions have now been swept away. This last year 154,000 copies of the Bible or portions were distributed from this agency in the heart of the Moslem world and practically all of them were printed there as well. This is 25,000 more than in any preceding year. Indeed it is difficult to meet the increasing demand for Bibles in the Levant. Printing is carried on in twenty-eight languages. Arabic leads with 89,000 copies. Then follow Armenian, Turkish, and Bulgarian. An edition of John's Gospel in Chulla, a language new to the Scripture, has just been issued in 5,000 copies. It is the tongue of a black tribe near Fashoda, at the junction of the Sobat and White Nile.

## Homes for Lepers

THE Union Mission for Lepers in India has now fifty asylums in operation. That in Mandalay shelters 128, ninety-six of whom are Christians. When the workers first went to gather up the out-cast lepers, the latter fled from them in utter fear; but one woman without feet could not escape and with six others they was induced to spend a week at the mission, it being agreed that at the end of that time they should be allowed, if they wished, to return to the Buddhist temple, where lepers were wont to lie begging. The result is thus told:

"The week passed. Visits were paid morning and night. Simple remedies were applied to ease their suffering. Plain wholesome diet was dispensed to them. Clean clothes took the place of their filthy rags. Kindly comfort was vouchsafed at all times. On the eighth day I redeemed my promise, calling the seven inmates together and reminding them of the compact. 'Hands up if you wish to return,' but no hand was raised. 'Then all who wish to stay in the Christian home forever put up your hands,' and seven were raised, and thus we had the first permanent dwellers in our Leper Refuge. Will it surprise any to know that I had no need to return to the leper haunts of Mandalay after that beginning? What I did was this. I selected two of the least disabled lepers and said, 'Would you like a drive to-day?' To this they eagerly responded. We put them up on the old cart and sent them off as our emissaries, with the words, 'Go home and tell your friends how great things a Christian charity is doing for you.' They went, and I was at the Home gate when the cart came back and it was laden with a harvest from the fields of death."

## On the Congo

A MISSIONARY thus describes the eagerness of the people of the Congo to receive the Gospel story:

"It would take one missionary's whole time to handle the delegations who are coming in from the villages on the plains, and far out in the jungles, urging that teachers be sent speedily to tell the people that are in the darkness, of the Saviour's love and the Way of Life. One day as we waited at Luebo some men came who had walked about 175 miles. They told the missionaries that they had come from a dark village far away; that all their people were in darkness. They had heard that if they would build a church in their village that a teacher would come to teach them the way of salvation. They built a church, and they had waited and waited. The church had rotted down; no teacher had come."

## Needy Villages in Japan

WHILE nineteen cities in western Japan have missionaries, it is said that only twenty-one villages out of a total of 3,756 have any Christian work at all. The task of to-day is to bring the Gospel to the masses in the villages, for in Japan, contrary to most other countries, Christianity entered from the top of society, most of the converts coming from the student classes. The other classes are just as needy, and the existence of these thousands of villages unreached by Gospel activities shows the necessity for the continued prosecution of the missionary enterprise in Japan.

## A Master Builder in China

A MISSIONARY in Fenchow tells in the *Missionary Herald* of a man who was brought to the hospital in that place in a critical condition. He was Mr. Wang Yin Ting, of the town of Piel Hwei Chen, forty miles (Chinese) east of the city. One of the head men of his town, he was widely known and respected. Aside from his duties as a public official he is a contractor on a large scale, building temples and filling contracts for the repairing of the city wall.

Being a man of some means, he had constantly to suffer blackmail from his poor neighbors and relatives. Finally, to take revenge upon them, after the Chinese custom, he went to the home of one of his persecutors and attempted to kill himself upon the doorstep, in order that his spirit might forever haunt them. Fortunately, however, he was found before the razor-cut across his throat had fatal effect.

There were no Christians in his town, but among the crowd that gathered about the would-be suicide was one who said he had heard that over in Fenchow there was a foreign doctor who could cure serious cases. This was how it happened that Dr. Atwood came to sew up his throat. The patient gradually recovered, and during the two months in the hospital had the chance of hearing the daily preaching of the Gospel and of getting from the helper a good knowledge of Christianity. Even after his case was dismissed he stayed to study, and shortly after his return home he was back again with his son and five neighbors' boys to place them in the Atwater Memorial School. This was but the first of several signs that a new influence had come over his spirit.

A year later, after many weeks of faithful study, Mr. Wang came to the missionary in charge and asked if there would be any objection to his beginning to preach publicly in his own town. Consent was only too gladly given, and at his own expense he immediately fitted up one of his buildings as a chapel, with opium refuge in connection. Every other day, when the city market was opened, he was out among the crowds which gathered, preaching his new message. His position as the leading man of the town gave prominence to his activities and likewise gave the church founded in

his home a high standing from the beginning. Some sixty men passed through the opium refuge the first winter. This last year he has added a school of some twenty boys to his plant; so closely does education follow religion on the mission field.

Through all this man's work there runs the note of gratitude to the Church which was the means of sparing his life, and the sweetness of spirit and unselfishness of his daily life are a frequent cause of comment.

A most striking evidence of the genuineness of this man's conversion was recently given. With no model to copy, with no suggestion from without, he came to the missionary and expressed his wish to give the church building, opium refuge, school, and adjoining courtyard to the church in that town, so that they might count no more as his property, but as that of the Church. At the annual meeting of the Fenchow church the gift was publicly presented. This Chinese builder of temples and walls has thus broadly and devotedly laid foundation for the Christian Church in his town. His is the first so large gift from native sources to the Shansi Church, and is an example sure to be followed by others in days to come.

Mr. Wang is but one of many who, while being helped in the healing of the body, have learned that life consists not in being ministered unto, but in ministering.

## Progress Despite Persecution

A REMARKABLE testimony to the truth of the statement that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church" is contained in the recent report of the work of the China Inland Mission. During the thirty-five years of the mission's history preceding the Boxer crisis of 1900, 12,964 persons were baptized; in the nine years that have succeeded that time of terrible persecution and martyrdom, the mission has received as communicants into the Church over 20,178 believers. It has been well said that persecution, and even death, may silence the voice of one who testifies for Christ, but such persecution will always inspire and strengthen faith and will produce a greater power for testimony in the hearts of other believers.

## Two by Two

THE Stofberg Missionary Training School of the Transvaal Boers sends out its students two by two, as the seventy were sent out, to preach in surrounding hamlets and kraals. Some of them go to the Johannesburg compounds, where 200,000 heathen are engaged in gold mining operations. These blacks stream hither from all parts of South Africa. Men converted on the compounds return to the remotest regions of Central Africa. As the population in the mines changes constantly there is here an incomparable opportunity for evangelizing work. Most of the miners are raw savages, with combs, feathers, mustard spoons and what not, stuck in their hair for ornament, and wearing at times such combinations of clothing as loin cloths and broken silk hats.

## The Need

If any one should imagine that we are sending too many missionaries abroad, let him ponder these figures, which are taken from "The Call of God to Men": "In the United States there is one ordained minister for every 546 persons, and in the non-Christian world there is one ordained minister for every 183,000 persons. In the empire of China there is but one ordained pastor for every 267,000 persons. In heathen lands, at the present time, there is one medical missionary to every 2,500,000 persons. In the United States to the same number of people there are 4,000 physicians."

## The British and Foreign Bible Society

THE work of the British and Foreign Bible Society is full of romance, as the following paragraph from a report shows: "An exiled prince from Bali, an island east of Java, with one million inhabitants, has produced, with the help of his kinsfolk and a Buddhist poet, a version of St. Luke's Gospel for his fellow-countrymen. St. Mark's Gospel is being printed in Sea Dyak for a tribe in Borneo, which has been notorious for head-hunting. The fact that a language is only spoken by a small tribe does not prevent the Society from providing for it. Thus a version is being issued in a dialect of Kurdistan which is spoken by 150,000 people, and another in the speech of 500,000 people on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. There are 1,100 colporters traveling in all parts of the world, and their romantic adventures each year might fill volumes. Roman Catholic priests often show hostility. Some of them in Ceylon have denounced the Bible as poison, and burnt copies of it; while in Salvador a priest told the colporteur he was 'worse than yellow fever.' In a town in South Italy, a colporteur was fiercely denounced in a local church, with the result that a Socialist League there began to pay attention to him and purchased seventy copies of the Scriptures! Some of the colporters can almost match the apostolic records in the perils they encounter and endure. One man, for instance, was crossing a frozen river in North Russia, when his sleigh broke through the ice and his horses were drowned. Another, in South India, was taken for a wizard, and the people fled from his magic word. These men are everywhere—amid the Arctic severities of the far Northwest of Canada, in the crowded fairs of India and Russia, the barracks of Siberia, the diamond fields of Kimberley, the banana plantations of Guatemala, and the rice fields of Bengal."

## Burned His Magical Books

CUH-FI-HUNG was a very successful fortune-teller in Wuchow, China. His father and grandfather before him had followed the same profession, and these books, of considerable value in the profession, had been handed down from generation to generation. Cuh heard the Gospel and was prevailed upon to come to the meetings. He was a proud man, and though he had read a good deal of the Gospel books and was favorably impressed, yet he did not yield to Christ. Finally, the Spirit conquered and he accepted the Saviour.

Shortly before his baptism, he came to the missionary in considerable perplexity about what he should do with the books. He said:

"How can I sell them or even give them away, lest they might lose another's soul as they all but lost mine?"

The missionary referred him to Acts 19:18, 19 and read, "Many also of them that had believed came, confessing and declaring their deeds. And not a few of them that practiced magical art brought their books together and burned them in the sight of all."

Cuh at once determined that he would do the same thing on the day of his baptism. On that day a company of fellow-Christians, students and missionaries gathered in the court of the mission premises, and made a bonfire around which they sang praises to the name of Jesus, while Cuh, with his own hands, burned the magical volumes to ashes.

CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## A New Indian Bible

THE first Navajo Bible is now being issued by the American Bible Society for distribution among the Indians of this country. There are said to be 25,000 members of this tribe, many of whom have accepted the Christian faith. Several denominations are generously represented in this race.



# OUR SPECIAL SUMMER PREMIUM OFFERS

## Serviceable Japanese Cane Dress Suit Case

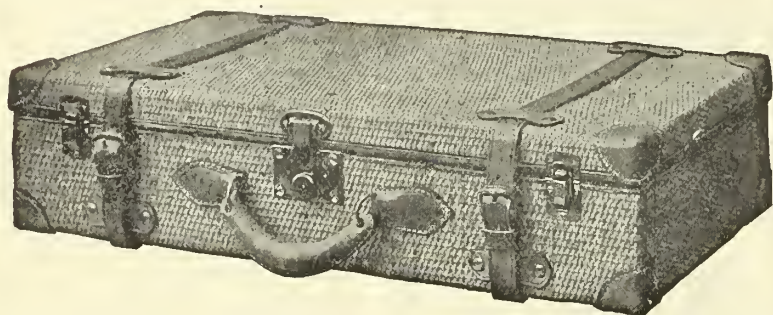
The vacation season has arrived, when people are wont to go on little journeys and a dress suit case is indispensable.

The suit case which we offer to our readers as a premium is a beauty, very light and serviceable and suitable for either lady or gentleman.

Any one with a little effort can easily secure enough subscriptions to earn this dress suit case.

It will be given free to any one sending only 20 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, the receiver to pay express charges.

As a special inducement we will send to each subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors (size 14½x20 inches) entitled "The Good Shepherd."

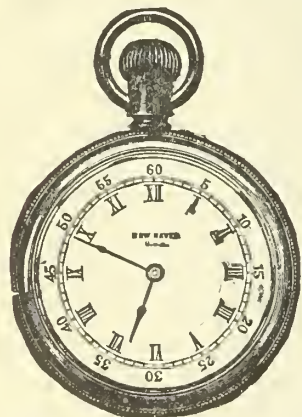


This suit case is made of fine woven ivory cane, 6½ inches deep, 24 inches long, with wooden frame, extra quality fancy linen lined, gathered pocket and tie-tapes inside, brassed lock, bolts and 1 inch straps around the case, sewed on leather corners and fine seamless ring handle.

## WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Every boy and every girl would like to have a watch. Here is a good opportunity to secure one free. Boys and girls in different sections of our country have gone to work, and within a very short time, and with very little effort, they have become the owners of beautiful watches. Our youthful readers can do likewise. Boys, try it and see how easy it is to secure only 5 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. Girls, you certainly can obtain the names of 7 of your friends as subscribers to aid you to secure this watch. Go to work now.

### Girl's Nickel Watch



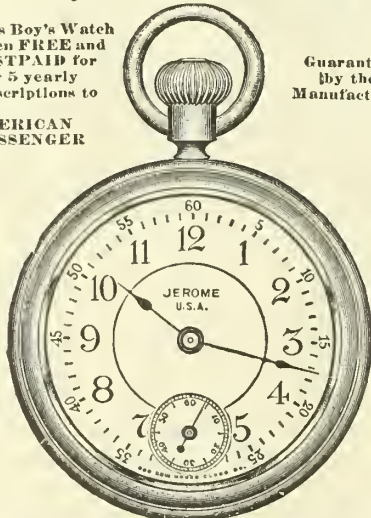
This beautiful little watch is finished in solid nickel silver case with fancy engraved edges and is stem wind and stem set. The dial has plain Roman figures, and the crystal is made of heavy beveled glass. We have used this little watch as a premium for a number of years and it has given the best of satisfaction.

The Watch will be sent FREE and all charges PREPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

As a special inducement, we will send to each new subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors, "The Good Shepherd," size 14½ x 20 inches.

### Boy's Nickel Watch

This Boy's Watch given FREE and POSTPAID for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER



Guaranteed by the Manufacturers

This watch is an up-to-date, American-made serviceable watch, stem wind and stem set, and is a good time-keeper. It has a highly polished open face nickel-silver case. A guarantee for one year goes with each watch. The illustration given herewith is an exact reproduction of the watch we are offering.

## The AMERICAN MESSENGER

from

July to December, 1911

and a splendid

## Fountain Pen

for only

One  
Dollar



To any one remitting us One Dollar, we will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER from July 1 to December 31, 1911, and also this splendid Fountain Pen. This pen is known as the Famous "Eagle Fountain Pen." It has a 14 karat solid gold and best iridium point, para hard rubber barrel, also two engraved one-quarter inch Gold Bands, and is six and one-half inches long. It is suitable for either lady or gentleman, and is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

If you are already a subscriber to this paper, why not send it to a friend for the balance of the year, and receive the pen yourself. This is the most liberal offer we have ever made to our readers. Act promptly.

Splendid Pocket Knives are offered as premiums to those who secure new subscriptions for the AMERICAN MESSENGER. These knives are manufactured by the well-known firm of T. F. Curley & Co., of New York City. All blades are hand forged from the best steel. Only the best material and the finest workmanship are used in the making of these knives.

As a special inducement we will send free to each new subscriber a copy in colors of the beautiful picture, "The Good Shepherd," by the celebrated artist, B. Plockhorst, in a size suitable for framing.

### Pearl-Handled Knife

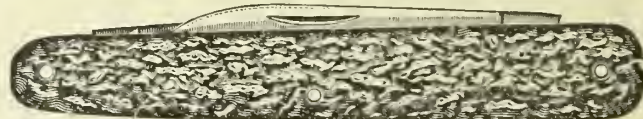


Given free and postpaid for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

The handle is of heavy iridescent pearl. The bolsters and lining are German silver. The two blades are fine English hand-forged steel, carefully tempered and hardened. The large blade is a regular cutting blade and the other is a nail cleaner and file. The Knife is 2¾ inches long. This knife is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

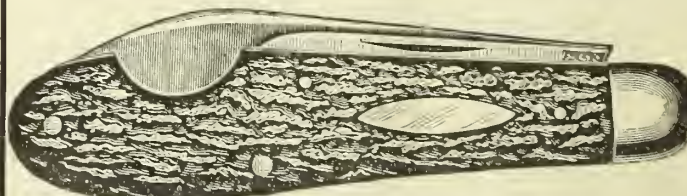
### Pocket Knife No. 2174

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This Knife for gentlemen has two blades. Each blade opens easily. The blades are made of finest quality of steel. The handle is of patent stag, and is brass-lined.

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This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good, firm hold. It has a German silver bolster and name plate, and is brass lined. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy.

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# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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THE GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK



## The Gateway to the Garden of the Gods

THE illustration which is presented on the front cover page of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER portrays what has been well called "a wonderful portal to a garden of wonders."

The Garden of the Gods is the name given to a region in Colorado in the vicinity of Manitou and the Colorado Springs. This section covers about five hundred acres, and is remarkable for the strange forms of the rock with which it is covered. The red and white sandstone here assumes grotesque shapes to which various names have been given, such as "The Seal and Bear," "Cathedral Spires," and so forth. The Gateway itself is formed by two huge masses of rock, of a bright red color, rising to a height of 330 feet, between which the road passes.



### Religious Meditation

BY REV. J. M. WEAVER, D.D.

WE live in a very fast age. Business and pleasure take up most of one's time and there is very little thought given to God and to heavenly things, even among those who are Christians. People are so interested in the things of the world that they have no time to give to religious meditation and yet the consecrated child of God in every age has enjoyed sweet communion with God while meditating upon His Word. David, in the 104th Psalm, says: "My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord," and it is the privilege of every Christian to make this experience his own.

To meditate is to think deeply and quietly upon any subject. Religious meditation is quiet thinking about God, His Being, self-existent, eternal and infinite in every perfection, upon His glorious attributes, omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence; His wonderful nature of love and tender mercy, extending help in every time of need.

When we contemplate the wonderful plan of redemption, how the blessed Christ left the glories of heaven and came to earth in behalf of man, our hearts melt within us. For thirty-three years He lived a life of purity and holiness, a life filled to overflowing with deeds of mercy and lovingkindness. He healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, even raised the dead, and yet He was "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief." Think of the Son of God dying the ignominious death of the cross! And He was "wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. . . . The Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all." Think of the glorious resurrection morning when Jesus, having burst asunder the bars of death, ascended to the Father to act as intercessor for sinful man. Think of the great gift of the Holy Spirit, sent to the world to convict, regenerate and develop men. Think of the wonderful glories, revealed in God's Word, which are held in reservation for all God's children, the beautiful home beyond the grave, the fellowship with all holy intelligencies, the happy reunion with those we have loved and lost in this life. How sweet and comforting is such meditation as this! Christian, take time to sit down quietly and, forgetting the things of the world, let your mind dwell upon these beautiful truths, revealed in God's Word. Like David of old, you will say, "My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord."

What will be the result of thus holding communion with God? It breaks the power of the world over us. To one thus meditating the influences of the world are powerless. Then we are kept perfectly peaceful and quiet amid all the trials and difficulties that beset us. It increases our gratitude to our Heavenly Father, as we think of His many blessings to us and we are daily being conformed to the image of the Lord Jesus Christ for, as we submit ourselves to the Holy Spirit, He takes control of us and develops our spiritual natures so that we are continually "growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus." Anticipation of the bliss beyond drives away all fear of death and fills the soul with joy "unspeakable and full of glory."

WESTERN RECORDER.

### Life's Common Things

THE things of every day are all so sweet,  
The morning meadows wet with dew;  
The dance of daisies in the noon, the blue  
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,  
The night with all its tender mystery of  
sound  
And silence, and God's starry sky,  
O life—the whole of life—is far too fleet,  
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so dear,  
The waking in the warm half-gloom  
To find again the old familiar room,  
The scents and sights and sounds that  
never tire,  
The homely work, the plans, the lilt of  
baby's laugh,  
The crackle of the open fire,  
The waiting, then the footsteps coming  
near,  
The opening door, the handclasp and the  
kiss,  
Is heaven not, after all, the now and  
here?  
The common things of life are all so dear.  
ANONYMOUS.



### The Friend of God

THE Bible dignifies and consecrates every relation of human life. And its supreme method of doing this is its habit of representing God as entering into these relations with men. He becomes the Father, the Husband, the Friend of His people. Any relationship which He condescends to sustain cannot be other than noble and blessed. And His use of these terms imparts to such ties between men a new value and charm.

It is interesting to note the emphasis which is laid in the Scripture upon Abraham's relation to God as his friend. Isaiah first uses the term. It is through his lips that we hear God speaking of "Abraham My friend." But the idea had been in the Book of Genesis. The actual relation between the noble Hebrew and his chosen Lord had been marked by such intimacy, such freedom, such mutual devotion, such perfect understanding and trust, that no more fitting word to describe it could be found. All the elements and conditions of friendship were there. It was human friendship idealized, the most perfect conception of it realized. The unbroken and delightful companionship possible between man and God had been shown on an earlier page in one brief, graphic touch: "Enoch walked with God." The full-length picture is seen in the record of Abraham's long life of consecration.

And this conception of the relation between God and man brings out in clearer form and richer meaning the Old Testament idea of the Deity. There were two unique and distinguishing elements in Israel's conception of God—His holiness and His love. The thought of friendship as not only possible but actual between Him and His creatures was a most original and beautiful way of seizing upon the fact of His love. Or, to put the statement more accurately and in stricter conformity to the facts, it was a most beautiful and impressive way of revealing His love to man to set forth that love under the form of friendship. It made it more human, more real. It brought it within the range of our imperfect apprehension, made it shine with a radiance that took the dimness from our eyes. It showed more than pity, compassion, benevolence, favor. It put a priceless value on man's spiritual nature; it betrayed an intense and surprising desire for man's devotion.

What an appreciation of our feeble trust, our faltering consecration, our fickle love, to seek for them and prize them as one prizes the companionship of a congenial friend. "And he was called the Friend of God." No higher tribute than this was possible for Abraham, thought James, the Lord's brother. No richer reward and happiness is conceivable for any disciple. For it was not written for his sake alone, but for our sake also, if we believe on Him who was the God of Abraham. So thought the Psalmist, when he wrote that wonderful saying: "The friendship of Jehovah is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant."

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

### Spirit Filled

BY RUSSELL H. CONWELL

PHARAOH said: "Is there anything better than a spirit-filled man?" Learning makes him humble, not proud. The more he knows the more he acknowledges the goodness and greatness of God. A man is ignorantly, foolishly insane who thinks that Christ does not dwell with men. He is wonderfully ignorant. Knows so little and he thinks he knows so much. The wisest of the Spirit-filled men, when God permits them to understand some great law, some mighty movement of the ages, they before could not use, feel grateful and humble that they know this—every mighty revelation of God only shows a mightier thing beyond it, a greater depth yet to be reached, and the greatest man is the humblest man because the spirit of humility is in him.

Losses do not disturb the Spirit-filled man. You go to him as they went to Job and tell him that the wind has destroyed, the fire has burned and the robbers have taken, and yet Job did not assail God foolishly. Calm remained with him. Solitude is not necessary to the Spirit-filled man. To those who walk on the verge of this experience it is sometimes necessary to stand on a mountain top, far up from mankind, up where the snows never melt, where the sun ever gleams, and there, gazing around upon the indefinite distances, we recognize the awful presence of God. We need that retreat. We need to be near a mighty waterfall, sometimes in the darkness and depth of the forest, sometimes far away upon a dreary desert, alone upon a single camel in order that we may be near to God. But the Spirit-filled man finds Christ's presence everywhere. The Spirit-filled man can retreat from the public marts and find him. He can retreat from an assembled company; he can retreat and find God anywhere, retreat from men, retreat from the worldliness that surrounds him in his activity into the godliness of the deeper experience. He can do this anywhere. Nothing ever diverts him. He does not always need the solitude of the desert, because he has the power within him to shut the door, to shut out all else but God, to be alone and live alone with Christ.

Weariness does not disturb him. To be weary is welcome condition. The Spirit-filled man welcomes weariness. "Blessed are the hungry, for they shall be fed." "Blessed are the weary, for they shall find rest." What is more delightful than the rest that remaineth for the people of God, the rest after an honest day's work, the rest after trial? They enter a rest after years of ambition have been filled, and the rest of heaven is so delightful. Yet many people are all the time disturbed, fretting and worrying about the care of the world. We are tired, and we complain, instead of enjoying spiritual rest that God intends for all those who love to be with Him on earth.

There is no spiritually-minded man who has been hungry for the Spirit, but he has been filled, and he is filled, and always will be filled—not to know what it is to be hungry any more, never to hunger for the company of the loved, never to hunger for the presence of one's family; always to have the spirit of adjustment, or resignation to God's kindness and God's disposition, and find everywhere peace. Peace—no hunger of heart any more. Satisfied whatever God sends. Content whatever condition the providence of God finds him in.

THE EXAMINER.



### A Prayer

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

O THOU whose very word is power,  
Great Master of the mighty sea,  
Grip thou my will within thine own,  
And rule thou me.

As thou didst calm the winds and waves  
That wrestled wild on Galilee,  
Rebuke the passions that would slay,  
And calm thou me.  
The arm of man availeth not  
To snatch me from th' engulfing sea.  
Stretch forth thy strong and willing hand,  
And save thou me.

EXCHANGE.

### The Skies Are Blue

THE skies are blue  
Which stretch above,  
And all is well,  
For God is Love.  
He knows your need,  
He hears your call;  
For He e'en marks  
The sparrow's fall.

Then sing a song,  
Do not despair;  
His Providence  
Is everywhere.  
Keep faith always  
And do your best.  
And leave with God  
Each day the rest.

Why grieve and sigh  
Through hopeless tears?  
Take heart again.  
Dispel your fears:  
The skies are blue  
Which stretch above,  
Look up and know  
That God is love.

What you call Ill  
Is hidden good.  
What you term fate  
Is Fatherhood.  
God guides in all,  
If we but knew;  
Then keep up heart,  
He cares for you.  
I. MENCH CHAMBERS.



### Guarding the Snowdrops

BY E. L. VINCENT

ONE of the oldtime emperors of Germany was walking in a garden with his friend, the Czar of Russia. At a certain point in the pathway the emperor was attracted by the appearance of a soldier pacing back and forth between the rows of plants and flowers. He could see no reason why this soldier should be stationed there, and in a wondering tone of voice he asked the czar why it was.

"I am sure I do not know," was the answer. "He has been there as long as I can remember. I never stopped to ask why. But we will try to find out about it, now that you have called my attention to it."

And they turned the pages of the nation's history back two hundred years before they solved that problem. Then it was discovered that once when the first lady of the land was walking in the garden, she came upon some snowdrops fighting their way up through the grass. Lest they should be trampled down and destroyed, she asked that a soldier be stationed there to protect them, and it was done. Ever since that post had been guarded through all the centuries by a soldier of the empire.

The snowdrops long ago vanished. The heart of the woman who loved them has been stilled many and many a long year, but the mandate of the king has lived through all time's changes.

What was it that brought about this command? What lay back of all the cost it had been to the country to keep that soldier pacing up and down there all alone, through sunshine and through storm? What but love in the heart of a woman—love for the lowly and the beautiful? In her soul she loved that simple snowdrop plant. She could not bear to think of its being stamped out and lost. So love prompted her request and it was granted.

What lasts like love? In a little while pride loses its power over the soul. Ambition stirs the heart for a little while and then it fades out of a life. The sweetest dreams we have of winning earthly glory and success soon lose their power to stir the heart; but love holds fast its hold forever.

What do you love? Surely there is something sweet enough in your heart so that you will want it guarded through all time. Is that thing so pure, so high, so sacred that you may ask the King of kings to keep it for you forever? He will do it. He longs that you shall put your treasure in his keeping. And it will be safe there through all the sunny days that come into your life.

Have you given Him your most precious treasure?

THE EPWORTH HERALD.



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2: 10

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SEPTEMBER, 1911

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## THE HISTORIC BIBLE IN AMERICA

By Katharine Elise Chapman



WHILE a few rare and valuable editions of the Bible of the Ages are scattered about the United States, chiefly in theological schools, the New York Public Library, recently housed under one costly and sumptuous roof, may be called preëminently the repository of the historic Bible in America. The Biblical department of this library, so interesting to the student of Church History, is the fruit of the zeal and self-denying efforts of one man.

Mr. James Lenox, reserved and modest by nature and grace, was fated to have distinction thrust upon him. He inherited from his parents an ample fortune, which, consisting largely as it did of land upon the northern part of Manhattan Island, increased immensely in value throughout his life. Early a Christian, and without hostages to fortune in the shape of wife and children, he sought to make his wealth of use to others. His private beneficences were unnumbered, and were given so secretly that his outstretched right hand hid its contents from his left. Yet he could not conceal the fact that he was for years President of the Bible Society, nor that he was an Honorary Vice-president of the American Tract Society, and a contributor to both. Neither was he able to keep secret the fact that he was the founder of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City, to which he gave the land and the means for its erection, as well as the founder of the New York Home for Aged Women.

It was while he was associated with the Bible Society that he became interested in the canon of the Scriptures, especially in its modern versions. The editions of the Book (it was to him, indeed, *The Book*) published by that Society in many languages led him to begin a collection of all the old and rare editions he could secure. With the assistance of his agent, Mr. Stevens, he bid for all the valuable versions which could be found upon the market during his time.

Perhaps the most notable as well as the most costly volume in the fine collection for many years known as the "Lenox Library," was one of the original Gutenberg Bibles, sometimes, although incorrectly, called the "Mazarine" Bible.

In 1847 Mr. Lenox had already acquired the thirst of the bibliophile, which grows by what it feeds on; so when he heard that one of those rare volumes was soon coming on for sale at Sotheby's in London, he directed the manager of a book collecting firm there to buy the book for him at any price.

Mr. Davidson, the manager, did not know Mr. Lenox, and felt the charge to be a heavy responsibility; but deciding to obey literally his American patron, he attended the sale personally and bid for the book against all comers. It was finally sold to him at £500, or nearly twenty-five hundred dollars. The cost of commission, customs and other expenses brought the final price of the book up to about three thousand dollars. At that time this was called an extravagant sum to pay for a single volume. Mr. Lenox cared less for the sum which he finally disbursed than for the notoriety given him by the papers of both England and America. So chagrined was he by this unpleasant fame, that he would have withdrawn from the transaction if he could. In time, however, he came to love the old volume and to regard it as his most precious treasure.

It is called the "forty-two line Gutenberg Bible" and bears the imprint 1453-55. It is believed to be a copy of the first book ever struck off from a printing press. It is in Latin, from the Vulgate text. Other copies of the same book have since been sold for nearly twenty thousand dollars.

Next in interest stand the copies of Luther's German Bible. As all students of the Reformation know, Luther first translated into German the New Testament, and afterward issued parts of the Old, as fast as they could be completed. Mr. Lenox secured the first edition of the New Testament, copies of nearly all the separate parts, and finally the complete Luther's Bible, printed in 1534. Luther's New Testament was a new translation from the original Greek, a work of great freshness, simplicity and power. He used the Latin Vulgate, the standard version of the Roman Catholic Church, only for purposes of comparison.

Here also is a copy of the first Dutch Bible, published at Delft in 1479, and the first in Bohemian, which appeared at Prague in 1488. Here are copies of the earliest Danish, Swedish and Slavonic versions. The earliest Bible in Icelandic bears the date 1584, and that in Welsh was printed in 1588. A Hungarian Bible of 1626 is also represented, although it was not the first issued in Hungary, for her people had been reading the Scriptures in their native language for nearly a century.

To us who speak the English tongue, the early copies of the English Bible are especially interesting. Wycliffe's English New Testament, written entirely by hand and completed about the year 1410, is represented by a well-preserved manuscript. It is the most correct form of that version which brought the Word of God into living touch with the English people. This copy is one out of only eight now in existence which contain the autograph of good Duke Humphrey.

### A Noble Translation

No collection of English Bibles would be complete without a copy of Tyndale's version. It gives us pleasure, therefore, to find here a Tyndale printed Bible bearing the date 1534; a rare work still in existence, in spite of the fact that it was afterwards suppressed and its translator strangled. The work of the devoted scholar was singularly fine. His English was decidedly superior to that of contemporary writers. This noble translation is not only the basis of every English version which followed, but it has performed an important part in developing and casting the still unformed English tongue into the noblest molds. The English of Shakespeare and Milton owes much to the martyr scholar who gave himself to the task of putting the Bible into the hands of the people. His individuality, as pronounced as Luther's, is stamped upon the current speech of to-day. He suffered martyrdom at Vilvoorde in 1536. The Lenox collection also contains a separate edition of a Tyndale Pentateuch for which Mr. Lenox paid about seven hundred and fifty dollars.

The first edition of Matthew's Bible of 1537 is represented here, as also a copy of the first edition of Tavernier's version, translated under Cromwell's auspices and published in 1539. The Bishop's Bible, translated under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and published in 1568, is also represented by a first edition. Here also is the "Vinegar Bible," so called because through a misprint the word "vineyard" was thus maltreated. The first Scotch Bible, bearing the imprint "Glasgow, 1579," is also among the honored ranks of these earlier translations.

The "Wicked Bible," so named by Mr. Stevens, who for so many years acted as a most successful sleuth hound on the track of rare books for Mr. Lenox, has a historical interest which far outweighs its actual value. It was printed at the command of the ill-starred King, Charles the First; but after a thousand copies were struck off, it was discovered that there were more than a thousand

gross misprints and other mistakes in the edition which not only marred the text, but actually belied the meaning of the sacred Word itself. The matter being reported to the King by Archbishop Land, the two printers were summoned before the Star Chamber and heavily fined. The whole edition was ordered destroyed. For two hundred years it was believed that not a single copy existed, although its story was well known. Then one day while in London, Mr. Stevens discovered that a single copy had been found and was soon to be put on sale. At the request of Mr. Lenox, he bid against the British Museum and other great repositories, and secured it for fifty guineas. For awhile it was believed that Mr. Lenox possessed the only copy in existence, but five others were discovered later.

But long before this, another version, prepared to succeed the suppressed translation of Tyndale, was published in Geneva, Switzerland, and smuggled into England by active colporters. This Geneva version is sometimes called the "Breeches Bible" on account of a peculiar rendering of Genesis 3:7. It remained the authorized English translation until the appearance of the King James Version in 1611. From the time of its first publication about twenty editions appeared, and copies of nearly all of these were secured for the indefatigable and enthusiastic Mr. Lenox by his agent.

Among the metrical versions of the Psalms, the old "Bay Psalm Book" stands preëminent in interest as the first publication on American shores. It was printed at Cambridge, New England, in 1640. Mr. Lenox, who for ten years had longed for a copy, was more than glad to pay four hundred dollars for the one finally discovered by Mr. Stevens. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought the next copy sold in the United States for \$1200.

### An Invaluable Collection.

The entire collection, of almost untold value, contains about one thousand complete Bibles, four hundred New Testaments, two hundred and fifty parts of Bibles and five hundred metrical versions of the Psalms. At the death of Mr. Lenox in 1880, these works constituted the choicest and largest accumulation of Bible editions in the world. Although that standard has not since been maintained, as a biblical library, it still ranks among the first.

The Lenox Library collection is not limited to the printed page only. It contains Bible illustrations in great number—reproductions from the masters old and modern. Most of them are German prints; some evidently of very early date. A year ago Tissot's complete series of Old Testament Illustrations was added, and now occupies an entire room in the new library building. Munkácsy's painting, "The Blind Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters," also a purchase of Mr. Lenox, hangs in the picture gallery of the library near the Tissot collection. The picture is especially appropriate in view of the fact that every edition of Milton's works which could be found in the book market was added to the Lenox treasures. Brave old John Bunyan received like honors; for not only did Mr. Lenox secure a copy of every edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" from the first to the thirty-second, but he edited an edition himself.

For many years these priceless volumes were stowed away in the chambers of their owner's residence. In 1872 the fine new Lenox library building was completed, and all were transferred to its capacious halls. Finally, after years of negotiation with the Lenox estate, they were incorporated into the public library system of New York City, and at last found a permanent resting place under the roof of its new marble palace.



# A WORLD-WIDE OUTLOOK

By S. B. Citterington

**T**HROUGH all the ages there have been watchers from the mountain heights. Lone watchers they often were in those far-off ages when darkness seemed master of light, and God's understanding ones were few. Through the pages of the Old Testament the prophets stand like solitary sentinels, watching the slow moving of Divine Providence, and transmitting God's messages to an unheeding world.

When the darkness seemed deepest, Christ came to bring the shining radiance of a fresh revelation of God to a humanity deeply shadowed by sin and unbelief. Even then mankind was slow to comprehend the message of the angels to the shepherds at the advent of the infant Jesus. The three years of blessed ministry, embittered by misunderstanding, hate and persecution, culminated in the supreme sacrifice at Calvary, atoning for all sin, and ensuring eternal life to all who should believe in His Name. Thus did the glorious new era begin for God's world.

"Watchman, what of the night?" "The morning cometh, and also the night." So spake Isaiah the prophet, and the same call is clear and insistent to-day. For great things have come to pass since the Calvary tragedy and the resurrection joy.

The devout student of current events sees God's hand moving mightily in the world-wide happenings which are passing so swiftly across the horizon of to-day. From a thousand hill-tops reverent eyes are watching, and earnest souls are studying these occurrences to read in them the signs of the growing Kingdom. For even in so-called secular events, God is working out His mighty plans.

In our own land we are passing through memorable times. Some one has aptly said: "Never is the air so full of dust as when the good wife's broom is busy." The broom of reform, vigorously wielded, is making things lively enough in the land over which Old Glory waves. It has brought about the recognized presence of moral microbes and deadly spiritual germs—all threatening the very existence of our body politic. Some would have us believe these signs indicate a decaying and dying nation. Nay, rather, they are a sign of inward soundness and returning health.

## Indications of Promise.

There are many indications of promise in our own land. Never before has there been so much thought taken for the neglected children of the poor. Since the child of to-day is the citizen of tomorrow, the nation may well take thought for the future. The Juvenile Court is no new thing, but its influence and power for good are growing.

Recent legislative enactments take still more advanced ground. They lay heavy responsibilities upon those who, in any way, have to do with these hitherto neglected children. It brings to mind a long unheeded Scripture: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Fresh air organizations place within reach of the puny, ill-nourished little ones of the city's slums a chance to breathe the blessed country air, and catch a glimpse of God's beautiful out-door-world. The sick babies and their mothers are taken out where the invigorating sea breezes may do their healing work. When we hear of a great-hearted city official directing that ice shall be given for the needs of sick little ones, and their chances thus increased for surviving the sweltering conditions, we thank God and take courage. "Jesus took a child, and set him in the midst." The child is in the midst to-day, the center of social and religious oversight in a new and significant sense.

The all-conquering life-force that came into the world at Bethlehem so many long centuries ago, like the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal, is slowly, yet surely, permeating the mass of earth's humanity. Each year the different races of men are being drawn into closer relationship.

The growing unrest and hunger among the non-Christian nations, is a hunger for liberty, knowledge and truth—a hunger which can only be satisfied by the religion of Christ. Thrones are being overturned, despots and weaklings driven to terrified flight; and where oppression and tyranny are still entrenched, they are trembling with fear of speedy and overwhelming defeat. Everywhere, even in the darkest portions of the earth we see hands uplifted to the more favored nations for help, and their cry is wafted on every breeze.

The march of the ages is moving on in majestic procession. These are significant times, and there will be wonderful things to record by the watchers in the eyries of the earth. Already humanity suffers and labors together in a sense unknown to the centuries behind us. The grand, creative fiat—"Let there be Light," is drawing nearer and nearer to its culmination. The darkest corners are receiving rays from this divine illumination. Human life is a strange and wonderful thing in these momentous days. Before each lofty lookout passes the unceasing, upward march of events. It cannot pause, for behind it is the resistless impulse of Time and Eternity.

## Whosoever

By GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

*Yes, whosoever will may come!  
The rich and those of high esteem,  
The poor and those of lowly mien,  
For Christ meant you and me.*

*Yes, whosoever will may come!  
The eager saint, the little child,  
The sinner, frail and all defiled,  
For Christ meant you and me.*

*Yes, whosoever will may come!  
The living water to partake,  
And so with joy the journey make  
To heaven beyond the sea.*

## The Joy of Restoration.

By REV. GEORGE SHIPMAN PAYSON, D.D.

DAVID, king of Israel, sinned grievously, and against great light. He sinned openly, flagrantly and disgracefully. But he abandoned his sin, for he repented of it, and he made such amends as were in his power. He endured, moreover, the awful punishment which was foretold by the prophet and exacted in his later years, with a meekness, a humility, and an uncomplaining submissiveness to God which shone like a bright light in a dark place against the background of his grievous transgressions.

It is not pleasant to read the punishments David suffered; they are too dreadful to contemplate. Yet Scripture records them faithfully, and Christ no doubt had them in mind, when He said to His disciples, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known. Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops." Upon the house-top David sinned, yielding shamefully to evil desires; and upon the house-top, before all Israel, was his sin openly punished, according to the prophet's word. For God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

But long before the consequences of his sin brought the sword to his own household, and the

public shame to his own life, David repented, confessed his sin, was forgiven, and justified. It is always God's way. He pardons even to the uttermost whenever one repents, but He does not remove the consequences of one's sins. He forgives, and receives the penitent, and liberates him from condemnation, and gives him abiding peace in fellowship with Himself, thus introducing the justified soul into the most tender and intimate and blessed relations with the One whom he has most wronged, even as the father of the prodigal dealt with his repentant son in the inimitable parable told by the Saviour. But that the returned wanderer was the prodigal son was written even then over his face and form. That he had wasted his strength in riotous living was still apparent, even while he feasted in his father's home, and was made welcome there.

It is always so. As has been well said: "Every sin is an eternal mother." Its progeny remains till the end of time, and through eternity. "There may be a statute of limitations for social offences, but there is none for sin." We live in an eternal Now. Memory preserves the least, as well as the greatest of our sins, as if upon some cylinder of the invisible hemisphere of the universe, and conscience enforces the claims of the violated law until the very end.

But, blessed be God, His mercy turns the sense of sin into rejoicing, thanksgiving, and praise, for the prodigal son rejoiced with his father in the father's home. The pardoning mercy of Heaven, so free, so undeserved, so abounding, turns the night of the penitent's shame and sorrow into the everlasting day of brightest glory, till at every memory of our sins or sinfulness we shall be moved to praise God and to sing of His redeeming grace. The thirty-second Psalm, often ascribed to David and written as it well may have been after the pardon of his greatest sin, is full of the blessedness of the righteous, from its opening words: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered," through to its exultant conclusion: "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart."

## Sharing With Others.

By CORA S. DAY

"Did you not find it a very tiresome trip? Such a long, all-day railroad journey is trying, with the heat and dust," the sympathetic one said to the returned traveler.

"I think I must have been too busy to notice the discomforts. I had to amuse the children, keeping them oblivious to the heat and dust and tiredness of it all. I actually forgot the disagreeables myself in making them forget," the traveler replied, with a merry laugh.

Her way was the surest method for smoothing the tiresome things out of life. Some one has wisely written: "There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so."

In cheering another we cheer ourselves. In smiling for sad eyes we find our own grow brighter. In singing for heavy hearts our own grow lighter. Unselfish effort lifts us above the plane of our own petty round of worries and bothers, and helps us to look over them as we help another to look over his.

Said one who had been conducted to the top of a high hill to get the fine view to be had from it: "I suppose you get very tired of climbing this steep path. It is too bad that you should have to do it that others may enjoy the view." The guide replied simply: "I never get tired of it, ma'am. You see, I share the view with every party I bring to the top."

So do we share the happiness of every one we help. So do we get closer communion with God through every one we lead nearer to Him. Did not the Master himself bid the rich young man to serve his fellows first, then to come and follow Him? Even so He bids us to-day to serve Him through service to others; to win the happiness He holds in store for us by pouring out its like upon those who need it.

## A Fragment.

By HENRY TAYLOR GRAY

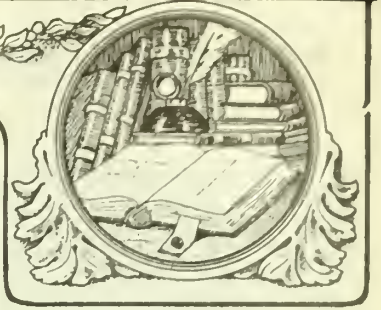
We see not now the golden ray  
Of heaven's glorious endless day.  
But ere the evening watch is done,  
With battle fought and victory won,  
We'll join our friends for aye.





# SAVED BY HOPE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



**I**T is a strong and splendid phrase of Saint Paul—"saved by hope." There is something trenchant and terse in the statement, something, too, that fits in with the present needs of the passing day. In the spring the farmer casts his seed into the furrow and there invisibly it lies, and until the day of the harvest through the alternations of sun and rain, of chill weather and hot, the farmer lives by hope. Hope in his case is the twin sister of faith. Having done all that he knows how to do, he trusts the Heavenly Father and hopes for the day of bringing in the sheaves.

When the ship sails out on the ocean bearing a loved one out of sight, whether it be to a mission field or on a pleasure trip, or on a commercial enterprise, the heart buoyed by hope sings of the day of return.

When there is illness in the house and a constant wearing anxiety about the dear one who is suffering, hope continues in the ascendant; hope nerves the hand of the surgeon, inspires the skill of the physician, is the staff and stay of the nurse, gives cheer to the kindred and is the underlying source of convalescence in the patient.

When spring is a vanishing memory and winter winds are howling at the door, hope dances in the firelight and sits with us at the table and sounds in the jingle of the sleigh-bells, and smiles at us from the leafless trees, with the ever-repeated assurance that the spring will come back in its good time, for

"Never yet was a spring-time  
When the buds forgot to blow."

## In Moods of Depression

Moods of depression are so common that they excite little sympathy in those who are not their victims. On the contrary, they often provoke antagonism and are irritating to the friends of the sufferer. To those who are joyous and light-hearted, to those who are prosperous and free from sordid anxieties, to those who are not ambitious and are contented to plod along in the same rut, and to those who are not beset with temptation and cannot understand the weakness of a stumbling brother, the discouragement that wraps all the opposite people of the contrasting classes as in a wet blanket seems absurd and foolish. Why can they not rise above their melancholy? Why, if their nerves are on edge, must they inflict their torturing distress on those around them? Why must the one caught in the Slough of Despond stay there, when to the one walking on the smooth sun-lit road it looks so stupid to be floundering in a bog?

Frequently the unsympathetic friends or relatives overlook the fact that depression, though mental and spiritual, is caused by physical disturbance, either obscure or obvious. One of the most saintly ministers I ever knew, one who deserved the title of a man of God, walking with God as he did from youth to age, suffered his life long from occasional periods of the blackest gloom. These seasons of darkness would overtake him suddenly, and almost spring out of ambush as a beast might have leaped from a jungle. While they lasted, the face of his Father in heaven was hid from him, and his soul's cry was like that of our Lord on the Cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Suddenly again the cloud would lift and the man would emerge from its depths into the clear light, his faith renewed, his courage restored, his countenance bright to radiance. Meanwhile, those who loved him and owed to him more than they could ever pay, his spiritual children, hundreds of those he had brought to Christ and the loved ones of his kith and kin, were saved by hope. To the sufferer himself and to many who similarly suffer, the

words of the psalmist were appropriate: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God."

"O God our hope in ages past,  
Our help for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.

"Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

"Before the hills in order stood  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same

"A thousand ages in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun."

Acknowledging as we must the tyranny of circumstances, the gathering loneliness of life as youth slips away, the depressing nature of disease as causes of the low mood, we cannot feel assured that mere hope either in nature or humanity will do very much to rout the demon. Medical skill should be invoked, change of scene sought when possible, and common sense by no means be disdained.

A cheerful atmosphere is a good background for the awakening of hope. The psalmist goes farther than to say to the soul, "It will be better farther on." He says distinctly and triumphantly, "Hope thou in God." When we think of it, the Bible is full of promises that strengthen us in the hope that takes fast hold of Jehovah. "The Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "As thy days thy strength shall be." "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "There is nothing too hard for the Lord."

Those who have fallen out of the habit of reading the Bible, those to whom its promises are unfamiliar, lose a great deal of pleasure and are bankrupt in hope, when instead they might be blissful and walk forward divinely strengthened. The poet Whittier exclaimed:

"Woe for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees."

The stars of hope are kindred in the sky for the men and women who have searched the Scriptures and to whom the texts of the Bible are as meat and drink.

## The Duty of Happiness

Happiness and hopefulness are allies. The one is seldom met without the other. The hopeful man is the happy man, and the happy man is hopeful. Ruskin, who said many good things, has this to say about the work we do:

"God is a good Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed, and that employment is truly 'our Father's business.' He chooses work for every creature, which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves."

A young girl, whose home was in a tenement and whose mother was ill, was obliged to rise early every morning and do two hours' work before she started on the employment of her day, in the basement of a great department store. Her mother was

caretaker of the place in which they lived, and during her illness the stairs, doorway and pavement in front of the house had to be cleaned every morning by this daughter. She had breakfast to prepare for her mother and herself, and she carried a tired body and a discouraged mood to the work of waiting on customers. The latter seemed to her cross and unreasonable one summer day, and she found it very hard to take an interest in what they asked for and very difficult to bear with the light talk of her fellow-clerks. As the morning of this summer day drew on toward noon, a fussy and timid little old lady approached her counter. The girl felt as if she could not be patient with this particular customer, when suddenly a voice seemed to arrest her, and it was as if some one she knew said audibly: "You are doing this work for Me. I am close beside you. I was often tired when I lived in Judea. I know how you feel. I have called you My friend. Go on working for Me and all will be well." She turned to her customer with a new light in her face and tried her best to find for her what she wanted. The customer said before going away, "My dear, I wish I could always have you to wait on me. I get so frightened and bewildered when I have to shop by myself. If there is anything that you very much want, I shall ask God to give it to you."

Instantly the hope that had been fluttering and faint revived in the girl's breast, and she looked after the little old lady with a feeling that the dear Lord had sent an angel to minister to her. Later in the day a friend, who had been shopping elsewhere in the store, came to the basement, inquired how her mother was, cheered her by a little timely sympathy, and left a bunch of violets for her to carry home. She told me that from that hour everything about her took a turn toward improvement.

## The Strength of the Intangible

The things which we may weigh and measure, touch with our hands, look at with our eyes and bequeath as heirlooms are not the most potential things in our experience. We cannot touch the air, though it caresses our faces and gives us life from breath to breath. We cannot hold a perfume in our hand nor can we measure love by the yard or put faith and hope as a deposit in the bank. Yet love, faith and hope are far stronger than anything that may be touched and grasped, or than anything seen by our eyes.

"The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal." The man who can leave to his children the legacy of faith, the inheritance of hope and the blessing of love may be a poor man in this world's goods, but his children may be better off than if he had been a millionaire. There are in this world to-day persons who have inherited great wealth, yet who are neither honored in its possession nor happy in what it does for them.

## Hope Takes Hold on God

Hope takes hold of the unseen. It does the most for us when it is the hope of the Christian, when it takes hold on God and replies to doubt and disheartenment with the words "that hope maketh not ashamed."

Love wore a sult of hoddan gray  
And toiled within the fields all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack  
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager fed and sorely tasked,  
The only wage Love ever asked,

A child's wan face to kiss at night,  
A woman's smile by candle light.

We are saved by hope, and hope is born in our hearts through faith in God and loving service and joy in going forward to do His will.



# Hints to the Pews From the Pulpit

By the Author of "Preston Papers."



**W**HATEVER your hour for rising on week days," I hear some genial pastor say, "don't get up too early on the Sabbath. It may induce a nap at the most meritorious moment of my sermon; and the psychological effect of too many nodders is depressing."

"Remember, also, that every pew has its influence. None are negative. Some are pernicious; while many are of the highest, noblest types. On which side is your influence?"

"It is not enough that you are present every Sabbath, though that is desirable. The attitude of some who attend divine service would indicate that they do not recognize the sanctity attaching to God's house, as they use it as a rendezvous for social, business, or other purposes, rather than as a place of worship. The divine end in view is indicated in the words: 'My house is a house of prayer.'"

"Adverse criticism is so easy of acquisition, so disastrous in its effect on character, that I earnestly hope you will abstain from its oral expression, no matter what you feel—except in extreme cases. Meet these occasions with prayer, and in the presence only of those concerned."

"Cultivate, instead, the habit of openly commending whatever is commendable. Suppose the music does not always nor fully meet your aesthetic requirements; you may well help the congregational singing, rather than to stand silent, with a covert sneer on your face."

"I expect, sometimes, to offend. No faithful guardian is exempt in this respect; but if you are offended, please come and talk it over with me, instead of talking it over with everybody else in my absence. I might give you some valuable side-lights which would alter your position on the question."

"Remember, too, that besides being your pastor, I am a man, with all a man's needs and with all a man's weaknesses. Minister to the one, in accordance with our agreement, while I serve you; and be as charitable as possible toward the other."

"Don't depend on me alone to fill the church, for there will ever be empty pews where there is frost, even though the sermon is fiery to a degree. Seek out the lonely and the stranger, and make both welcome. Secure their home addresses and call upon them during the week, inviting them to the social and other meetings; and see that they are introduced to your pastor and others, and that each is given a place in the organized forces of the church and something to do in that place—for only the busy people 'stick' anywhere."

"Don't scatter your own forces over too large a portion of the field, though you may feel ready to help everywhere. No one person has equal talent for the work of all the departments, even if time and strength permitted—which they do not. And so with regard to the services, especially those of the Sabbath, attendance at more than two or three may be religious dissipation; and if enthusiasm in all becomes weak, it may be that concentration of effort on the two or three will revive it."

"The Sabbath was made for man"—therefore man should use it as a means for his higher interests and development, and that of his home, his friends, and his neighbors; and the ways in which this can be achieved will depend entirely upon the individual, though none may escape responsibility for his use of the opportunity which the Sabbath affords to body, mind, and soul."

"Don't put aside your religion with your Sunday suit; but carry its vital principles and activities into every hour of your every-day life, your home, your labor, trade, business, or profession, into all your dealings and associations."

"Don't condone sin for the sake of converting the sinner; but remember that an ounce of right living on your part is better than a pound of precept in any argument for the cause of religion."

"If my sermons lack interest for you, come and tell me—rather than proclaim the fact as a public matter for open discussion by all except the one most interested; perhaps my purse is empty, and you need to be helping on the financial end instead of on the critical."

"It is always easy to criticise, but not always easy to do any better, nor to show any one else how. Try both, before you try criticism of anybody, or of anything said or done. When you can better it, do that and thus save any necessity for criticism!"

"Don't feel neglected, by me nor by any one else. I may have many more things to attend to, for many more people, than you ever dream; and as much of my professional work is confidential, I may not even speak of it; but if you really do feel neglected, forget it in your effort to make some one else happy. Get busy, and you will have less time for morbid reflections."

"Don't 'throw the first stone' at a falling brother or sister; but try in every legitimate way to steady the slipping foot. 'A word fitly spoken' by one whose life squares with the word, may save, where otherwise disaster would follow."

"Wherever you find it impossible to help, don't hinder. Even passive assistance is better than positive obstruction; and not all can help in the same way, nor to the same degree."

"Even if you are thoroughly competent to give theoretical advice, don't sulk nor feel affronted because the entire world does not go into ecstasies over its value. Once you have really 'made good' in any line, the world will come to you for advice. You may be infinitely better able to run the Sunday-School, the Ladies' Aid, the Men's Club, or the Young People's Society than the present official incumbents are; but 'actions speak louder than words' even here, and the very best way to demonstrate your ability here, as anywhere, is by doing, and by doing better than any one else."

"Truly, 'I love to tell the story'—but I need a little time for preparation and a little opportunity for fresh inspiration; so please be brief in your visits to my study. There are but six working days in the week, and I cannot give you of my best either if I live entirely among my books, or if I have to reverse my barrel of last year's sermons, and draw from the other end too often! Give me a chance."

"Procrastination is the thief of time.' That is why I sometimes have to begin the prayer meeting while yet alone in the chapel, and why I sometimes have to open morning worship with no one present but the organist; but I hope that most of you will find it possible to get in to hear the testimonies on prayer meeting evening, and before the collection on Sunday morning."

"Empty seats and pews are not specially inspirational to any speaker; and they have a particularly depressing effect on your pastor. Send a representative—or a dozen of them!—when you find it impossible to be present."

"Give to the support of the church and to the benevolences in proportion to your gratitude and to your receipts."



## A Royal Reward for Loyal Service

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

SOME time ago a virulent epidemic of smallpox broke out in Vienna. The palace of the king was in as much danger as the hovel of the poor. And even Emperor Francis Joseph had to submit to vaccination, although he was in his seventy-eighth year. In our day smallpox is very rare in royal palaces, and the reigning houses of Europe have derived wonderful exemption from this loathsome disease through the remarkable discovery of Jenner, in giving to the world vaccination."

But before this discovery there were many pathetic cases of this awful malady, even in royal palaces. The aged Princess Elizabeth of Saxony was stricken with the disease, and she was tended throughout her dangerous illness with wonderful care and devotion by her only daughter, Queen Marguerite. The latter was a marvelously beautiful woman, but she jeopardized her beauty, and imperiled her life and her throne and all her hopes, because of her filial devotion to her suffering mother. But fortunately she escaped the contagion. Smallpox, in the eighteenth century and in the

latter part of the seventeenth century, carried off many kings and queens, and many princes and princesses of the blood royal, as, for instance, two emperors of Germany, six archdukes and duchesses of Austria, a king of France and a dauphin, a queen of Sweden, an emperor of Russia, Queen Mary of Great Britain, an elector of Saxony, the last Elector of Bohemia, and many others."

How did the heavenly King battle with disease? The Bible compares sin to the loathsome disease of leprosy. Christ became the Great Physician, and went about, among those sick with sin, doing good. He did not battle with sin by the use of any virus, as physicians do in vaccination. This benefits the patient only for this earthly life. But the Great Physician pours His very life into a sinner, sick with a loathsome and mortal disease, and the patient receives spiritual health for this life, and eternal life for this world and for the world to come. The heavenly King lived constantly amid the contagion of sin, but He never contracted the disease. He was absolutely immune, for He was perfect and sinless."

Earthly kings have had devoted and loyal followers. Brave men have risked their lives, thousands of times, in their loyalty and devotion to their monarch. King William the Third of England had smallpox and recovered, but his health was ever after shattered. His intimate friend Bentinck, first Duke of Portland, caught the malady from his king. The physicians of the monarch said that he would certainly die unless some healthy person, who had never had the disease, would hold the king in his arms for some time. The eruption had not come to the surface, and it was hoped, by those ignorant physicians, that animal warmth might be successful. Could any man be found, who had never had the awful disease, who would jeopardize his health and his life by holding in his arms the stricken king? Yes. Count Hans William Bentinck was a handsome page of honor in the service of the king and queen, a splendid specimen of physical health and strong physique, and he volunteered to render this proof of devotion and loyalty to his sovereign. He submitted cheerfully to the terrible ordeal, but he became infected with the disease, and his handsome face was marred for life, and he was left, after his dangerous illness and suffering, a physical wreck for life. Such loyalty and devotion was magnificent, and the king showed his gratitude in a practical way, and conferred upon him the dukedom and earldom of Portland, and many other honors, besides vast estates. The king recognized that no compensation or honor could be too great for this unusual and extraordinary love and self-sacrifice on the part of a devoted subject. If there was ever any reason for creating a Duke, certainly here is a case."

Kings and queens often appreciate the sacrifices of loyal subjects, and bestow upon them magnificent rewards. In the eighteenth century Dr. Thomas Dimsdale of England was summoned to Russia by the Empress Catherine, who requested him to inoculate both herself and her son, Grand Duke (afterward Emperor) Paul. The distinguished physician acquitted himself with so much skill that the Czarina conferred upon him, as a reward, a barony of the Russian Empire, the sum of \$60,000, and an annuity for life of \$3,000. Thus kings and queens appreciate the services of friends and loyal subjects."

Our heavenly King appreciates the services of His friends and loyal subjects. He watches, every hour, every disciple on earth, and He appreciates every deed of love shown to a fellow-man. He will bestow upon us, for faithful service, something better than money, dukedoms, or titles. He will make us more than dukes and earls. He will make us kings and priests forever. He will even take us up beside Him on His heavenly throne. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." If we give even a cup of cold water to a suffering human being, in the name of Christ, we shall never lose our reward. The crown of eternal life awaits the brow of every soul-winner."



## The Boundless Love of God

"COULD we with ink the ocean fill,  
Were the whole sky of parchment made.  
And every stick and stalk a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade;  
To write the love of God to man,  
'Twould drain the ocean dry,  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole  
'Though stretched from sky to sky."



# A CHRISTIAN PRESS IN THE ORIENT



THE usefulness of Christian literature as an aid in the prosecution of missionary work in Eastern lands has long been recognized in China. In view of that fact various societies have been organized in different parts of the Chinese Empire for the production and distribution of Christian literature in the native dialects. Among these the Chinese Tract Society ranks as a leader and pioneer in the great enterprise of publishing the word of Gospel truth in the form of tracts, books and periodicals, which have served to bring the knowledge of the Bread and Water of Life to untold numbers of China's spiritually starving millions.

## A Strategic Center

The Chinese Tract Society has its headquarters in the Y. M. C. A. Building in Shanghai. This city, being a treaty port, has acquired large importance on account of the foreign colony which have grown up outside its walls, and which has been called "The Model Settlement of the East." The streets in this foreign section are all well made, well kept, watched and lighted, and are lined with imposing establishments—commercial, residential and public. There are hospitals, schools, colleges, dispensaries, clubhouses, libraries, the chambers of commerce, Trinity Cathedral and many other modern institutions. The total population of the city is estimated at over 600,000. The gross trade of the port is given as about \$220,000,000.

At this strategic point some thirty-two years ago was organized the Chinese Tract Society. It was established at the outset by a group of missionaries and native preachers of different denominations, who founded this as a Union Tract Society for the purpose of publishing undenominational Christian literature in any of the three terms for God.

The books and tracts published by this Society are adapted to all classes and ranks of society, and reach many a home where the missionary could not obtain admission. Its operations have become more and more widely extended year by year, until now its publications reach nearly all parts of the world where Chinese are found.

The Chinese Tract Society was formed upon a plan closely modeled after that of the American Tract Society, and from the very beginning it has had the interest and sympathy of the latter Society. Foreign cash appropriations have been remitted year by year until the total amount thus forwarded by the American Tract Society in aid of this sister Society exceeds the sum of \$15,000.

## The Work of the Past Year

Perhaps in no better way can the importance of the work be illustrated than by a glance at the record of the past year. The Chinese Tract Society has met the demands for aid by assisting in opening book stores, reading-rooms and libraries, as well as by the dissemination of evangelical literature. During the year the Society printed 217,200 copies of twenty new works, comprising in all 3,193,200 pages. One hundred and ten standard works were reprinted. The total printing for the year was 782,200 copies, equal to 21,599,200 pages. The amount paid out for printing was \$17,300.44—the largest since the Society was organized.

During the thirty-two years of this Society's existence there have been printed books and tracts to the value of \$153,246.22, and during the same time there have been distributed 160,351,356 pages of Christian literature.

The Chinese Tract Society has fifty-two Trustees, elected from different denominations, of whom half are Chinese. The Board of Directors consists of fourteen and the Examining Committee of eight persons. The number of Local Secretaries has been gradually increased, until there are now about three hundred. These Local Secretaries are appointed in different parts of China and other parts of the world to which the Chinese have emigrated, to act, as far as it is convenient, as agents for the Society in introducing its publications and securing subscriptions for its periodicals.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE TRACT SOCIETY IN SHANGHAI

## A Large Variety of Publications

The Descriptive Catalogue of the Chinese Tract Society contains nearly a thousand different titles, about half of which are its own publications. The authors of these publications are chiefly missionaries, though over a score of native Chinese have contributed to the list. There are many issues in the Mandarin dialect. Besides the larger works there is a long list of small tracts and leaflets, with variety enough to meet any ease of an inquirer after Christ. There are also a large number of books for children and youth, both interesting and instructive.

## The Conference Commentary

The greatest work ever issued by the Chinese Tract Society is the Conference Commentary on the entire Bible, consisting of a series of volumes prepared by a representative Committee of the most earnest and devout Christian scholars in China. This has been styled as "the greatest work ever undertaken by the missionaries in China." It is the fruitage of many years of devoted labor, and has met with an enthusiastic reception both from the missionaries and the native Christians. Already it has been found necessary to reprint this great work, and the good which it will accomplish in the advancement of the cause of Christ in China seems to be incalculable.

The American Tract Society has made several large cash appropriations towards the expenses of the publication of this Conference Commentary, and has received many expressions of the warmest gratitude from the officers of the Chinese Tract Society in acknowledgment of the assistance thus rendered.

Besides the Conference Commentary the Chinese Tract Society has published another Commentary on the whole Bible by Rev. A. J. H. Moule. In addition it has issued about a dozen other Commentaries on different parts of the Bible.

A book which has been exceedingly useful is the Bible Dictionary, a translation into Chinese of the Bible Dictionary published by the American Tract Society, and illustrated with the same cuts that appear in the American edition, by means of electrotypes which were given to the Chinese Tract Society by the home Society. This has been reprinted several times. It sells for a dollar, and serves as a companion volume to the Commentary on the whole Bible, and is almost as useful to the student of the Word of God. Dr. J. M. W. Farnham says of this book, "It is one of the most beautiful Chinese volumes I have ever seen."

## A Long and Valuable Service

At the last Annual Meeting of the Chinese Tract Society its venerable Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, D.D., who has been a missionary in China for over fifty years, and who has been connected with the Chinese Tract Society from its very outset, presented his resignation, which was regretfully accepted, and the Rev. C. J. F. Symons was elected Corresponding Secretary in his place. Fitting resolutions were prepared in recognition of the valuable service which Dr. Farnham has rendered to the Society, and to which he modestly referred in the following words:

"I have given to the service nearly a third of a century of the best part of my life. The work has enlisted all my sympathies, and coming to it when past my young manhood I have freely given to it a hearty and earnest service.

"It has afforded me an opportunity of engaging in a work most interesting and useful—widespread and permanent in its influence. Millions of pages of sound Christian literature have been published by this Society during this time and scattered far and wide, nearly all over this empire and in distant parts of the world to which the Chinese have emigrated. I feel devoutly grateful to Almighty God for putting me in touch with a work I believe to be so great and far-reaching and so much for His glory. Were I young again I should feel most honored in being permitted to spend as many more years in this work.

"We have reared no mighty structure as a monument of our labors. There is to the world no visible evidence. It lies invisible to the eye of man, deep hidden in the human heart, influencing, elevating and purifying the lives of hundreds of thousands of men and women, developing their powers for usefulness and deepening their consecration to the service of God.

"It gives me real gratification to have had even a small share in this great work at this formative period. I leave it only to make way for one who can bring to it youth and better qualifications.

"I shall ever follow the Society with the deepest interest and best wishes for its success."

The eyes of the world are turning toward China, as she is awaking from the lethargy of centuries and beginning to align herself with the progressive nations of the Western hemisphere. At this critical period the potency of Christian literature as a factor for her permanent uplift cannot be overestimated. May the Christian public of America awaken to a keener realization of the fact that there is now a golden opportunity to win the Celestial Empire for the Kingdom of heaven.



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## Editorial

### The Dignity of Toil

THE month of September is marked by the re-  
newal of activities which during the summer  
months have been partly or wholly suspended.  
Those who have been at the seashore or in the  
mountains or by the lakeside come flocking back  
to their homes, and with new zest and renewed  
energy and vigor they turn to the various tasks  
which the opening of the fall season brings in its  
train.

Not infelicitously therefore is the first Monday  
of September marked as Labor Day, and while it  
is generally observed as a holiday, it serves to call  
attention to the dignity of toil and to emphasize  
the importance of the element of work in the  
progress of our civilization.

This year the significance of labor is to receive  
an added recognition, for the Social Service Com-  
mission of the Federal Council of the Churches of  
Christ has designated September third, as Labor  
Sunday, and over a hundred thousand Protestant  
ministers have been requested to preach on that  
Sunday upon some phase of the labor question.  
This is in accordance with the proceedings at a  
recent convention of the American Federation of  
Labor, whereby a resolution was unanimously

adopted designating the Sunday preceding the  
first Monday in September as Labor Sunday and  
requesting the churches of America to devote some  
part of this day to the discussion of some phase of  
the labor question. In order to facilitate the proper  
observance of this occasion, the Social Service Com-  
mission has prepared a leaflet entitled, "Suggestions  
for Labor Sunday," and an excellent Order of Ser-  
vice for that day.

The importance of true, honest, faithful and  
efficient work cannot be over-estimated. In the  
celebration of Labor Day, there is no need of any  
distinction between manual labor and intellectual  
toil, between work performed by the hand or foot  
and that done by the brain, for such distinctions  
have no significance on an occasion when the ob-  
ject is the exaltation of the value and importance  
of work as against idleness, and of the dignity of  
the laborer as against the do-nothing in whatever  
class of society he may be found.

The citizens of the United States have gained a  
desirable pre-eminence by the importance which  
they have attached to the element of labor in the  
development of our social economy. The man or  
woman who refuses to be classed with the workers  
is the exception, and every rank of toilers, from  
the most humble laborer to the most skilled artisan,  
holds an honored position in the eyes of the aver-  
age American citizen.

Doubtless there will be a multitude of themes  
which will be discussed on Labor Sunday, for the  
field of thought thus presented is a large one, and  
there are many topics which the Christian minister  
may treat with profit to his audience. Every effort  
should be made to make the relations of capital and  
labor more cordial. Not only should the value of  
union among employees be recognized, but it  
should be shown how important to the welfare of  
every worker is the spirit of unity between em-  
ployer and employee. Large emphasis should be  
given to the spirit of consideration, for the ex-  
istence of this spirit may often save great strife in  
the world of labor, and a spirit of forbearance and  
conciliation on both sides may readily accomplish  
what a strike or a lockout could never bring to  
pass.

It will be an easy and natural transition to pass  
from the thought of secular toil to that of toil for  
the Master. There is no work so important as the  
work which the Lord Jesus Christ has committed  
to our hands—the work of helping to establish the  
Kingdom which He came to inaugurate, and for  
which He gave His precious life upon the Cross of  
Calvary.

The return of the fall season brings with it a  
renewed call to activity in the Master's Vineyard.  
There are varied lines of Christian service that  
need to be undertaken and new recruits are wanted  
to take the place of workers who have fallen out,  
and to carry forward to a triumphant conclusion  
the enterprise of winning the world for the Lord  
Jesus Christ.

While we recognize the value of the spoken word,  
let us not overlook the power of the silent word in  
the printed page that oftentimes speaks as loudly to  
the human soul as if it had a thousand tongues.  
Let us include among our Christian activities a  
wider circulation of the printed page of Gospel  
truth, which some one has beautifully called "the  
silent evangelist." The publications of the Ameri-  
can Tract Society have been graciously used by  
Divine Providence for the awakening of many  
souls and the upbuilding of many noble Christian  
lives. The call for Christian literature at home  
and abroad was never so insistent as at the pres-  
ent time. We earnestly appeal to our readers for  
their heartiest co-operation that we may more  
effectively respond to that call. The fields are white  
unto the harvest. Let us heed the Master's sum-  
mons to go forth and gather in the sheaves.

## A Man's Work

MISSIONARY Colportage makes its strongest ap-  
peal to men—manly, energetic, consecrated men,  
who are willing to spend and be spent in Christ's  
service. The demand for physical hardihood and  
endurance will ever keep it "man's work." Its  
freedom from cumbersome and expensive organiza-  
tion, leaving each Colporter a personal center of  
Christian influence, appeals strongly to men of in-  
dividuality and force.

Carrying the Gospel over rugged mountains or  
hot and dreary wastes—with consequent exposure  
to the elements at all seasons—to miners, lumber-  
men and cattlemen, and to the inhabitants of our  
great cities, into every place where there are men  
and women to be saved, often in the face of fanati-  
cal hostility and persecution, requires vigor and  
readiness of resource far beyond the average. But  
to Colporters of the right stamp it brings joy and  
satisfaction in its performance. It has no other  
reward to offer, for its hardships and privations,  
than that God meets them in the path of duty.

✻ ✻ ✻

## Christian Literature in Austria

For many years a center of evangelistic activity  
has been maintained at Prague, the capital of the  
Austrian Crownland of Bohemia. It is known as  
the Austrian Mission of the American Board. One  
of its most efficient methods of work has been the  
circulation of Christian literature, in which it  
has been aided by several cash appropriations from  
the American Tract Society. In a recent com-  
munication, Rev. J. S. Porter of the Austrian Mis-  
sion gives some illustrations of the beneficent re-  
sults of that work as follows:

"I am glad indeed to send you some account of  
the influence of Christian literature in Austria.  
We have a wider field of work in this respect than  
in many other mission fields, because there is com-  
paratively little illiteracy in Austria. Our people  
are real born missionaries, I often think, for they  
do know how to circulate Bibles, books and tracts.

"An old man, a former persecutor, but now a  
true child of God, when I last visited him, was  
riding in on his bicycle every Sunday to the ser-  
vices—a distance of nearly fifteen miles, and on  
his homeward trip he always had tied to his wheel  
a package of tracts and booklets that were scattered  
far and wide before another Sunday came.

"A worker writes: 'Twelve years ago a girl was  
given some of our Christian literature by means of  
which she was led into our meetings, and shortly  
after she became a Christian and for all these years  
she has been a true and faithful follower of Jesus  
Christ.'

"A former infidel writes: 'For years I walked in  
the ways of sin. All sorts of sinful indulgences  
were my joy. But the Lord by means of a tract  
given me on the street led me to Himself.'

"A brickmaker writes: 'The Bohemian transla-  
tion of Pilgrim's Progress did much for me. I  
was for a long time far away from the regular  
preaching of the Gospel. The books and papers  
that came to me were of great value in keeping  
me from falling.'

"A painter writes: 'I was a lost wandering sin-  
ner dissatisfied with everything and everybody.  
My sister brought home the tract, "The Pursuit  
of Happiness." I took it up with a feeling of dis-  
gust. But thank the Lord, it did me much good.  
I saw how I looked. I saw, too, that it was pos-  
sible for me to be happy. I went to the services  
to which there was a printed invitation on the back  
of the tract, and there I found the Saviour, the  
source of all joy and hope.'

"These incidents will certainly suffice to show  
you that the printed page is powerful for good all  
up and down the provinces of the Austrian Em-  
pire. I trust they will help to inspire the friends  
of the American Tract Society to continue this  
labor of love."

The illustrations thus given tell something of  
the wonderful power of the Gospel in the printed  
page. Yet they are only a few out of the number-  
less instances that might be cited to show the  
value and efficiency of Christian literature as a  
means for the evangelization of the world.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

SEPTEMBER 3

## Lessons from Great Lives— Daniel

Dan. 6:10-23

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Aug. 28. Value of education. Dan. 1:8-5.  
T., Aug. 29. Physical training. Dan. 1:8-21.  
W., Aug. 30. A man of visions. Dan. 2:19-23.  
T., Aug. 31. A truth-teller. Dan. 2:31-45.  
F., Sept. 1. A martyr for truth. Dan. 6:4, 6, 16-23.  
S., Sept. 2. Daniel's last vision. Dan. 12:1-10.

In the first place, let us learn from Daniel the importance of starting right. Daniel's good beginning was not due to easy circumstances. To begin with, he was a captive. He was completely at the mercy of his captors. This circumstance alone would have taken the grit out of many another put in his place. He knew himself to be in the hands of a most despotic monarch, who could take away his life in a moment if he chose. Unless you are in a harder place than Daniel was, don't say that you have no chance to do right.

Then, again, Daniel was a very young man. We do not know just how old, but we know that he was called young, and was to be put to school and trained for future use. He was young, and by that very fact he was not experienced in making decisions for himself. Unless you are much younger than Daniel was, do not say that you are not capable of making decisions of duty, even in the face of hardest circumstances.

Bear in mind, also, that Daniel was away from home. Temptations are always greater and restraints less when we are away from home. Daniel had been torn away from the godly restraints and influences of his own home, and was now at liberty to do as he pleased, so far as any possible parental or pastoral control was concerned.

### Perils of a Great City

Not only was he away from home, but he was in the midst of the wicked surroundings of a great city. Babylon was one of the largest, if not the largest, city the world has ever seen. It is said to have been sixty miles in circumference and to have covered an area of two hundred square miles. But, worse still, it was a heathen city. In wicked, heathenish Babylon there was certainly no religious sentiment to restrain him, nor was there any to hold him toward a purpose to do the right. Surely, if ever any one had circumstances against him; if ever any one could seem to plead an excuse for being unfaithful to his principles that one was Daniel. Away from the associations of home, away from the religious influences of Jerusalem, away from the temple services and worship, down in heathen Babylon among the idols and idolaters, with all influences and customs and apparent interests against him, yet he stood firm for the right, sturdy and strong against the on-rushing current of the world. "He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." He had the principle of right in his heart. He had loyalty to God in his heart. He had true religion in his heart. Daniel made a good start. He started out with love for God and a definite purpose to serve Him in his heart. He took a character with him down into Babylon. He was not ashamed of his God or his religion, nor to stand fast against the current of the world.

### Ruled by Principle

From Daniel let us learn the importance of being ruled by principle rather than by custom. There was no long puzzling in Daniel's case about his duty. He did not go around asking the advice of his friends, nor try to find some back door out of the perplexity in which he was placed. It did not seem to occur to him to ask: "How will this matter about drinking wine and eating the king's meat affect my future prospects here in the midst of the royal court? Will it interfere with my advancement if I refuse? Will it make me singular?

Will it make my condition as a captive harder?" No; he met the question on the grounds of moral right, and on no other, and he settled it instantly and never re-opened it. It is a grand thing to meet duty in this way, to decide always on the simple question of right and wrong, to be ruled by principle and not by custom. I believe it was Charles Kingsley who classified the human race into three parts: First, honest men, who mean to do right, and do it; secondly, knaves, who mean to do wrong, and do it; and thirdly, fools, who mean to do whichever of the two is pleasanter. Daniel belonged to the first class. He meant to do right and he did it.

SEPTEMBER 10

## My Denomination: Roots, Trunk, Branches, Fruit

Acts 20:17-35

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Sept. 4. The roots. Eph. 3:14-21.  
T., Sept. 5. The trunk. John 15:1-10.  
W., Sept. 6. The branches. Mark 4:30-32.  
T., Sept. 7. The fruit. Gal. 5:22-23.  
F., Sept. 8. Its work. Luke 4:18-21.  
S., Sept. 9. Its hope. Eph. 4:1-6.

There is such a possibility as being too denominational. But few people are denominational enough, when it comes to knowing the history, principles and operations of the church to which they belong. Every young Christian should know the history of his or her own denomination. This study will bring one into contact with men and women of great ability and force and consecration. The founders of the denominations were men and women cast in heroic mold. At the foundation, too, the denominations stand for great principles, and it is of value to become acquainted with the doctrines and truths upon which one's own denomination places emphasis. Every young Christian should also seek to understand the ecclesiastical forms and government of his denomination. The history and meanings wrapped up in the government of a church body are often most important and vital, as also exceedingly interesting. But, still more important, every young person should have a fair understanding of the present-day operations of his own denomination.

Young people of the Methodist Church miss much if they fail to become acquainted with the facts in regard to the great religious movement inaugurated by the Wesleys and their co-laborers. The world owes a debt that cannot be measured to the aggressive features and triumphs of the various branches of the Methodist Church. Young people in the Baptist communion should be intelligent as to the history and principles and operations of their great denomination which includes about one-fifth of all the Protestants in this country. And how much occasion the members of the great Presbyterian family and the Congregational family have to glory in the past and present triumphs of these rich and liberal and aggressive bodies, and especially in the immense work they have done for missions. These are mentioned only as illustrations, for every body of evangelical Christians has had and is having a blessed part in helping to bring in the Kingdom of Christ.

The trunk of our denomination is its living structure, its assemblies, boards, churches, and membership. Every year must see an enlargement, and the sap must continually circulate through it, or the tree will die.

The branches of our denomination are its missionary outreachings, in our own and foreign lands. If you cut off the branches and leave the trunk alone, the tree will die.

The fruit of our denomination is saved lives. The fruit is hung on the branches, but it is not made by the branches. It is supported by the trunk, but it is not made by the trunk. The fruit is made by the sap; and the sap is God's Holy Spirit flowing through His body, which is His Church.

SEPTEMBER 17

## Living Christ in the Home

Ephes. 6:1-18

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Sept. 11. One effect. Mark 2:29-31.  
T., Sept. 12. Purity. 1 Tim. 3:17; 2:8.  
W., Sept. 13. Patience. Col. 3:17-24.  
T., Sept. 14. Service. 1 Tim. 5:4-8.  
F., Sept. 15. Christ makes good neighbors. Mark 12:21.  
S., Sept. 16. Invite Him. Rev. 3:20-22.

The atheist who spent a few days with the saintly Fenelon said: "If I stay here much longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon used no word of controversy or solicitation. It was but the quiet, convincing argument of a holy life—a consistent walk and conversation.

### His Mother's Life

"I tried to be a skeptic when I was a young man," said Cecil, "but my mother's life was too much for me."

A young minister, when about to be ordained to the work of the gospel, stated publicly that at one period of his life he was almost an infidel. "But," said he, "there was one argument in favor of Christianity I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my father."

It has been well said: "If we are not Christians at home, we can hardly be Christians anywhere else." The fact is that each home is a little world, and if we can live Christ there, we will find but little difficulty in living Christ in the larger world outside. The training and experience there will qualify us for living the true life in the big world outside.

### Power of a Consistent Life

Let us know that a consistent life is a power anywhere and everywhere. The religion which keeps the speech pure and honest, the temper sweet and kindly, the actions considerate and unselfish, such a walk and conversation are a constant telling of the gospel story, of the real good news to men; and with strongest possible enforcement. "My brethren," said an old African preacher, "a good example is the tallest kind of preaching." And he was right. A noble, honest, godly life is the most convincing, convicting and converting sermon that ever was preached.

"There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life," says Dr. Chalmers, "passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongue of men and angels." We all recognize the need today of more of this preaching by practice. "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." The Christian life is one long stand in the witness-box, but if it is genuine and true, it becomes nothing less than a life-long testifying in favor of Christ and His cause. Home is the seminary of all other institutions. "Home makes the man." Learn, young people, learn to live Christ at home. That is the first great art of living.

### A Consistent Walk

As some one has said, "If you want to defend Christianity, practice it; act, and let others do the talking." "In regard to skepticism," said Phillips Brooks, "the main method of meeting it must be not an argument, but a man."

The power of the Church to-day, as in the times of its greatest victories in the past, lies in the Christ-life of its members. A regenerated character and a blameless course of conduct are worth more than a whole encircling library of evidences as a demonstration for Christianity. A good life is an argument for Christianity that can never be misunderstood and that is absolutely unanswerable. If ever there was a day when it was important for every true follower of Christ to stand fast and to be true to his profession, we believe it is the present day. There is no answer to infidelity like the life of Christ displayed by the living, loving Christian. "Ye are my witnesses" was never truer than it is to-day.

SEPTEMBER 24

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. IX. Missions in Africa

Acts 8:26-40

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Sept. 1. Sabbath rest. Mark 2:27-28.  
T., Sept. 2. A promise. 1 Cor. 1:4-7.  
W., Sept. 3. Light to the Gentiles. Luke 2:32.  
T., Sept. 4. Baptism of Christ. Matt. 3:13-17.  
F., Sept. 5. God's Freedom. Rom. 6:6-7.  
S., Sept. 6. Help to the uttermost. Heb. 7:24-25.

Now our journey brings us to the Dark Continent. The continent of Africa is equal in area to Europe and North America combined, and the population is upward of two hundred million. The greatest length of the country is 5,000 miles, and its greatest breadth 4,600 miles. Both tropics cross it, and the equator intersects it a little below the center. By far the greatest portion of its territory is therefore intertropical. The great Cape-to-Cairo railroad stretching through the continent from north to south will be 6,400 miles long. It is now two-thirds completed.

Many have the mistaken impression that all the dark people in Africa are negroes. In fact, but about one-fifth belong to that race, and those are found along the west coast and in the Sudan. The people in the south are Bantu. In the north they are Hamites and Semites, classed with white men. More than ten million in South and Central Africa are barbaric heathen, while more than fifty million in the north are Mohammedans.

### Obstacles to Missions

The obstacles missionaries encounter here are many, but they are not insurmountable. There are no insurmountable obstacles to missionary work. "The prospects are as bright as the promises of God." And the possibilities are as great as the power of God. One great obstacle is the climate of many parts to which missionaries have undertaken to go. This is deadly to most Europeans and Americans who spend much time on the coasts or in the lowlands. The vast number of different languages spoken by the nearly two hundred million of inhabitants is another very serious obstacle to missionary labor. Slavery and the appearance of the Arab slave-trader are still real terrors in many regions and sadly interfere with the progress of the Gospel. The traffic in liquor is another obstacle to the whole missionary enterprise, particularly on the west coast. Other difficulties and problems may be mentioned, as the brutal animal nature of the natives in many regions, polygamy and the degradation of women, the influence of the sorcerer and the wizard, based on the widespread belief in evil spirits, the greed of commercial enterprise resulting in the age-long abuse of the natives, who have been wronged by the white man from earliest times—these all make entrance into the confidence of the Africans and effective work among them most difficult.

### One Hundred Missionary Societies

But notwithstanding the difficulties the work is very successful. There are over one hundred Protestant missionary societies at work on that continent. A great many schools, colleges and theological training schools have been established. The United Presbyterians alone in Egypt have won over twenty thousand converts, and are powerfully affecting the Mohammedans also through their schools, hospitals and visitation of the harems. In 1908 there were more than thirty-five thousand pupils in the Protestant mission schools of Uganda. The converts in Uganda are averaging over eight thousand a year. Wherever there have been workers of holy life and strong faith to put in the sickle, they have gathered sheaves in this so-called Dark Continent. It is believed that some of the greatest triumphs of the Gospel will soon be seen there.



## Exposition of the International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph.D.

SEPTEMBER 3

### Review of the Kingdom of Judah

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Depart from evil and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. Psalm 34: 14.

In conducting this review it will be advisable, especially in the older classes, to take a bird's-eye view of the entire history of the kingdom of Judah from the reign of Rehoboam until the captivity under Zedekiah. Such a review should bring before the minds of the scholars the principal characters of each successive period, especially the kings and prophets mentioned in the sacred narrative. It should show the relation of each event to the course of the general history, and especially should it indicate the relation of each occurrence to the development of the Kingdom of God among men. From such a review should be gained some practical teaching and some fresh light upon the problems of life at the present day.

In the younger classes the review may be confined to the lessons studied since the last quarterly review, which may be briefly summarized as follows:

#### Isaiah's Prophecy

The prophecy of Isaiah concerning Sennacherib, the Assyrian king, seemed impossible of fulfillment when first uttered, but it came true to the letter, thus proving the inspired character of the prophet.

#### The Suffering Servant of Jehovah

In this lesson we studied the Gospel in the Old Testament, for in Isaiah's portrait of the Suffering Servant of Jehovah we recognized the lineaments of Him who was both the Son of Man and the Son of God.

#### Manasseh's Wickedness and Penitence

Manasseh was a great sinner, but God's mercy found him out, and he was assured of pardon because he truly repented of his iniquity.

#### Josiah's Devotion to God

There is something very beautiful about the story of Josiah the boy king who "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Let us do all we can to encourage early piety such as that of Josiah.

#### The Finding of the Book of the Law

The fact that the Book of the Law had been lost indicates a sad neglect, but Josiah's course of action, when it was found, is worthy of imitation, for he exalted the Law of the Lord and faithfully obeyed its precepts.

#### Jeremiah Tried and Acquitted

This lesson introduced to us one of the great prophetic figures of the Old Testament dispensation, and we saw him emerge triumphant from one of his characteristic experiences of suffering and trial.

#### Jehoiakim Burns the Prophet's Book

The great truth enforced in this lesson cannot be better stated than in the words of the Golden Text: "The word of our God shall stand forever."

#### Jeremiah Cast into Prison

Jeremiah's experience illustrates the hardships to which God's followers are often exposed through persecution and jealousy. God's care over him is the redeeming feature in what would otherwise be a picture of intensest gloom.

#### Judah Carried Captive

"Be sure your sin will find you out," was the Golden Text of this lesson, and it found vivid exemplification in the story of the conquest and captivity of the people of Judah, who thus reaped the inevitable fruits of their transgressions through the long years of their downward course.

SEPTEMBER 10

### Daniel and His Companions

(A Temperance Lesson)  
Daniel 1: 8-20

**GOLDEN TEXT.** It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth. Rom. 14: 21.

Daniel was unquestionably an historical character. Some scholars have indeed attempted to disprove the historical accuracy of the book which bears his name, and have suggested interpretations, which, if carried to their logical conclusion, would make Daniel simply the chief figure in an imaginative romance. There are, however, abundant reasons for believing that Daniel really lived, and that in the book which bears his name we have an inspired record of his actual life.

A character sketch of Daniel reveals him to us as one of the noblest and purest men that ever lived. As some one has well said, "His youth and his age were alike devoted to God. He maintained his integrity in the most difficult circumstances, and amid the fascinations of an Eastern court, he was pure and upright."

#### A Pen Picture of Babylon

Babylon, we are told, lay in the vast and fertile plain of Shinar, watered by the Euphrates River, which flowed through the city. Under King Nebuchadnezzar the city reached the summit of her greatness and splendor. She was renowned for her learning, especially in astronomy, and for the skill of her inhabitants in various arts, such as the making of carpets and cloths and the manufacture of perfumes, jewelry and other luxuries. She was a city of merchants, and into her lap flowed, either through conquest or commerce, the wealth of almost all known lands. Justly, therefore, did the prophets style her "the great," "the praise of the whole earth," and "the lady of kingdoms." Rightly also did they describe her as "the tender and delicate" and "given to pleasures." Corruptness of manners and morals were carried to a frightful extreme. Bel, Nebo, Ergal, Merodach, and other idols were worshipped with rites in which impurity took the place of religion.

#### A Heroic Stand

When we take into consideration the position in which Daniel and his three companions found themselves in Babylon, and especially the environment of the royal court, we are filled with admiration at the heroic stand which they took with reference to the meat and wine that came from the king's table and which they felt to be tainted with idolatry. The story, so simply but so dramatically told in the Scripture text needs no repetition here, but the lessons of courage, faith and self-control which it suggests can never be rehearsed too often, and the application of this incident to the subject of temperance is a fitting and helpful inference.

#### The Sting of the Serpent

There is an old fable that a serpent found himself surrounded with a ring of fire, and said to a man standing near, "Lift me out," to which the man answered, "If I do, you will bite me." Over and over again the serpent pledged himself that he would not bite, and finally the man reached over and lifted the serpent from his perilous position. No sooner was the serpent safe, however, than his fangs protruded, and he made ready to strike with the sting of death. "But you promised you would not," exclaimed his rescuer. "I know I did," replied the serpent, "but it is my nature to sting, and I can't help it."

This fable is true in its application to the demon of strong drink. Men may imagine that they can break themselves free from its power, whenever they choose to do, but it is in its nature to sting and destroy, and no one can overcome this foe in his own strength, if once it secure a hold upon his life.

SEPTEMBER 17

### Daniel's Companions in the Fiery Furnace

Daniel 3

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. Hebrews 13: 6.

At the time of the lesson which we are now to study Nebuchadnezzar seems to have held a great religious festival. The object of this festival was doubtless twofold. On the one hand it served to commemorate the many victories which he had gained, including the conquest of Jerusalem, and on the other it was designed to consolidate the various parts of his empire, which was composed of various countries and races, diverse from one another in disposition, character and interests, united by no natural affinity, but simply held together by the act of conquest.

#### The Colossal Golden Image

The central feature of Nebuchadnezzar's celebration was the huge image of gold which he erected in the plain of Dura. This image reached a height of ninety feet, and was probably erected to the Babylonian tutelary god, Bel-Merodach, rather than to Nebuchadnezzar himself. Doubtless the image was not constructed of solid gold throughout, but was made of wood or clay covered with plates of gold.

#### A Vast Assemblage

Around the golden image, which stood radiant and glittering in the sun, were gathered great multitudes of people from remote sections of the world. "Besides the officers in their richly colored attire, there was a motley gathering of tribes from every direction. All diversities of speech and dress and manners were there; all varieties of complexion, from the pale bronze of the Persian to the black of the Ethiopian. National enemies stood side by side. Dwellers on plain and mountain, in walled towns and in tents of the desert, were in the throng. They spoke many languages, as if the confusion of tongues had been repeated in the same Babel."

#### A Brave Stand

It was a courageous thing for Shadrach, Mesach and Abednego to refuse to fall down and worship the golden image. Had they possessed less courage or less faith in God, they would have yielded at least an outward assent to the imperious command of King Nebuchadnezzar. But they stood like adamant, and their reply to the king has come ringing down the ages, an inspiration and a watchword for all humanity.

#### A Lesson of Deliverance

The great teaching which is enforced by the story of Daniel's companions in the fiery furnace is the lesson of deliverance. Shadrach, Mesach and Abednego are but representatives of a vast throng whom no man can number. We look back as it were through a long vista, and there stand before us kings and princes, prophets and apostles, and men and women of humble station in life, who unite in praises to God, because when dangers were nigh, their prayer for deliverance was heard, and God saved them out of all their distress.

#### The Practical Application

There are golden images erected in modern life which men and women are asked to fall down and worship—wealth, power, ambition, pleasure, all these are golden images, by which men would fain displace the kingdom of God as the goal of human life. There are burning, fiery furnaces of persecution, ridicule and obloquy for those who choose to please God rather than men. But let our answer to those who would hinder our progress in the heavenly race be that of the ancient Hebrew worthies, and let our attitude be like that of the apostle Paul, when he said: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."

SEPTEMBER 24

### Daniel in the Lion's Den

Daniel 6

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. Psalm 34: 7.

#### Daniel at the Sunset of Life

Daniel was now between eighty and ninety years of age. He had passed through varied vicissitudes, but through all his experiences his character had remained untarnished, and now he stands forth in the midst of a most trying situation with his faith in God and his courage to do the right undiminished in spite of all the weight of years resting upon him.

#### Who Was Darius the Mede?

So far as we know there is no record in secular history nor have any inscriptions been found on the monuments concerning Darius the Mede. Yet it is surely very unwise to assert the non-existence of one so definitely named in the inspired narrative. Various conjectures have been made; some have supposed that Darius the Mede is identical with Cyaxares the Second, others have identified him with Gobryas, Governor of Gutium, who actually took the city of Babylon as chief in command for Cyrus the Great. Much uncertainty exists however on this subject, and it is well not to make any positive statement until further light has been thrown on the matter.

#### The Plot against Daniel

Daniel had been crowned not only with years, but with honors, and the merited distinction which he had received aroused the envy of those who coveted the position which he had attained. His enemies had found that their only hope of entrapping Daniel was through his well-known religious convictions and habits of worship, coupled with his unflinching obedience to the dictates of conscience. Accordingly they persuaded King Darius the Mede to make a decree that for thirty days no one should ask any favor of God or of man, except the king himself, on penalty of being thrown into the den of lions.

#### An Example of Fidelity

Daniel's course at this juncture was just as his enemies had expected. He continued faithful in his devotion to the God of Israel, and three times a day he prayed upon his knees in his house in a chamber, the windows of which were open toward Jerusalem.

In this action on the part of Daniel we may see a recognition of God's promise to Solomon in favor of those who looked toward this center of worship (1 Kings 8: 30, 35, 47, 48), and also a recognition of the God of Israel, and of His promise that His people should return to their home land.

Those who had plotted against Daniel had now secured a ground of accusation against him. Daniel, steadfast in purpose, open in conduct and constant in prayer, had transgressed the king's command, which he could not possibly obey as a loyal servant of the most high God.

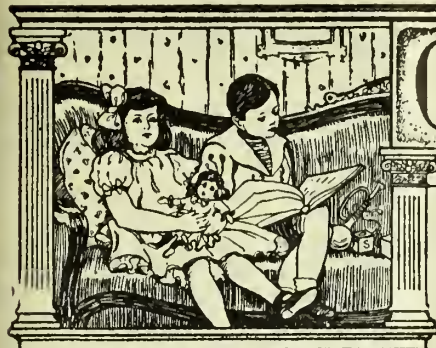
#### Concluding Thoughts

Daniel was faithful to God even unto the very jaws of death, and he found God most faithful to him in fulfilling His promise of deliverance.

There is deliverance for all those who will put their faith in Christ. No den of lions, no bed of torture, no fiery furnace, no persecution and no trial can destroy those who are trusting in Jesus as the Captain of their salvation.

Daniel escaped out of the mouths of the lions, but we are not therefore to think of the millions of martyrs who have sealed their devotion to God with their lives as deserted by God. Divine love enfolds alike all those who are faithful to God, and they shall all stand in that great multitude arrayed in white robes, who enjoy the bliss of heaven, because, forsooth, they have endured faithful to the end.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## Favorite Flowers and Trees

For several weeks Our Little Folks have been writing about their gardens, and telling us what flower, plant or tree they like best. Though we have printed many of their letters, there are still a good many others on hand, so we will turn our attention to these at once, and listen to what some of the boys and girls have written about their favorite flowers and trees. Our first letter is from a little girl in Bethel, Conn., and this is what she says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have just been reading Our Little Folks' page, and thought I would write and tell you the flower and tree I like best. I think roses are pretty among cultivated flowers, but I like the mountain laurel the best among the wild flowers. I like the maple tree the best, because it gives so much shade. We have three large maples in front of our house. With love to all the cousins.

Your loving niece,  
ESTHER BECK.

You have sent us a very pleasant letter, Esther, and Uncle Harry thinks you have made an excellent choice for your favorite flower and tree.

Our next letter is from a girl in Shandon, O., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I live on a farm. I will be twelve years old on September 15th. I have the same birthday as President Taft. I have two sisters. We have a pony. Our aunt and uncle visited us this summer. I go to Sunday-school. We take music lessons. I think the prettiest flower is a lily. The nicest tree is the maple or cedar. With love to all the Little Folks.

CLARA E. WILKINS.

Many happy returns of your birthday, Clara. We hope you will have a very happy time. Write us again some day, for we are always pleased to hear from Our Little Folks, as often as they care to write.

A Pennsylvania girl, who lives in Laceyville, has sent this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am nine years old. I have two brothers, Hiram and Ralph. I like all flowers, but I like sweet peas and zinnias the best. I take music lessons every week. With love to the Little Folks.

RUTH WHIPPLE.

Surely you may join our happy band, Ruth. We are glad to know that you are taking music lessons, and hope that some day you will be a fine musician.

Our next letter has come from Northfield, N. J., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I live on a farm. My father has twenty-five cows and three horses. One of the horses is named Bill, and almost every day I drive him to the village with my father's milk wagon. I was twelve years old in June. The most beautiful thing I ever saw was a garden of tulips and carnations. Love to all the Little Folks.

MATILDA BROHAN.

Welcome to our circle, Matilda. Another little girl in your town has sent us a letter, and we gladly welcome her also. This is what she writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is my first letter for Our Little Folks' page. I like to read it. I get the AMERICAN MESSENGER every month. I go to the Northfield Sunday-school. I think the most beautiful thing is a garden of roses and lilies. With love to all the Little Folks.

I remain,

Your loving niece,  
MARTHA EBERT.

You have mentioned three interesting objects in the world of nature, Viola. The lily of the valley is such a dainty, beautiful flower, the mulberry tree is so useful, for its leaves furnish the food for the silkworms, and the century plant is so wonderful in its way of blooming, that you have certainly made an excellent choice in naming them.

A boy, whose home is in Dayton, N. J., has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am seven years old.

Our next letter is from Somerville, N. J., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: As this is my first letter to you, I hope to see it in print. I go to the Nehalem Church and to the New Center School and Sunday-school. I am eleven years old, and in the eighth grade. The flower I like best is the rose. I live in the country. There are one hundred and eight acres in the farm. I have a mile and a half to go to school. Love to all.

MABEL L. STAATS.

A Pennsylvania boy, whose sister's letter appears on this page, has written us from Laceyville as follows:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? My brother took the AMERICAN MESSENGER about three years, but now my sister takes it. I wrote a letter when my brother took your paper. I think pansies and sweet peas are the prettiest flowers. We live on a farm, and have two horses, named Daisy and Dan.

Your nephew,  
RALPH WHIPPLE.

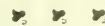
We are glad to hear from you again, Ralph. We are always pleased when any of Our Little Folks write us for the second or third time. Uncle Harry is very fond of sweet peas, not only for their beauty, but because of their fragrant odor.

A little boy, who lives in Whippany, N. J., has sent us this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I was eight years old last December. Mamma said that I might write about our walnut tree, which stood near the house. It was over eleven feet around. The top was so large that we were afraid of its falling on the house during a storm. My papa sold it, and yesterday the men cut it down. We shipped the trunk to Hamburg, Germany. They sawed off some limbs, which were like large trees. There was a hummingbird's nest on one of the branches. We cut off the branch, and put it up on another tree. I do hope that the mother bird will come and feed the little ones.

FREMONT DIXON.

Your story of the walnut tree is very interesting, Fremont. Uncle Harry is glad you took such good care of the hummingbird's home.



## All About the Mountains

THE next subject on which we would like to hear from Our Little Folks will be the "Mountains." Many of our boys and girls live in or near the mountains, and undoubtedly during the past summer several of our little readers have gone to the mountains for their vacation. Now let us have a great many letters on this interesting subject. Be sure to write at once, for we would like to have some letters to print in our next issue telling about the grandeur of the mountains and the hills that God has made. Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.



TWO YOUNG FISHERMEN

Still another little friend has written us from Northfield, N. J. Here is her letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I am eleven years old, and in the seventh grade in school. I think the most interesting flower is the lily of the valley. The most interesting tree is the mulberry tree. The most interesting plant is the century plant.

Lovingly,  
VIOLA BROWER.

This is my first letter to Our Little Folks' page. The most beautiful thing that I ever saw was a pink Rambler in bloom in the summertime. I have a pet dog. Her name is Foxy.

Your loving friend,  
ROWLAND DEY.

You have sent us a nice letter, Rowland, for a little boy only seven years old. The rambler is a beautiful flower, and Uncle Harry himself is very fond of them.





## A LADY OF LEISURE

By Howe Benning

WHAT will there be to live for?" Mrs. Berkeley leaned her head upon her hand in pathetic weakness. The words she had just heard were not exactly new. Days before, after a careful attendance of several weeks, the doctor had said: "I can do no more for you, Mrs. Berkeley. The broken bone in the ankle has healed, but it is not straight, and the ligaments are strained. Time and patience will help, but you will have to submit to being a lady of leisure."

"You mean, Doctor, that I will be lame always?" she asked.

"More or less, yes," answered the doctor, and left her.

Just now Mrs. Berkeley had chanced to hear her daughter-in-law speaking to a caller. "Well, mother is sixty-eight, and it is time she had a vacation: I should think she would embrace it. There is really no need you know for her to do a thing but sit and rest. I am enjoying studying cook books and making experiments—think I am a born housekeeper, but you know I have never had a chance before. Well, we take our turns, I suppose. Come again, do! Mother can visit with you, anyway. She will always have time now."

Ah, there was the sting! She was not needed.

Mrs. Berkeley looked about the pleasant rooms and then at the small lawn with its choice borders. Everything was in perfect order. The daughter whom her only son had brought home the year before had done as well as herself.

It had been hard for the widowed mother to give up the first place in her boy's heart. Must she give it up in the home also?

### AT THE PARSONAGE

#### Coffee Runs Riot No Longer

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug (coffee) has set up, particularly so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic and my old 'trembly' nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum.

"I began to inquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Cool, rainy days offer opportunities for a great deal of selfish thinking. Perhaps that might be charged to Mrs. Berkeley, who had always been called "so active in doing for others." She was not as yet "embracing her vacation."

"I don't know what to do for mother," Bessie told her husband. "I sang and played for her half the afternoon, but I hardly got a smile."

But the sunshine broke out at last, and Mrs. Berkeley found herself, she hardly knew how, out on the pleasant, shaded porch in the easiest of chairs with her crutch leaning against it and a small stand holding work basket and fancy materials beside her, and it seemed very pleasant after all. When Judge Moore, an old friend, stopped for a moment to lift his hat and welcome her back "to society" again, the sidewalk did not seem so obtrusively near as it did quite recently.

Then a small, six-year-old voice piped up beside her—O, Auntie Berkeley! do you make cookies now?"

"Why, Bertie, I have not made any lately. But—but—" with a sudden thought, "maybe I could tell you a story."

By the time the story was finished there were three eager listeners.

"My, that's better than cookies!" remarked her first listener, who had just had breakfast. "Say, Mrs. Berkeley, next week our Sunday-school has a picnic, you know, up the river. Can't you go and tell us stories?"

"Why, of course not, Bertie."

"Yes, she can, Bertie," came a voice from the doorway. "It's only five miles, mother, and we'll have a low, easy survey and drive right to the grounds. So plan for that."

Mrs. Berkeley had not thought she was to "plan" for things any more, and after these encouraging words she picked up her work from the basket with her old energy.

"Thank the Lord, I have my hands left anyway!" she ejaculated, and though she had not intended that as a text, it served as such for a sermonette her heart preached to itself, while through it the bird songs floating on the soft summer air thrilled her spirit and life broadened out as Nature quieted the restless, rebellious soul.

In this better mood Mrs. Berkeley separated across the narrow lawn that separated her cottage from the next, and noted another white-haired figure sitting on the porch there. A new family had moved in a few months before, but she had never given them much thought, though intending to cultivate their acquaintance some time when there were not quite so many things demanding her own attention.

How feebly she walked, Mrs. Berkeley thought as she saw with surprise that the small, bent figure was making her way across the lawn.

"I was so glad to see you around again, I just had to come over and tell you," the caller said from the foot of the steps, lifting a sweet, wrinkled face and shy eyes.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Mason!" replied Mrs. Berkeley. "Can't you come up and sit with me a little while?"

"Let me help you," cried Bessie. "Now, here is just the chair for you, Mrs. Mason. Mother, I am going to run down street a little while, and I told Nora to ask you just how you make your dumplings. Some day you must show me."

The eyes of the caller followed the girlish figure to the street.

"Isn't she pretty?" she asked softly. "I love pretty things, don't you? You must love to look at her."

"Why, I do," Mrs. Berkeley answered. "Yes, indeed, I do."

"And I like life and stir, too," the little woman went on. "Now I always just enjoyed watching you. You were so full of business. Some days, you see, I kind of tire out and lie still, and my room window is on this side, and I would watch you, dusting and sweeping, and running out and in. Why! it most seemed as though I was doing things myself, and it was such good company for me."

For very shame Mrs. Berkeley choked back the rebellious words—"But I cannot do them now." She was ashamed.

"And you're doing something pretty now," the shy voice went on. "I used to embroider a good deal, but my eyes won't let me any more, and I can't read much, the black and white all run together so. But crocheting is easier. That looks pretty," she said wistfully.

"And it's very easy," replied Mrs. Berkeley. "Just some doilies for Bessie to put between her china plates. Just this soft, outing cloth cut round by a saucer and I crochet an edge of silk-teen. I have three colors and make four of each. Don't they look pretty together?"

"And Myrta has some pretty plates," softly murmured the visitor.

"Mrs. Mason, here's everything you need for a beginning," exclaimed Mrs. Berkeley, and for a time a pleasant excitement over the work prevailed.

"My cousin's daughter is going to be married and she'll have pretty china," said Mrs. Mason. "I'd like to send her some. It's nice to do things for folks, don't you think? Myrta'll get the things. She's kind when she thinks," quaintly. "James is my nephew; I never had a son, and my four girls were all taken; I can't see why. It's so hard to lose one's little daughters."

Mrs. Berkeley had always said she could never speak in meeting, but words seemed to speak themselves now. "Why, dear heart! You haven't lost them. My one little girl went, too, when she was just six, but I know the dear Lord took her into His care and has held her ever since. So, often I would think, Margie is ten, or twelve, or sixteen to-day: I wonder how wise she has grown? If she has quite lost her quick little temper? What work is she doing? I cannot always feel like that. Sometimes I miss her so."

"Oh, so do I, Mrs. Berkeley! What do you do then?"

"Why, I would say, 'Now I must think of something to do for some one else, for Margie's sake—bake a cake for old Mrs. Shooks, who lives alone; or make a little dress about Margie's size for our missionary box; or take some sick one out to ride. All for Margie's sake.'"

(Continued on next page)

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## A Lady of Leisure

(Continued from preceding page)

"But I can't do any such things for any one. I can't see to sew long at a time." And then to the great longing in the wistful voice, Mrs. Berkeley spoke the new and sacred lesson that had come to her own heart in the past weeks.

"Mrs. Mason, I am learning that perhaps God gives us the quiet years to think more and to pray more. We have the time, you see. There's the church. Are you a member?"

"I used to be," softly.

"Well, I don't suppose He has forgotten about that. And Myrta and James, you know what they need. And things will keep coming up. Why, you will be looking out for things first, you know, and watching for answers."

"And it would be right to ask Him make people, some, you know, care for you—love you even."

And Mrs. Berkeley answered softly to the look in the hungry eyes: "The Master spoke so often of love when He was here that He must know how much we need it and long for it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Berkeley, you have put a rainbow right across my path, as my Scotch grandpa used to say," and just then a voice called from the walk: "Why, Mother Mason, is it possible I see you away from home? Well, I am glad. I know it's lonesome for her, Mrs. Berkeley, but there is so much going on, you see, clubs and all. And working, too! Of course I'll get you anything you want when I go down this afternoon. I'd like several sets of those myself. Now I'll help you home," as Nora appeared in the doorway with "dumplings" on her lips. "And I'll bring her soon again. Thank you, Mrs. Berkeley. Of course I'll get you anything. Mother Mason. Jim and I want you to be happy, don't you know?" and it was all so kindly that the lonely heart wondered if answers were already on the way.

After dinner came a rest, but the late afternoon found Mrs. Berkeley again in her porch chair. "I am so delighted. Mrs. Berkeley, to see you again," and Judge Landon's tall, beautiful daughter dropped down beside her. "I want your rule for Sunshine cake; the incomparable, unsurpassable Sunshine cake."

Mrs. Berkeley laughed. "A picnic, my dear?"

Connie's answering laugh was faint. "Small, and select, Mrs. Berkeley. I am invited to take a canoe trip with Benton Farley."

"Cake for how many, then?" Mrs. Berkeley asked. She was thinking hard. "Just two," came the answer hesitantly. Then, with sudden impetuosity she asked, "Is it out of all propriety, Mrs. Berkeley? Do you know Benton Farley?"

"What does your father say, Connie?"

"Father! Why I haven't asked him."

"Why don't you? Probably he knows the young man."

"But, Mrs. Berkeley, father does not seem to mind much what I do."

"Don't believe that, my dear. You have been away five years now since your mother died, changed from a growing girl to full-fledged, and, pardon me, dear, charming womanhood. Through these years your father, alone with the housekeeper, has buried himself in his work to forget all he has lost. You come home—what you are—and having grown so self-reliant, and your father is shy of you. You love him, Connie?"

"Mrs. Berkeley, he is my ideal of everything fine and noble. And you think—why he does look lonesome! I see it now. Thank you, dear Mrs."

"Mrs. Berkeley, he is my ideal of everything fine and noble. And you think—why he does look lonesome! I see it now. Thank you, dear Mrs."

Berkeley. I will throw myself into his arms this very evening with music and cheer, and we'll see."

"You have not got your rule, Connie," Mrs. Berkeley said, as the girl started merrily off.

"I like the one you have given me, Mrs. Berkeley," looking back smiling, "and—and—I have a suspicion it may cut out the other."

That night Mrs. Berkeley sat down before the mirror and looked at herself quizzically. "Sixty-eight years old. A goodly number of wrinkles; quite gray hair; and just past my first day of leisure! Let me see—told the children stories; tried to cheer the helpless; preached a sermon; taught fancy work, and essayed to bring together a father and daughter who were not as well acquainted as they should be, and save her from a young scapegrace not fit to touch the tips of her fingers. Have I really had all these chances before and no time for them? Well, perhaps I had a mistaken idea of a vacation," with a whimsical smile, "and the Lord is going to show me that He does not just mean by it to be laid upon a shelf."

## When the School Bell Rings

FEW of earth's sounds carry more meaning than does the ringing of a school bell. Heard in every clime it is the well understood signal for merry boys and girls to cease their play and apply themselves to study. Whether it be the shrill tingle of a bell held in the hand of a village pedagogue or whether it peals forth from the stately towers of a college dowered with rich traditions, it becomes associated with life's most lasting memories. Whether it summons youth to the few advantages offered by hilltop or frontier schoolhouse or whether it calls them to the inspiring environment and rich equipment provided by many a modern city, it represents the provision of public or private beneficence for the coming generation. The ringing of the school bell in countless places throughout the world contributes constantly to the advance of democracy. It is an instrument of civilization, an unfailing token that man is born not simply to eat and drink, to delve in the soil and sport in the sunshine, but to cultivate his hands, his brain and his heart.

Shakespeare may write about the unwilling schoolboy being driven to his tasks, but we think better of the great mass of children large and little who, during this month, will hear and heed the school bell. Playtime serves splendid uses, but it may easily be unduly prolonged, as more than one parent and teacher can testify. When the checks have become ruddy and a full measure of recreation obtained, the best and in the long run the happiest thing for healthy, growing boys and girls is to turn to books and lessons and the routine and discipline of the schoolroom. Dimly perhaps now do some of them comprehend the value of specific tasks and application thereto, but they do not have to wait long before the prophetic character of what they are doing begins to disclose itself.

Perhaps to a few at least comes early the vision of what it means to earn a place in the greatest of all aristocracies—the republic of letters consisting exclusively of humble and patient learners—while the chance to attain distinction therein carries its own peculiar appeal to ambitious youth. Maybe this very month some boy is attending a district school in Vermont who will be known the world over thirty years hence for some contribution to learning. Maybe in an Idaho institution a girl is studying who, not many decades hence, will have written something that stirred the heart of multitudes.

A transient opportunity it is, however, which the ringing of the school bell offers. Careless school days, bright college years, are proverbially swift in passing. The school stays, the teacher may remain and grow gray in service. But only for a short time does a single generation of students receive the influence of either school or teacher. Once graduated or passed along to another set of influences, they can never retrieve ground lost in the earlier stages. They

may write wise and helpful dissertations on what they would do if they were going again to school or college, but these reflections, while undoubtedly helpful to others, will not recall for them the wasted moments or atone for mistakes and failures. So when to-day's bell sounds remember that it offers to-day's chances only—perhaps your one chance, at least your best chance to become a student, a gentleman, a Christian.

For school life is a process. From year to year, even from month to month, children big and little change. The raw, boisterous youth gradually acquires some measure of self-control; the frivolous girl wakes up to the fact that life is at heart a serious affair. Responding to the many influences of school and college young people change in a manner hardly less marvelous to themselves than it is noticeable to parents and friends. Fortunate are they if during their school years they experience the greatest of all changes—what the theologians call the change of heart, by virtue of which life becomes Christ-centered rather than self-centered. Any school or college deserving of the name will seek to help the ones receiving its instruction not simply to be educated, but to learn what education is for: that it is first and foremost in the interest of character and personality, and that one who covets an education simply that he may be learned or rich, and not that he may love and live the righteous life, is far astray in his idea of what education is.

For there is an eternal distinction between a schoolhouse and a mill, and the ringing of the school bell means something far different from the ringing of the factory bell. The mill takes the raw material given it and produces uniform results in fabrics and other material commodities. But the school takes the human spirit and seeks to train it for the highest uses. And here the perversity or dullness of the pupil may thwart or hinder the purpose of the teacher. That is why we say to young people, that upon themselves, upon the practice of the old-fashioned virtues of punctuality, diligence and obedience will depend in great part the worth of the school to them, and determine whether its product in their case shall be a strong, symmetrical, beautiful personality.

Then ring ye bells of learning! No sweeter sound floats forth on the autumn air. They summon the children of the whole world in this twentieth century of our Lord to enter gladly the open door of a golden yet transient opportunity.

CONGREGATIONALIST  
AND CHRISTIAN WORLD.

## Crutches for By-and-By

"MY young friend, you are fashioning a crutch for by-and-by," said a college professor to one of his students, who was forming the bad habit of using dishonest helps in doing his work. "The time will come when you will find that you cannot walk without it. The result of such methods is to make one incapable, in the end, of doing an honest and thorough piece of work for himself or any one else."

This was a stern arraignment of the young man; but what the professor said was true and just. Every bad habit we form is a crutch for the future. It enfeebles us by depriving us of the power to do right. The dishonest job is a crutch—a poor makeshift for right and fair dealing with others. As the habit of dishonest work grows upon us we lose the power to walk with vigorous uprightness in the pathway of human service.

So it is with every bad habit; it takes away our capability for living rightly. The evil personal habit in time makes us incapable of living normally. With what a wretched crutch the drunkard, for example, has to hobble through life! How he literally chains himself to it, and what a pitiful spectacle he makes in his abject slavery to it!

Crutches for by-and-by—yes, that is just what our bad habits are. Do we realize how surely and tyrannously they make moral as well as physical cripples of us?

ZION'S HERALD.

## We Have Our Choice

It is told of two buckets in an old well-sweep, that one found cause for complaint because no matter how full it came up, it always went down empty. The other found cause for rejoicing because no matter how empty it went down, it always came up full of clear, sparkling water. "Oh, it's coming spring! Summer will soon be here!" exclaimed a young woman on a warm, thawing day in March. "Yes, but after that it will be fall and winter again," wailed another. "I do so hate the sight of these rickety old fences," said one on a drive. Said another, "Just see the roses clambering over them and filling the air with their spicy perfume, and the ivy that will glow with crimson later!"

One who is determined to do so, can always find something to complain about. One who is determined to be cheerful can always find something to delight in. We may have a life glittering with gems of cheering thoughts and beautiful sights if we will; it is ours for the taking.

SELECTED.

## Queer Statements

A LONDON periodical offered a prize for the best collection of unintentionally amusing advertisements. Here is a part of one list:

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come in here."

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim, with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."

"Bull-dog for sale: will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted, an organist, and a boy to blow the same."

"Lost, near Higngate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

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"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

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# THE TREASURY

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Mr. Tiedtke, \$5; Mr. Wick, \$50; Mr. and Mrs. Brown, \$10; Mr. Spear, \$10; Mr. Bing, \$5; Mr. Blakemore, \$5; Mr. James, \$5; Mr. Simpson, \$5; Mr. Belmer, \$5; Mr. Peale, \$5; The Mabley & Carew Co., \$5; Rev. Mr. Crouse, \$2; Dr. Walton, \$1; Mr. Strader, \$1; Mrs. Strobel, \$1; Miss Glaab, \$1; Cash, \$1.50; Mr. Winter, \$25; Cash, \$5; Mrs. Watts and Miss Dunlop, \$5; Mr. Binder, \$2; Mrs. Miller, \$2; Dr. Commier, \$1; Miss Collier, \$1; Mr. Matthews, \$1; Miss Binder, \$1.50; Mrs. Arnold, \$1; Mrs. Dunlop, \$1; Mr. Adams, \$1; Miss Wilson, \$1; Mrs. Wilson, \$1; Mrs. Welsheimer, \$1; Mrs. Main, \$1; Dr. Curtis, \$1; Mr. Wilson, \$0.50; Miss Anderson, \$0.50; Mr. Waddel, \$0.25; Mrs. Brown, \$5; Mrs. Akerman, \$1; Mrs. Prout, \$1; Mrs. Woodbridge, \$1; Mr. Watkins, \$1; Dr. Mitchell, \$1; Mr. Markley, \$1; Mr. Hetrick, \$1; Mr. Pierson, \$0.50; Miss Jones, \$0.50; Mr. Priest, \$0.25; Mr. Robinson, \$0.25; Mr. Kirkpatrick, \$1; Mrs. Reynolds, \$1.25; Mr. Alsdorf, \$1; Mr. Berry, \$1; Mr. Wright, \$0.50; Miss Knisley, \$0.50; Miss Litzenberg, \$0.75; Wilmington First Presb. Church, \$28.75.

#### PENNSYLVANIA, \$281.42.

Mr. Schultz, \$0.30; Mr. Small, \$1; S. C. L., \$1; Mr. Huston, \$25; Cash, \$5; Mr. Schmidt, \$1; Mrs. Nevin, \$1; Mr. Martin, \$5; Estate of P. W. Sheaffer, \$25; Mr. Stewart, \$100; Miss Ricketts, \$5; Mr. Bare, \$2; Mr. Patton, \$10; Dr. Romig, \$1; Mrs. Strong, \$5; Mrs. Becker, \$1; Falls Creek, Beckwoods Presb. Church, \$8.43; Mr. Wagenseller, \$5; Mrs. Kennedy, \$5;

Class 3, Ash Spring S. S., \$2.50; Coraopolis First Presb. Church, \$7.20; Wilkinsburg, First Presb. Church, \$50.24; Pittsburgh, Mt. Washington Presb. Church, \$6; Vandergrift First Presb. Church, \$8.75.

#### RHODE ISLAND, \$10.

Sopbia, \$5; Miss Hazard, \$5.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA, \$1.

Mr. McDowell, \$1.

#### SOUTH DAKOTA, \$30.

Irene, Pastor C. J. Olberg, constituted a Life Member by his three Churches, \$30.

#### WEST VIRGINIA, \$5.

Bishop Peterkin, \$5.

#### WISCONSIN, \$23.

Mr. Schmidt, \$10; Mr. Bacon, \$3; Mr. Knapp, \$10.

#### FOREIGN, \$1.70.

Canada, Mr. Troegel, \$1.70.

#### LEGACIES, \$200.

Glen Gove, N. Y., Estate of Harvey C. Coles, \$200.

#### INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$255.

Income for Missionary Work, \$212.50.

Income payable to Annuitants, \$42.50.

## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to "THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of ..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.

## Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

## The Value of Tracts

A WARM tribute to the value of tract distribution is paid by a correspondent, who writes from Norwich, England, to the Editor of the *Episcopal Recorder* as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: One of the greatest forces in the present day for reviving the churches and the evangelization of the masses is tract distribution. Gospel tracts have been the pioneers of religious movements for the saving of the masses and the uplift of humanity.

"Mr. D. L. Moody, at the World's Fair at Chicago, had half a million of tracts distributed. Wesley, Wycliffe, Whitefield, C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Murray McChesney, Bishop Ryle, and a vast number of those who are prominent to-day in the world's evangelization, all bear witness to the power of tracts.

"John Bunyan's heart was touched by a leaflet written by Martin Luther, and as a consequence the world has the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as a heritage.

"A tract led to Christ one of the best friends of humanity that ever lived.

"In India, much of the blessing is due to the way being paved by tracts being freely distributed in its early history.

"All who will distribute tracts, when they get to heaven will have many joyful surprises.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ARTHUR MEACHEN."

## From Our Subscribers

"Please find enclosed a money order to renew my subscription to your good paper for another year. It grows better all the time, and I enjoy it very much."

"THE AMERICAN MESSENGER contains food for the soul. I get a great deal of help from it."

## For Firemen and Policemen

THE value of the service which is rendered by firemen and policemen in the protection of life and property cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Often this service is rendered at extreme peril, and not infrequently these men sacrifice their own lives in the faithful performance of their duty.

It so happens that firemen and policemen must necessarily spend much time in reserve duty, and during those periods of reserve they have abundant opportunity for reading. Realizing the boon which a good Christian paper must be, one of our friends in Washington, D. C., has for a long time paid for sending a copy of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to every fire house and police station in that city—fifty-four in all. Another friend is doing a similar service in Reading, Pa., and other friends are paying for copies of this paper which are sent to the firemen in other localities.

This is an enterprise that deserves to be carried forward in every city and town where firemen and policemen are found. We make a strong appeal to our readers to follow the example already set, and to forward their subscriptions to pay for the sending of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to the fire houses and police stations in their own localities. Five copies or more will be sent to separate addresses at the club rate of thirty cents apiece. Will you not render this Christian service to the men in your own community, who stand ready to risk their lives in your behalf?

## Free Distribution

A WORKER among the seamen in Vancouver, British Columbia, wrote thus in acknowledgment of a grant of Christian literature furnished by the American Tract Society:

"I write to tell you that I received the tracts all right, and am very much pleased with them. I have distributed a lot already, up the coast, to missions, loggers, miners and all around the city. I will put some on board our mission ship for distribution along the coast. I believe that, accompanied by our prayers, they may be the means of doing much good."

From Pilgrim Church, Nome, Alaska, the following was received:

"The grant of tracts arrived several days ago. Please accept my thanks for sending them without charge."

A friend in Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"Please accept many thanks for the nice, large bunch of tracts. It has made me very happy to come home and find them."

A worker among the immigrants writes:

"I am grateful for your kindness, and am using the tracts you sent."

A Christian woman in Stedman, N. C., writes:

"The tracts received. Many, many thanks. I trust that they may prove a great blessing to many souls."

## Tracts for the Chinese

IN acknowledging a grant of Chinese tracts, sent by the American Tract Society, the recipient writes:

"I want to thank you for the package of tracts received this morning, which I trust the Lord will direct me in distributing, so that they may bring honor and glory to His name. I hope to be able in this way to sow seed in the Chinese homes, as well as among our pupils on Sunday, and so am more than grateful for the uplifting thoughts in their own language."

## American Tract Society

THIS Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel message in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 775,995,849 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$779,287.43, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$21,300.81, being equivalent to 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,548,095.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 233,710; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 77,581, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in seventy years 17,004,116, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,356,367.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary. Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

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## The American Messenger

Is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Sunday School Lessons, Prayer Meeting Topics, and much other interesting and instructive matter. The price is very low, being but Fifty Cents a year, or in Clubs Thirty Cents a year.

## Apples of Gold

Is a delightful paper for the little ones. It is published monthly, but arranged in four page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for Primary Departments and infant classes; attractive pictures; large, clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copy, 30 cts.; five copies to one address, 25 cts. each; ten or more, 20 cts. each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cts. per copy additional.

## Amerikanischer Botschafter

Is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription is Thirty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents, forty or more, Eighteen cents.

## Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is Twenty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents a year.

Send for Sample Copies

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY  
150 Nassau Street New York



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## "Peradventure for the Good Man"

THE most appealing human story that has come out of the mission field for many a long year was told by Secretary Speer in his address before the Assembly at Atlantic City on Foreign Mission Day. Dr. Samuel Cochran, medical missionary of the American Presbyterian Board at Hwai Yuen, China, in the heart of the famine district, had been distributing food to the starving multitudes of the town—dispensing relief sent from America—for several weeks, when he was suddenly stricken deathly ill with typhus fever. As soon as the news went out through the town, a pall of despair settled on the people. Quite naturally the missionaries betook themselves at once to prayer for his recovery. The converts, too, prayed. More than that, the resident Catholic priest sent out commands to all the converts of his church to pray unceasingly for Dr. Cochran's recovery.

But this was not all. The rich gentry of Hwai Yuen had been, until the famine, supremely indifferent to the missionaries. But the famine had opened their eyes. Long before Dr. Cochran fell sick they had realized what manner of man they had among them. And when they heard of the beloved physician's desperate illness, they came together—all the members of the local Chamber of Commerce—and went in solemn procession to a great temple; and there before their idols each man bowed down and offered enough years out of his own life to make up for the whole company a total of fifty years to add to the life of Dr. Cochran.

There were few in the immense audience whose eyes were unwet with tears as, at the conclusion of this recital, Mr. Speer gravely repeated these words: "Scarcely for a religious man will one die: for peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die." It need raise no question whose prayers were answered, since the heathen prayed as best they knew how; but it rejoices the whole Church to know that Dr. Cochran recovered. May he have the fifty added years! THE CONTINENT.

## Hindus on the Pacific Coast

BY REV. A. W. MELL

THERE are now some 4,000 East Indians in the Pacific states, 3,500 in California, and the rest in Oregon and Washington. They first entered the United States from British Columbia, later at San Francisco, but the immigration now has all but ceased.

The opposition of labor has been strong and constant. Two hundred were turned back on one ship. *Hookworm*, said the doctors, but the labor leaders were satisfied.

The East Indians who entered before the opposition became organized drifted southward until the majority of them are now in Southern California; a number as far south as the Imperial valley.

This immigration is a part of the general movement of the Eastern nations toward the betterment of economic conditions. India's millions are toiling under a tropical sun for a mere pittance, earning from four to thirty cents a day. America stands not only as a land of promise to the European immigrant, but to those East Indians who have knowledge of conditions here, and have awakened to discontent.

The majority of those who have emigrated to America are Sikhs from the Punjab in Northwestern India; a few of them are Hindus, some of them are Mohammedans, and a very few, perhaps less than a score, are from the Gujarati Christians.

The Sikhs are among the bravest, most independent and warlike of all the East Indians. They are not idol worshippers. They have been strongly influenced by Mohammedanism. They believe in one God and that He is to be

found in humility and sincerity, and their reverence for their Sikh Scriptures amounts to a worship. They are much more tolerant of Christianity than either the Mohammedans or Hindus, as they believe that truth is found in all religions.

Many of these Sikhs in India were members of England's native army. Some of them have served as policemen in Hong Kong. Having traveled that far, it was not a difficult matter for them to come to America. Practically driven from the cities by the opposition of the labor element, they have drifted to the lumber and railroad camps, and to the farms and ranches of the interior parts of the states. As laborers, not as skillful as the Japanese, nor as enduring as the Chinese, they have been a disappointment in some quarters. They serve best in the sunny fields where conditions are like to their own native land, and in many places their labor is appreciated and in demand.

Kindly, simple-minded and childlike in disposition, they offer a unique opportunity to the churches for home missionary work, but their migratory life and the small and widely scattered units make it difficult for any organized effort on the part of the churches to deal with them, but much can be done by pastors and Christian workers who are interested and alive to the opportunity.

There is always one, or more, in each camp of East Indians who can speak English, and who will gladly interpret a message for them.

A gospel of social service can easily be understood, and we know of none who are more receptive and appreciative of such preaching. ASSEMBLY HERALD.

## Sardis Uncovered

DR. C. C. TRACY, of Marsovan, has made a visit to ancient Sardis and observed the work of his countryman, Professor Butler, of Princeton University, who is uncovering the ruins of that famous city of the past. Already rich "finds" have been made; among them portions of a temple of Artemis, indicating a building of the same stupendous character as those at Ephesus and Baalbec, and an acropolis from whose tombs were unearthed three thousand relics, including utensils, ornaments of gold and precious stones, mirrors, etc. What chiefly impressed Dr. Tracy was the significance of those "Seven Churches of Asia," of which Sardis held one. "When I think of the myriads of various nationality and advanced civilization for whose evangelization these churches were responsible, the messages to the Christian communities occupying the splendid strategic centers fill me with awe. While established amid the splendors of civilization, they were set as candlesticks in the midst of gross spiritual darkness. Did they fulfill their mission?"

One of Dr. Butler's recoveries is the marble throne of the Bishop of Sardis; looking upon it, the message to Sardis recurs to mind. A fact of current history quickened the visitor's appreciation of the word to "the angel" of that church. "Yonder among the mountains overhanging Sardis there is a robber gang led by the notorious *Chakirjali*. He rules in the mountains; no government force can take him. Again and again he swoops down like an eagle out of the sky, in one quarter of the region or another. From time immemorial these mountains have been the haunts of robbers; very likely it was so when the Revelation was written, 'I will come upon thee as a thief.' In each case the message was addressed to 'the angel of the church.' Over every church in the world there is a spirit hovering, as it were—a spirit representing that church and by whose name it can be addressed. The messages are as vital as they were at the first. 'He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.'" MISSIONARY HERALD.

## Christian Literature in India

A GREAT deal has been, and is being, written on "unrest in India," "India's needs," "the awakening of India," and so on, some of which is very well-informed and much to the point, and some of which can hardly be commended. It is, however, all evidence that a movement is taking place in India's life and thought which is of the greatest importance, especially from the point of view of the missionary and the evangelist. For generations, for centuries, Indians have lived a stereotyped unchanging life. Each generation has lived as its predecessor did; and the only reason for much of India's life and conduct has been the past. Children have done as their fathers did, because their fathers did it; and the idea of departing from the practices of bygone days has been regarded as very much of a sacrilege.

The impact of Western civilization and especially of western education has, however, made a difference. The India of to-day is not the India of a hundred years ago. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, but very really, the people of this wonderful land have come to look at things from a different point of view. True, the vast majority remain Hindu or Mohammedan, but their Hinduism in many cases has become modernized, or their Mohammedanism has had its harsh lines softened. Western influences have at any rate to that extent been irresistible.

But what about the gospel? This is an additional influence, and it has brought about its own results. Fifty years ago there were only about 90,000 Protestant Christians in India; to-day they number about a million. Mr. J. N. Farquhar sums up the situation in regard to the Protestant community in India as follows:

1. They are a million strong.
2. They are a most progressive community.
3. They are to be found among all the chief races.
4. They are easily first in female education.
5. They are the finest spiritual force in India.
6. They are growing rapidly in wealth, position and influence.

This means that during the last fifty years the Protestant Christian community has increased ninefold, a very striking and significant fact. But not only is this the case. With the increase of this community there has been an increase likewise in evangelistic activity. An Indian church has come upon the scene with the various activities, perplexities, enterprises and difficulties of church life. A national missionary society exists. It is supported by money raised from Indians themselves, and it maintains a number of workers in different parts of the country. Then again, education is making astonishingly rapid progress both in English and in the vernaculars.

The result is a tremendous demand for literature; and the need is even greater than the demand. The sections of the community educated in English want English literature, those educated in the vernaculars desire vernacular literature. And if the races of India are to be raised, literature they must have. The villager who fulfils the common round and daily task which falls to his lot in his village, the woman who seldom goes outside the precincts of her home, the developing young man whose mind is in process of formation, all present demands and possibilities for a healthy, invigorating, informing literature which must of necessity be inexpensive.

It is to minister to these crying needs that the American Tract Society is sending foreign cash appropriations to many different mission stations in India for the production of Christian literature in the native languages of that great country.

## In Asiatic Turkey

THE last report of the Commissioner on Education contains many statements of interest to the friends of Missions. For example, the report of Consul Masterson, of Harpoot, in calling attention to the rapid extension of the use of the English language among the people of Turkey, declares that the principal agencies in the country to this end are the American missionary colleges, schools and orphanages. Thereupon he lists ten stations of the American Board in Asiatic Turkey, with their educational equipment, and declares that aside from the famous institutions at Beirut, Smyrna, and Constantinople these schools and colleges in the interior of the country, where an outsider scarcely ever comes, are turning out hundreds of scholars each year who have been trained in the English language. THE MISSION FIELD.

## "Faithful Unto Death"

IN the year of the Boxer outbreak some 30,000 native Christians suffered martyrdom rather than deny their Lord. Mrs. Chang, a graduate of the London Missionary Society School, was driven out into the streets of Peking with her little babe and her blind mother. They were separated, and the old blind mother was lost. A Boxer seized Mrs. Chang and her baby, and brought them before a Boxer judge. The place where she stood was slippery with the blood of Christians already slain. The mother clasped her babe to her breast and prayed:

"O Lord, give me courage to witness bravely for Thee until the end!"

The magistrate asked her:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," she replied.

He gave her a stick of incense, saying: "Burn this, and your life shall be spared."

"Never!" she replied.

"Kill her!" cried the magistrate, but she calmly said:

"My body you can kill, and it will be scattered on the ground like these," pointing to portions of dead bodies about her, "but my soul will go to be with Jesus," and so saying, she died with that blessed prospect in view.

## The Influence of a Tract

EARLY in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract on missions, which lay in the room where he sat. On reaching home he spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind. As a result they set out for Ceylon, and later for India, as foreign missionaries. For thirty years the wife, and for thirty-six years the husband, labored among the heathen; and then went to their reward.

Apart from what they did directly as missionaries, they left behind them seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and with their wives, and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work. Already have several grandchildren of the first missionary become missionaries in India. And thus thirty of that family, the Scudlers, have given five hundred and twenty-nine years to India missions.

INDIAN WITNESS.

## A Friend of Peace

A NEW advocate of peace and good-will between the United States and Japan has appeared. The *Friend*, "the oldest paper west of the Rocky Mountains," published in Honolulu since 1843, announces through its manager, Mr. Theodore Richards, five scholarships in the Mid-Pacific Institute of Honolulu free to the young men of Japan for the best essays on the subject, "Friendly Relations Between Japan and America and How They May Best Be Maintained."



## A Suggestion to our Readers

It is the desire of The American Tract Society to add many thousand new names during the coming four months to the subscription list of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

This excellent family paper ranks among the best religious periodicals for the price at which it is offered, and it should be in every household.

We ask our many friends, if they will do The American Tract Society the favor of sending us the names and addresses of those of their friends and acquaintances who, in their judgment, might appreciate a sample copy of the AMERICAN MESSENGER for examination. We believe that there are many who would be glad to have the paper come to them regularly, if they were acquainted with it, and we therefore ask you to introduce the AMERICAN MESSENGER to them in the way suggested.

As we propose to print an extra edition of the October issue, please do not hesitate to send a large list of names. We will appreciate it and thank you very much. Should you prefer, we will send you a package containing several copies of the special October issue, so that you may hand them to friends, accompanying each copy of the paper by a word of commendation. We believe that many of our readers would prefer to do this rather than send a list of names. Please state the number of copies that you can use to advantage. During the month of October many of your friends will be making their selection of reading matter for the coming year, and doubtless they will be glad that you have called their attention to the AMERICAN MESSENGER. If the subscriptions are handed to you, it will give you an opportunity of securing one or more of the beautiful premiums which will be offered in the October issue. Many of our friends in the past have secured choice Christmas gifts in this way. ADDRESS—

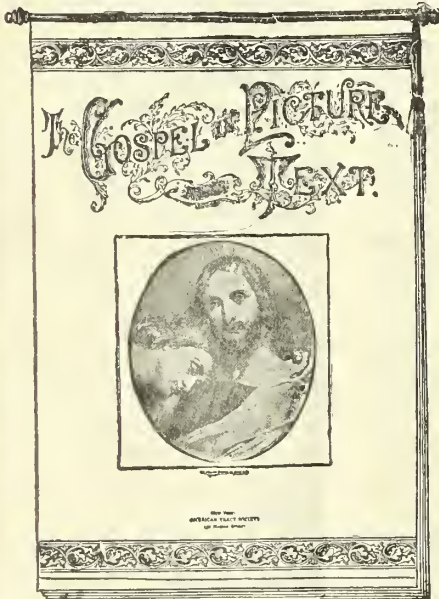
### THE CIRCULATION MANAGER

AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau St., New York City

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Who can measure the extent of silent influence? We refer specifically to the effect which Scripture Wall Rolls, hung on bed-room, parlor, dining-room or kitchen walls, exert over the minds and hearts of the inmates of the home and especially the young. The child takes in as by breathing every day the enlightening, soothing, elevating influence of these silent teachers. Some of God's most powerful agencies in the material realm are the most silent; for instance, the sunshine scattering gladness and life everywhere, illuminating ten thousand landscapes, painting the flowers with many colors and beautifying the cheek of merry childhood. So the silent Scripture Wall Roll, with the beautiful setting which it gives to the carefully selected scripture verses, cannot fail to make a lasting impression for good upon the mind of the reader.

Here is something for both young and old in every family. Many thousands of these popular Wall Rolls have been sold, and no Christian home should be without one.



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A new Wall Roll, with 27 large illustrations. Arranged by Miss K. F. Clark. 27 pp.; size, 25 x 16 inches.

"This Wall Roll deserves the warmest commendation. Every page contains an admirable reproduction of one of Hofmann's exquisite series of Bible paintings. The texts are well selected, and well printed in large, clear type."

"This is the handsomest Wall Roll that we have ever seen, and its quality is in keeping with its appearance." ENSIGN.

Given for only 4 yearly subscriptions to the American Messenger at 50 cents each, or we will give one year's subscription and Wall Roll, postpaid, upon receipt of \$1.30.

### LIGHT on LIFE'S PATH

A selection of passages for every day in the month, with a leading text, elegant large type, and black walnut roller. 32 pp. and cover; size, 20 x 13½ inches.

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Selected by Mrs. Prentiss for daily use. Large Roll, 32 pp. and cover, 13½ x 20 inches. Large, clear, type, easy to read across the room.

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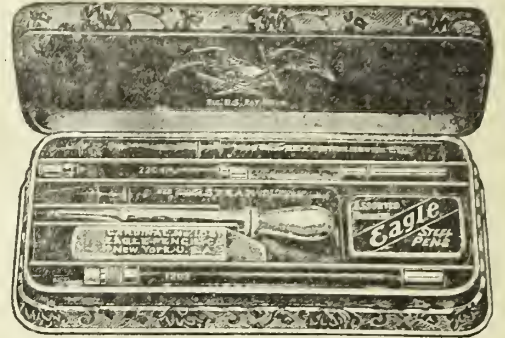
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### The Eagle Russet Assortment

This set consists of

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- 1 Filler for same.
- 1 "SPEAR" Pencil with extra box of leads.
- 1 Magic Knife.
- 1 Rubber Eraser.
- 1 Combination Pen and Pencil Holder.
- 1 Metal Box containing one dozen assorted steel pens.



This premium is just the thing wanted for school work. The box itself is very handsome, being unique in shape and style, with hinged cover and decorated with rich paper in choice colors and fancy designs. This assortment has been particularly designed for gift purposes.

Every boy and every girl reader of this paper should secure one of these beautiful and useful sets by getting THREE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, at 50 cents each. If preferred, we will give ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to the AMERICAN MESSENGER and the set complete for only \$1.30.

As a special inducement we will send to each new subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture "Christ Blessing Little Children" (19 x 24 inches) all ready for framing.

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OF UNUSUAL VALUE

Splendid Pocket Knives are offered as premiums to those who secure new subscriptions for the AMERICAN MESSENGER. These knives are manufactured by the well-known firm of T. F. Curley & Co., of New York City. All blades are hand forged from the best steel. Only the best material and the finest workmanship are used in the making of these knives.

As a special inducement we will send free to each new subscriber a copy in colors of the beautiful picture, "The Good Shepherd," by the celebrated artist, B. Plockhorst, in a size suitable for framing.

### Pearl-Handled Knife

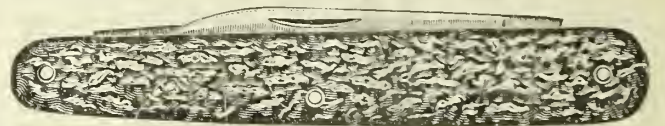


Given free and postpaid for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

The handle is of heavy iridescent pearl. The bolsters and lining are German silver. The two blades are fine English hand-forged steel, carefully tempered and hardened. The large blade is a regular cutting blade and the other is a nail cleaner and file. The Knife is 2¾ inches long. This knife is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

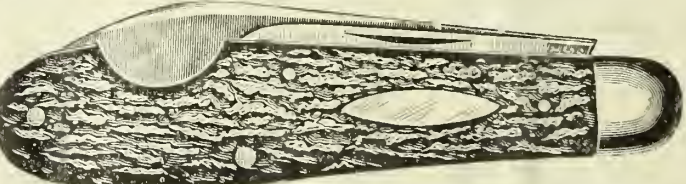
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# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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No. 10



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

H. E. FRITZ



# OUR ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT AND SPECIAL CALENDAR OFFER



THE beautiful Calendar which we offer to the subscribers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the year 1912 is entitled "My Daisy Chain." This Calendar is a work of the finest art and will satisfy the most exquisite taste. It is not offered for sale, but will be furnished only in connection with a full year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at the rate of 50 cents. No charge will be made for the Calendar itself, but all those who desire to receive a copy must remit 4 cents additional (making 54 cents in all) to pay for the packing and postage. Those who subscribe to the AMERICAN MESSENGER in clubs of five or more at the special club price of 30 cents apiece must each remit 10 cents additional in order to receive the Calendar.

The illustration in the center of this page gives but a faint idea of the real beauty of the Calendar itself, which is printed in a rich soft brown or Sepia tint. It measures 15½ inches wide by 22 inches long, and is bound at the top and bottom with brass. The date pad (which does not appear in the illustration) may be easily detached at the end of the year, and the picture will then be ready for framing, thus providing a chaste and permanent adornment for the home.

As past experience has shown that there is a great demand for our Calendars, we suggest to all our friends the advisability of forwarding their subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at once, accompanied by the slight additional remittance to pay for the cost of transmitting a copy of "My Daisy Chain" Calendar. By so doing our readers will be sure to receive the Calendar before the supply is exhausted, and they will also escape the delays likely to happen in the subscription department during the rush of the holiday season.

To all those who are not at present enrolled on the subscription list of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we extend a personal invitation to become subscribers. We ask you to try the paper for the coming year with the assurance that you will greatly enjoy its contents, for it will have a feast of good things in its columns, and among its contributors are some of the most prominent religious writers of the time. By sending in your subscription at once you will receive the special Thanksgiving and Christmas issues for 1911 free.

The Calendar will not be sent unless the subscriber asks for it and remits the additional 4 cents in accordance with this announcement.

Owing to the limitations of our space, we have given but a partial list of our contributors and only a very few of the titles of the articles that are in store for our readers. It must be remembered, however, that it would be impossible to give a complete announcement of all the important features of the coming volume, for the reason that the AMERICAN MESSENGER aims to reflect in its pages the progress of the religious world, and it is beyond any human power to anticipate the developments of the days before us.

## Prominent Contributors

As a special contributor to the AMERICAN MESSENGER we are glad to announce the name of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., the great Evangelist, who has given us the ringing "Call to Service," which forms the leading article in this issue, and from whom we expect other stirring contributions in the months to come.

Hope Daring, the popular writer, has prepared expressly for our columns a splendid serial story, entitled "The Gordons," the first installment of which appears in this number.

Margaret E. Sangster tells "The Secret of a Happy Life" to our readers this month, and next month she will write an article especially appropriate for the Thanksgiving season.

Dr. Francis E. Marsten has given us a fine article for future publication, entitled "Music in the Sanctuary." Cora S. Day has written a touching story, "Lost and Found." Dr. Warren G. Partridge has contributed an interesting account of "Wonders Done for the Blind."

For our Christmas issue, among other interesting features we have two charming stories: "His Mother's Christmas Gift," by Eliza Strang Baird and "The Christmas Dinner," by Sarah N. McCreery.

Among the many other popular and successful writers whom we number among our contributors are Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., John T. Faris, L. M. Montgomery, Chara B. Conant, Katharine Elise Chapman, Miss Z. I. Davis, Frank Walcott Hutt, Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D., Rev. G. Ernest Merriam, Rev. George Shipman Payson, D.D., Hilda Richmond, Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight, Ph.D., the Author of "Preston Papers," Edgar L. Vincent, Howe Benning, Helen A. Hawley, Irma B. Matthews, Frank B. McAllister, and many others.



MY DAISY CHAIN

## Desirable Features

Each issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER aims to present a world-wide outlook upon the progress of the Kingdom and to mirror all the varied activities of the Christian Church. All kinds of Christian effort receive careful attention, while particular notice is given to all branches of the Missionary enterprise.

This paper strives to keep its readers in touch with Christian workers all over the world. A full page is given to "News from the Missionary Field." Due consideration is also given to Evangelistic, Philanthropic and other forms of Christian activity and benevolence.

Realizing the importance of the home, the AMERICAN MESSENGER maintains several departments which are designed to meet the needs of the different members of the household. In "Our Young People" are printed articles for young men and young women. "Our Little Folks" page possesses a perennial interest for the children. In "The Family Circle" appear attractive stories, choice poems, and other articles dealing with topics of vital interest to the home.

The Editorial page deals with the most important things in the religious world, and endeavors especially to set forth the true place of Christian literature in the progress of the race.

In "The Prayer Meeting" page prepared by Rev. Gerard B. F. Hallock, D.D., are found suggestive comments on the Prayer Meeting Topics used by Christian Endeavor and other Young People's Societies. The "Sunday School" page gives an exposition of the Uniform International Lesson by Rev. Henry Lewis, Ph.D.

The AMERICAN MESSENGER is well illustrated and has many other features which make it a most desirable home paper. The record of the past may be taken as an earnest of the future, and it is our aim to make the next volume the best that has ever been published.

## Unsolicited Testimonies to the Value of the AMERICAN MESSENGER

"I look forward to each number as containing valuable soul food, and I am never disappointed. It is always a blessing."

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They will also be entitled to receive a copy of our beautiful Calendar for 1912, "My Daisy Chain," upon the payment of four cents additional for packing and postage.

**AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, NEW YORK**



# The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

## A Call to Service

BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

fire escape five times; four times he came down with a child or woman in his arms; the fifth time he was making for the street with an unconscious woman, when his strength gave out. He staggered and would have fallen but for a comrade who came to his assistance. As the lieutenant reached a fourth story window with one of his assistants who dragged a little girl from the window, the child plead with him to let her go in after her little brother who had fallen unconscious near the window and was being burned to death. The officer sprang through the window, reached the boy and carried him alive to the street. It is a strange thing that such a state of physical distress will nerve a man to such heroic action, while the condition of those who are in spiritual danger all about us seem scarcely to interest us.

### The Enthusiasm of Leadership

There was the enthusiasm of leadership in this story of service for the rebuilding of the walls and the help of the people, for Nehemiah said to the few men, "Come, let us rebuild," and instantly they followed him and the walls rose, stone upon stone, until the whole wall was joined together unto the half thereof. This was because the people had a mind to work, and because each built over against his own house as well as because of the leader they had.

Our leader in the service to which we are called is Jesus Himself. If we are following in His footsteps, we surely must win the victory. If we are possessed of His mind, there is no hardship too severe for us. The sphere in which we toil may seem to us to be very limited and even narrow, but it is a great sphere, if we labor there with the Master. To be true in the home, the shop, the office, the store, is as pleasing to Him as if we were true in the most conspicuous form of Christian service.

"Just where thou art, lift up thy voice,  
And sing the song that stirs thy heart;  
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand  
To lift, to save; just where thou art."

After the battle of Lookout Mountain, when the Federal troops cleared the heights with a dash that was irresistible, General Grant sent to General Wood, and asked, "Did you order that charge?" "No," said Wood. Then to Hooker and Sheridan the same inquiry was put, and from them the same answer was received. The fact was the men were filled with such enthusiasm that nothing could have stopped them. They leaped to the fray to find danger and death, and when the victory was gained they were filled with glad wonder because of it.

When the Church of Christ is filled with such enthusiasm for the conquest of the world, the work will go forward whether earthly leaders give the word of command or not. The service needed to-day must be inspired by love. It was thus that Jesus toiled, and those who follow with Him must be possessed of the same spirit. It is said that when the Russians were ready to build the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg, they laid a map before the Czar. With his pencil the Czar traced the route and gave the order; thus the work was begun and the story of its completion all the world knows. Jesus has called us to a special service. He has marked out the way in which we are to go. Love to Him and love for those for whom He died ought to impel us to move forward and to do it quickly.

Twenty-two years ago Lough Fook, a Chinese Christian, moved with compassion for the coolies in the South American mines, sold himself into bondage for a term of five years and was transported that he might carry the Gospel to his countrymen there. He toiled in the mines with them and preached Christ as he toiled till there were scores of whom he could say as Paul said of Onesimus, "whom I have begotten after my bonds." He lived until he had won nearly two hundred disciples for Christ; these he left behind him, after his death, in membership with the Church. Such service as this, together with the spirit in which it was wrought, is demanded to-day.

We owe our very best to Christ. It is true that our work may seem to us to be faulty enough, but He judges not only what we do but the motive back of it. A party of travelers journeying through Japan a few years ago came upon an old artist in ivories. Among the carvings which he showed was one most exquisite piece, for which he asked a hundred dollars. The price was not at all high for the work, and one of the party at once agreed to take it. Before surrendering it, however, the artist examined it minutely, and the result of the examination was the discovery of a tiny imperfection, which he pointed out.

"That will make no difference," said the traveler. "No one but you would have discovered it; it need make no difference in the price."

"It is not the matter of price," the artist replied. "No imperfect work ever goes from me at any price. I cannot sell you this."

The traveler, incredulous, urged again his plea that none but the artist's eye could have seen the blemish; he even offered a higher price, but to all his arguments the old artist had but one reply—he could not give his name to imperfect work; it was impossible. And from this decision nothing could move him.

### A Summons to Do Our Best

How the spirit of the heathen artist rebukes us! Nothing was allowed to go from his shop that was not the best which he and those working with him could do, but we—what poor, half-hearted, shabby work we allow to bear the Master's name. The Master is calling us to-day to do our best, each in his own way, and in his own field, but all of us should be animated by the same spirit, which is none other than the spirit of Jesus Himself. And to all who labor, reward is promised, here and hereafter. It is an inspiration to serve Him here, but you may see Him yonder, and to hear Him say, "Well done," will be joy indescribable.

All that has been said thus far has to do with the general subject of service, and in whatever field we may be working the spirit animating us must be as has been described above. There is to-day a particular kind of work to which our Master seems to be summoning us. It is known as personal work or to put it more plainly, it is an interest in the salvation of other people.

Not long ago, in an audience numbering one thousand, I put this question to all the Christians present: "How many of you in this audience came to Christ because some one was specially interested in you and definitely appealed to you?" Nine-tenths of all the Christians present rose to their feet to say that they had become Christians because of the special word of their parents, their minister, their Sunday-School teacher, or some special friend.

THE fields are white to-day unto the harvest, but alas the laborers are few. On every side there are wide open doors leading into wonderful avenues for service, but too many are passing by with eyes turned aside and are failing to enter in. There is a spirit of worldliness to-day which is blighting and blasting in its influence, but notwithstanding the fact that these things are true, there is a countless host of people who are in the thick of the fight and who are gaining glorious victories, and others still are going forth as true harvesters for the Master and coming back rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

There is a splendid illustration of successful service given to us in the Book of Nehemiah and in the story of Nehemiah himself. When the cup-bearer to the king heard that Jerusalem was in ruins, he was sad of countenance and heavy of heart. His journey to view the ruins gives a picture of a man consumed with a passion to work a revolution in a city. When he reaches Jerusalem he goes about to view the desolation and tells us that he took only a few men with him. From this little company journeying in the night came the determination to rebuild the defaced temple, the destroyed homes, and the ruined walls.

### A Spirit of Deep Concern

This service began, as all others must, with a deep concern. There is no place for either selfishness or indifference in the church. On the contrary, out of a spirit of concern has grown the greatest movements the Church has known and the greatest awakenings that have blessed the world. Everywhere there is need to-day. On every side there are wrongs to be righted; hearts to be comforted; homes to be blessed, and it is sad indeed that with all our churches and with so many claiming to be followers of Jesus, there should still be so many who are saying, "Oh, that I knew where rest might be found!"

The work which ended in the rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem started with a few. It is not necessary that the whole Church should be aroused in order that a mighty movement for the betterment of society may be started. Nehemiah with his few men began the work in Jerusalem, and a small company of men and women right with God in the Church, the community, and the home, may do His will in such a way as to please Him and bless the multitudes. Is it nothing to you that the call is heard on every side of us?

Some time ago there was a fire in New York. People came to the windows and threw themselves out. Heroes developed at this time. One of the lieutenants of the Fire Department ascended the



Here is a form of work which everybody can do. Some of us would fail, if we were called to preach, and others would not succeed in singing, but all may speak the word to those whom they know or offer the prayer in their behalf which may ultimately result in their conversion. It may be done at any time.

Preaching is a service rendered on special occasions, but on the railroad train, in the street car, in the shop and in the home, the word may be spoken for Christ which will not be without its effect. If we were expected to do this work alone, we might well hesitate to begin it, but He who promised to make us fishers of men said, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." He has promised to equip us with special strength and will not leave us, neither will He forsake us. Let it not be forgotten that there are those who will not come to Christ except some one is specially interested in them. And let it always be remembered that there is no thrill like that which comes to one who has the assurance that he has led another to Christ.

There are certain special requirements as regards the equipment for the soul winner. His life must be right before his fellow-men and before God. He must have a concern for those who do not know Christ. He must know his Bible so as to present the way of life. He must know Jesus intimately so as to be able to present Him to his friend. When we have fulfilled these conditions, He has promised us that victory shall be ours.



### Work Without Haste

BY JAMES ELMER RUSSELL

God does not hurry, and therefore why should man, God's child, hurry? Everything in God's world moves, and frequently the motion is incredibly swift, but there is no unseemly haste nor hurry. Steadily the stars move round their orbits. Seed-time and harvest come on schedule time, but they cannot be hastened. The corn grows steadily—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. It is only man who becomes excited, and fumes and frets. God works easily without haste, and by every means He tries to teach man to do the same. God would guard men against hurry and friction, with their resulting poor work, broken health, indigestion and bad temper.

We need to read more often Matthew Arnold's familiar sonnet, which speaks of the swift earnest work and the repose of spirit to which God in nature calls us.

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity,—  
One lesson of two duties kept at one

"Of toil unsevered from tranquillity:  
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

"Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone."

The secret of keeping one's spirit in repose has never been better expressed than in that striking word of Isaiah, "He that believeth shall not make haste." As Dr. George Adam Smith points out, the word here translated "haste" is an onomatopoeic word, like our word "fuss." A man who is in a fuss, who is fevered, and panic-stricken is the man who is in haste. And of this man Isaiah says that if he will believe, if he will have faith, his hot panting, frantic spirit shall give place to calmness.

Said a busy worker, "I'd be a better woman, if time could be bought in the open market. I could do so many good, kind things and keep my spiritual slate so much cleaner, if I only had a little more time."

"Still," said her mother, "we have all the time there is." Such a remark is sufficiently axiomatic, and yet we need to remind ourselves of its truth over and over again. Our times are in God's hand, and He who watches over our lives never assigns to us any more tasks than He gives us time to perform, unhurried.

The greatness of Jesus is indicated in the fact that He was never in a hurry. With the sick, the sorrowing, and the needy calling Him, yet He would not cross the threshold of His public ministry until his hour was come. His faith in the guidance of His Heavenly Father was absolute, and He never rushed ahead of the divine leading.

# "THE SECRET PLACE"

By Rev. J. H. Jowett, D. D.



We live in very jostling times. We are pushed and hustled and elbowed on every side. The crowd is always about us, the heedless, careless, competing multitude. The quieting genius of privacy has been almost banished. We are greatly rushed, and we greatly need "the secret place."

How prone we are to become hot and feverish, to lose the coolness of our judgments, to grow hasty and irritable in temper, and to have our passions heated like an oven! Modern life has become very inflamed. We are not only working at high speed, we are working with friction. It is not only the collision of man with man, of interest with interest, which generates this perilous heat; it is still more the collision within, the lack of smoothness in the inner life, the grinding of power against power, of conscience against will, of will against conscience, and of the entire being against the besieging Presence of the eternal God. And thus our life is very heated, and therefore very wasteful, and we are in urgent need of some generous ministry which can adjust our beings, reduce our friction, and make our spirits cool. Well, I think there is the statement of all we need in this glorious portal to this stately and venerable psalm: for our hustling, crowded life we are offered "the secret place"; for our heated and overwrought spirits we are offered "the shadow of the Almighty."

Now the words appear to have a natural division into two parts. The one part is the statement of a certain condition: "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High." The other part is the statement of an issue, consequent upon the fulfillment of the condition: "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

### A Reasonable Condition

I want in the present meditation to look at the condition. It must be something we can do or it would never be imposed. Our God is reasonable, and He deals reasonably with His children, and the conditions of a severe yet vigorous life are placed reasonably within our reach. It is therefore within our power to "dwell in the secret place of the Most High."

Now let us inspect the particular words in which the condition is expressed. We are to "dwell" in "the secret place." Here the word "dwell" implies settledness as opposed to vagrancy; it suggests the contrast between a stable home and a shifting tent. It is a word used to express the "settling down" in life at the time of marriage; the flirtings are over, the wandering thoughts and affections have found their nest and their rest. Caprice has changed into constancy; the uncertain voyagings have ended in harbor; we are to "dwell," to make our settled home, in "the secret place of the Most High."

Now a man's real home is not where his body is, but where his thought abides. Yes, our real home is to be found in the chief resting place of our thoughts. There are many young people reading these words who have a very ready proof of what I say. Their body houses itself in lodgings in the city, but their home is the beloved circle to which their thoughts turn with fond and restful desire. Yes, our real home is the dwelling place of our thoughts. And therefore we can understand the significance of the apostle's words when he said, "Our citizenship is in heaven." That was the anchorage of his thought and desire, the fountain of his inspiration, the birthplace and the bourn of his loftiest and deepest ambition. His home was in things above because his mind was set on things above. Even now he was "at home with the Lord." We dwell where our thought abides. Our vagrant thought is not suggestive of our home; it is where thought settles that we find our chief abode.

The terms of the conditions are therefore these, that we dwell in the secret place, that our thoughts and desire abide in the secret place of the Most High. And what would that figure of "the secret place" mean to the Psalmist? I am inclined to think that the figure is taken from the arrange-

ments and appointments of the Temple. There was the vast outside world stretching on every side beyond the Temple walls. Then there were the outer courts of the Temple. And then there were the inner chambers and precincts. And in the uttermost interior there was the holy place, the secret place, the mystic abiding place of the eternal God. And every Jew thought reverently and almost awfully of that secret, silent place where God dwelt between the cherubim. He turned toward it, he worshiped toward it, his desire moved toward it; it was the mysterious center of his adoration and service. And that arrangement and apportionment of the Temple became to the Psalmist the type and the symbol of human life. Life could be all outside, or it could spend itself in outer courts, on the mere fringe of being, or it could have a secret place where everything found significance and interpretation and value in the mysterious fellowship of God. That to me is the primary meaning of life in "the secret place"; it is life abandoning the mere outside of things, refusing to dwell in the outer halls and passages of the stately temple of being, and centralizing itself in that mysterious interior of things where "cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

### The Snare of To-day

And so we may see the modernness of the counsel and its immediacy to our needs. Never were men more tempted to live their lives in the outer courts of things and neglect or forget the central shrine, the habitation of sovereignty and holiness and peace. We are tempted to live in the shows of things, and not in the hearts of things themselves. We are tempted to build a house of incidents and omit the essentials. Am I not transcribing the modern temperament, the modern peril, and the modern experience? Is it not true that our danger is to prize the husk and throw away the kernel, to emphasize the living more than the life, to pass our days in the streets of existence, and miss the mysterious, deepening glory of its innermost room? The snare of to-day is the neglect of the secret place.

Mark how all this is illustrated in our manifold relationships. Take commercial relationships. There are vast outer courts in commerce, secular and profane. The money changers, and the dealers in sheep, oxen and doves may barter and quarrel in the outer courts, cheating and being cheated, utterly oblivious of the secret place, unmindful of the God who standeth close within the shadow, making judgment of His own. A man may dwell in the outer courts of business, with no thought of rectitude. Such may be called *living*, it cannot be called *life*. It is activity in the outsides of things; it misses that hallowed communication in which even business finds its crown.

Or, again, take my own calling, the relations of the ministerial office. Again there are vast outer courts separated by only a low veranda wall from the ordinary domain of the world. The wall is only a fictional barrier, a pretence of separation which is no valid defense. In those outer courts the ministerial office may do its work, trafficking for money, bartering for applause, tricking the crowd by prophesying things good and easily attained, and altogether unmindful of that secret place of cloud and darkness, where the minister can alone gain his authority, by which alone he can handle the hallowed scepter, and from which alone he can gain his reward. A minister, as every minister knows, and as the devil delights to know, can wander about, or run about, in the outer courts of his business, and have no intimacy with its innermost room, even "the secret place of the Most High."

Or take our social relationships. How tempted we are to live in the vast outsides, in the cold chilling outskirts of social communion! We live in forms and formalities, in ceremonies and courtesies, in the outer halls of etiquette, and not in that secret place where society is hallowed and transfigured into the family of God.

(Continued on page 174)



# THE GORDONS By Hope Daring

## CHAPTER I

### LOCUST LANE



LEANOR! I say, Eleanor! Have you laid out my clothes for me?" Eleanor Gordon stood in the back door of the hall which divided the lower floor of Locust Lane, her farmhouse home. From the back of the house the ground sloped upward, the rise being one of the foothills which skirted the mist-wreathed Blue Ridge Mountains. The woman's eyes went wandering over the fields, gay with the vivid green of the springtide, as she said:

"No, Hugh. I did not know that you wanted them."

"Did not know! If that isn't just like a woman! I reckon you might have known, if you had any sense. Hurry up now, and get them ready, for I must catch the train."

Sighing under her breath Eleanor turned and entered a room which opened from the hall. This was known in the household as "mother's chamber." Her husband, a heavily built man with a flushed dark face, followed her.

"I wish you'd hurry a little, Eleanor," he said in an impatient tone.

She glanced at the clock on the mantle as she crossed to the closet door. "There is plenty of time. Hugh, where are you going?"

It was a moment before he replied: "I am going away on business for a day or two, possibly to Richmond. And listen, Eleanor!"

Mrs. Gordon laid a suit of clothes on the bed and then turned to take a clean shirt from a drawer as she asked, "What is it?"

Hugh Gordon flashed a quick glance at his wife. She was tall and slender, carrying proudly erect her head upon which was a coronal of shining chestnut braids. Her fair face showed strength of character, but there was upon it a wistful expression which was heightened by the appealing glance of her blue eyes.

"Eleanor, Burns says he will take Locust Lane and give me twelve thousand dollars for it. That's a good price, considering how the old place has run down. I told him he could have possession in two months."

Mrs. Gordon carried one of the shirts to the bed, then walked to a side window and stood still, looking out. Her husband went on, plainly trying to cloak his nervousness by an assumption of bustling authority.

"I'll settle you and the children in Morrow, while I look about. It may be that I will go into business in Richmond. To think that I have wasted fifteen years of my life on a farm!"

Eleanor faced about. She was pale, but her eyes and voice were steady. "Hugh, Locust Lane is mine, my inheritance from my father. It is not to be sold."

"Now I reckoned you'd make a lot of fuss," and he tried to laugh carelessly. "No use of that, Eleanor. I have told Burns that he can have the place."

"Fortunately for me and our children, you cannot sell it; Doctor Vincent did his duty as my guardian too well to permit that. Hugh, when I married you, Locust Lane was valued at twice what you are now offered. The farm was well stocked and the house furnished. I doubt if you had three hundred dollars when you came here. You badgered me into selling one hundred acres of the land, and the money received for it you squandered, all save five hundred dollars that I put aside, to help towards the children's education. You have tried to get me to mortgage the farm, and I have refused."

Hugh Gordon's face was purple with rage. "If you know when you are well off, my lady, you'll never dare go over that rignarole again. Belongs to you! Aren't you my wife?"

Unflinchingly her gaze met his. Into her eyes had come a curious, flame-like gleam which might have warned Hugh Gordon not to go too far. "I am your wife, at least in name. I am the mother of your children."

"Now what do you mean by saying that your're my wife in name?" he demanded with an oath.

"To me, wifehood should mean something sacred. A wife should look to her husband for honor and love."

"I reckon you'll get something you were not looking for, if you make trouble about this sale. Why don't you want to sell the farm?"

"I love the home that has been in my father's family for generations. Then the farm is the sole means of support that I have for myself and my children."

"You fool! Don't you know I'd invest the money so it would bring in a good income?"

"Hugh, I cannot trust you with that money. Several times of late you have spent the proceeds of a single crop in a spree. While I live I shall keep Locust Lane. I have already made my will, so that, in case this life wears me out, the farm will be kept for the children's support."

The man was mad with rage. He raised one hand threateningly. "If you dare thwart me in this, I'll kill you. And I'll make you suffer through the children. You may think yourself too good to have Hugh Gordon for a husband, but you shall have sons just like him."



SHE LOOKED ACROSS THE SCENE SPREAD OUT BEFORE HER

Eleanor turned and left the room. Had she stayed she must have given expression to the fierce anger that possessed her, and, even in that moment, she did not lose her sense of self-respect. Many humiliations had been heaped upon her by the man whose name she bore, but the hardest of all was when he threatened to make his sons and hers like himself.

Out in the hall she stood still. On the opposite side was the dining-room, and in front of that the sitting-room. Lill, the negro woman employed about the house, was sweeping there. Eleanor took refuge in the parlor, which was in front of her own chamber. She sat down and gave herself up to thought.

An only child, she had grown up at Locust Lane, well trained and well beloved. Her education had been begun at the little country schoolhouse which stood upon the farm. When she was fifteen, her parents had died within a few weeks of each other. She had had four years at a good boarding school. Soon after leaving school she had met Hugh Gordon. On her twentieth birthday she had married him, believing him to be the soul of truth and honor.

Her disillusion had come about gradually, or she could not have endured it. At first Hugh had laughed at her scruples, and then ignored her wishes. He had neglected the work of the farm. She had pleaded with him, prayed for him, and sought to hide the tragedy of their lives from the world and especially from their children. Had she grown indifferent?

"No, it is not that," she thought. "I have drifted trying to forget all save my children. In this matter I will stand firm. To do so is my duty to my boys and to little Laurel."

Suddenly she sat upright, a tense look upon her face. Her first duty was to her children, but what of her duty to Hugh Gordon? A hot flush colored her face as she recalled his neglect, his unexplained absences and his dissipation.

"Still he is my husband. God help me!"

A noise outside roused her. Looking from a window, she saw Hugh preparing to mount his horse. A realization of their lives, divided in interests and aims, swept over her. She would not sell Locust Lane, she would not come down to his level, but she need not let him ride away with the memory of her fierce anger fresh in his mind. Eleanor passed out through the hall, ran down the steps and across to where her husband stood.

"Hugh, we were both to blame for the anger of a moment ago. We do not think alike about life, but for the children's sake—"

He interrupted her roughly. "Stop that rot! I'm tired of hearing about the children. Do you consent to the selling?"

"No. Hugh, let us go to work to bring Locust Lane back to its old productiveness and beauty. Be a man. I will overlook the past, and we will begin life anew."

A mocking laugh broke from his lips. "I don't want to begin life anew, not with you. I am going away for a good time, going with a woman for whom I care more than I do for you. When I come back, I'll make you consent to the sale of the farm. If you push me too far, I'll kill you and ruin your children."

He leaped upon his horse and rode away. Eleanor walked back to the house and, sitting down upon the steps that led up to the front veranda, she looked across the scene spread out before her. In her overwrought state of mind she looked intently, as if she were gazing upon the familiar sight for the first time.

Locust Lane Farm contained three hundred acres of fertile land. From the front of the house the ground sloped gently down to the hill-enclosed valley, where stood the little town of Morrow. This, notwithstanding its limited size, was a quaint, aristocratic place, its chief feature being a fine college. A river crossed the farm and passed through the town. The farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile back from the public highway, and the private road that led back to it was bordered on each side by a row of graceful honey-locusts. Several of those trees grew around the grounds, and there were also pines, oaks, hollies, and a magnificent magnolia. One side of the house was mantled with a heavy growth of ivy. The grounds were extensive but neglected, and the big kitchen stood a little way from the house. A honeysuckle hedge and a double row of fruit trees shut off the view of the barns.

"It is home," Eleanor Gordon said, in her abstraction speaking aloud. "This home shall not pass away from us, but have I strength for the battle that I must wage with Hugh?"

She dropped her face in her hands, faint and sick as she recalled the coarseness of her husband's parting words. And he had threatened to make the children like him—her three fine sons and one fair little daughter.

Eleanor Gordon raised her agonized face, gazing straight up into the soft blue sky that arched over the peaceful scene. "Help me, O God! Help me save my children from this awful fate!" she cried.

A little later she went into the house, making her way to her own room. She threw herself upon the couch that stood at the foot of the bed and began to cry. It was as if her habitual courage and determination had slipped away from her; she shrank with an unutterable dread from what the near-by future was to bring her.



An hour went by. Eleanor lay still until there came a rap at the door, and Lill's voice asked:

"Miss Eleanor, will Mr. Hugh be home to dinner?"

Eleanor sat up, glancing at the clock. In fifteen minutes the children would be home from school. Rising to her feet she said:

"No, Lill. Make me a cup of tea, and bring in a pitcher of milk for the children."

She bathed her face, doing all in her power to obliterate the traces of tears. Her gingham house dress was crumpled, and she replaced it with a fresh navy-blue cambric. Even as she fastened her white linen collar with a bit of cardinal ribbon, there came a sound of laughter, and light footsteps came trooping down the hall. A girl's sweet, shrill voice called:

"Mother! Queen mother, where are you?"

A little later Mrs. Gordon sat at the dinner table with her children. She could not eat, but, as she sipped her tea, she studied their faces, trying to see therein something that would dissipate the fear which their father's words had roused.

The oldest, Dean, had been named for his mother's family. He was fourteen, fair, large, and active. Dean was a willing worker and a good student. He was easy-going unless roused by some responsibility or need. Then he was capable of great and sustained exertion.

Felix, at twelve, was small and slight. His thin face was dark, his greatest attraction being a pair of beautiful, long-lashed brown eyes. Felix was a dreamer, soon tiring of any task or study. Eleanor knew that he was the most talented one of her children.

The only daughter of the house was eight. Laurel was plump and fair, her features much like those of her mother, although her eyes were dark. She was a little slow but most patient, domestic, affectionate, and fond of mothering even her older brothers. Laurel had a sweet voice and was fond of music.

John, the youngest, was seven. He had dark eyes and sunny hair, like his sister. His was the sweetest disposition in the family; love ruled him. He was not strong-minded, and his mother dimly realized that what seemed his crowning grace might prove his undoing.

(To be continued.)

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## The Art of Living

BY I. MENCH CHAMBERS

THIS is a large world and each soul has its little world in it. That personal world is a real and an important place to fill. No one can fill your world but you, and you can fill it but once, and that is now. You shall not pass this way again. Each day closes its own accounts, and neither inward turmoil nor tears can alter the result of your voluntary life.

Your responsibility begins and ends here in this world of yours. You have a place which is vested with a supreme dignity. The Lord from heaven came this way, and took His place in our world and there met the conditions with which we must contend. He took up our problems, and solved each one of them once for all. He left the human race a Gospel and an example. He laid the emphasis upon the things of importance. God has been nearer us as our Father since Christ was here, and our world is illumined by a different light since He walked over our path. We now go down into our world with a new feeling and purpose, and have gotten away from all doubt as to the final issue. We see that the victory may be ours through Him, if we live together.

When a man confesses that he loves God, he is then conditioned to meet his relations both with his God and fellowmen aright. You must conquer yourself in your world, if you are to win. God is love and love is the only solvent. All questions and relations are answered and illumined by it, and nothing is settled aright and permanently until love does it.

The great commandment of the Master is the solution of the true life. This will help men to walk along the path of the Golden Rule. All social relations and duties growing out of society in our relationship with men must be met in a genuine spirit of love.

Your world is not altogether a creation of your own, neither is it an accident. It is presided over by God. His providence surveys it, and His sovereign will disposes the issues and concerns with which you have to deal. You are His friend, and He is yours. You work together.

We must meet our personal obligations to our age and those about us. No one can be independent of this. There are no class distinctions with God. You must serve where you are placed and as you are blessed. Then try within your world to live helpfully. Endeavor to do this daily from Christ's point of view. He had compassion, heart, and fellow feeling for others, and in going about doing good He found His greatest joy. He has left you this heritage, and you will find it in your little world. His joy will come to you out of the tedious concerns and commonplace duties of the day. From these holy places you will be laying up treasures in heaven, if in word and deed you try by God's grace to live helpfully. Approach life prayerfully. Let love take every initiative. Live among men with the thought that as you touch their needs you will be to them a friend from God.

Make your world continually a better place. Let it be a new and larger source of power, of blessing and good cheer for others. Live for everybody to whom you can in any wise do good. Utilize every grace and opportunity to bring in the Kingdom of God. This will mean universal righteousness and brotherhood. Try to get the right measure of your place and endowment. God has thought of you as being identified with large interests. This is testified to in the furnishings of your life. Rise and begin to live vitally.

## What We Shall Be

By Z. I. DAVIS

*By faith the future we but dimly see;  
It doth not yet appear what we shall be.  
Our eyes are holden and we cannot know  
The triumphs waiting those who serve below.*

*Sometimes we feel the angels hover near  
From that bright land that holds our treasures dear,  
In dreams we see their stainless robes of white,  
And think with joy of Heaven's fadeless light.*

*We know with God we shall be ever blest,  
In Him from pain and sin forever rest.  
Throughout eternity's unbroken years,  
The Father's hand shall wipe away our tears.*

*A little way is all we have to go,  
Though days seem years, when overborne with woe,  
And ere we think our journey well begun,  
The veil is lifted and our race is run.*

*By faith we hear the Saviour's voice of love,  
We see the hand that beckons from above,  
And in the glory God hath said shall be,  
In Christ we yet shall reign eternally.*

Christ's influence over you is the power of Christ in you. This does not mean superficial or formal goodness. It means genuine Christlikeness in an unfolding Christian character.

A plain man was laid to rest after the passing of eighty beautiful and busy years, in which he gave the genuine God-touch to young and old within his limited world. He had brought God in all the brightness and wholesome qualities of a good life in touch with that of his generation. Now the work was over. No one was present who did not mourn his departure. Not one word could be said except that he had unselfishly and beneficially lived for others. The great commandment of his Lord had been constantly fulfilled in act and word, and his life had grown to be a divine benediction.

The saddest experience in this world is to live and die unloved, to reach the end, isolated from mankind by selfishness; to abide cold and unsympathetic. Many there are who thus fill their world, and go out into the next over this dark and dismal road.

"The secret of being loved lies in being lovely," says one. The crown of life is the loveliness which Christ's love imparts to those who in their world open the door of the heart daily for His glad in-coming.

## "The Secret Place"

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

(Continued from page 172)

Or take the supreme relationship—the relationship of our religious life. How mighty is the temptation to live in the vast outsidings of our religion! How disposed we are to remain in the outer courts! When we confess, to make the confession of a creed rather than to offer the evidence of a faith; when we worship, to think more of the music than we do of the theme; when we pray, to remain in the cold passages of posture and pretence instead of stepping humbly into the awful, awe-inspiring Presence of the incorruptible God. That is our peril—to live in the outsidings of things, and therefore really not to live at all; it is no more life than it would be home to sit down in the porches of our houses, and never enter the sweet, inner living-room of happy fellowship, and music, and liberty, and joy. "This is life, to know thee"—to know Thee in business, in the ministry, in society, in religion—to dwell in "the secret place of the Most High."

And how did the Psalmist seek to dwell in "the secret place"? I think, again, he would find his guidance in the ways and ministries of the Temple: the Temple methods and moods would give him the principles of his life. How did he seek the fellowship and the favor of the secret place in the Temple?

### The Spirit of Reverence

First of all, by reverence. There was to be no tramping in the sacred courts. He was to move quietly as in the presence of something august and unspeakable. And that is the very first requisite if we would dwell in "the secret place"—the reverent spirit and the reverent step. The man who strides through life with flippant tramp will never get beyond the outer courts. He may get on, he will never get in; he may find here and there an empty shell, he will never find "the pearl of great price." Irreverence can never open the gate into the secret place.

### The Spirit of Sacrifice

And the second thing requisite in the Temple ministry to any one who sought the fellowship of "the secret place" was the spirit of sacrifice. No man was permitted to come empty-handed in his movements toward "the secret place." "Bring an offering, and come into his courts."

And in that Temple ministry the Psalmist would recognize another of the essential requisites if he would dwell in "the secret place." That offering meant that a man must surrender all that he possesses, of gifts and goods, to his quest of the central things of life. For there is this strange thing about the straight gate which opens into "the secret place": it is too straight for the man who brings nothing; it is abundantly wide for the man who brings his all. No man deserves the hallowed intimacies of life, the holy tabernacle of the Most High, and does not bring upon the errand all that he is, and all that he has. Life's crown demands life's all.

### Prayer and Praise

And other Temple ministries in which the Psalmist would find principles of guidance would be the requirement of prayer and praise. "Sing unto the Lord a new song!" Such was to be one of the exercises of those who sought the grace and favor of the holy place. They were to come wearing the garment of praise. And therefore the Psalmist knew that praise was to be one of the helpmeets by which he was to possess the intimacies of "the secret place." And still praise is one of the ministries by which we reach the central heart of things, the hallowed abode where we come to share "the secret of the Lord." And praise is not fawning upon God, flattering Him, piling up words of empty eulogy: it is the hallowed contemplation of the greatness of God, and the grateful appreciation of the goodness of God. And with praise there goes prayer, the recognition of our dependence upon the Highest, the fellowship of desire, the humble speech which co-operates in the reception and distribution of grace.

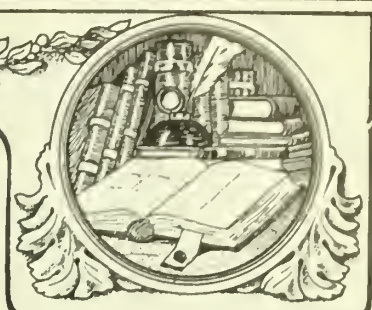
I know no other primary ways by which we reach "the secret place." We reach it by habitual reverence, by the surrenders of sacrifice, and by the quickening ministries of prayer and praise. So shall we dwell "in the secret place of the Most High."





# THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



IN the wide world there is no one who does not wish to be happy. Most of us are happy much of the time; a few of us seldom capture happiness, or, having captured it, we let it fly away from our grasp. The secret of happiness may be stated in a phrase which means a deal and yet is sufficiently short to be easily remembered—"to be contented with one's environment."

When we were children, we wrote in our copy-books "Contentment is better than wealth." Contentment is really better than any external or accidental thing that belongs to daily living. It is the serene serenity of the soul. We are familiar with illustrations of discontent, and examples of it are not far to seek. The man whose shoes are worn, whose coat is threadbare and who knows not how to turn, so beset is he by hard fortune, with envy on his fellow-man who is famous in the market-place, whose name is a synonym for success, who goes where he will on land or sea, and who never has a single anxiety as to ways and means. Yet, the latter often has a worm at the heart of his luxury, has ill health or insomnia, discontentment or regret, that makes him in turn the poorer man. Not one of us can read the old books of other lives. Every life has its own essence, its reserves, its secrets kept behind lock and key. Contentment with one's environment is the largest and highest meaning of the term that lead to a happy life. Yet, such contentment is ignoble.

Contentment that springs from apathy, laziness or inertia is contemptible rather than admirable. When Tennyson tells us of "tears from the depth of some divine despair," we are aware of stirring in the soul toward something that lies onward, that is fine and splendid, attainable only by struggle, and the prize of those who come in a stubborn contest.

The secret of a happy life is complex. No single word can fully define or describe it. Those who live with radiant faces in which there is tranquility that withstands the changes of the day, have the plummet deeper and taken stronger hold of the realities of living than those who are merely contented.

## Faith the First Element

There is no happiness without repose. There is no repose without faith. The human heart is but a rock of refuge, to which it may turn.

In our day we see a good many mistakes made by people who misinterpret faith, who speak of it as a novelty and confuse it with foolishness. Thus one may often hear an otherwise sensible person declaim against the use of remedies, the affirmation being seriously made that if one has sufficient faith, one may ignore all malady, every malefic germ, every result of disease and abide in unbroken health from youth to old age. The sort of faith that divorces itself from reality is as dead in this direction as in any other. Health is indeed within the reach of most people, who understand and obey its laws, but when attacked it, faith is not incompatible with the aid of the medical profession. Our Lord Himself when on the earth healed the sick, gave the blind their sight, restored the deaf and cast out devils. He was continually the Healer in the three wonderful years when He taught with authority, wrought miracles and went everywhere doing good.

Men and women who adorn the noble profession of the physician in our modern civilization are walking in the footsteps of the Master. To the sick bed they bring something of His spirit, and is scarcely too much to say that they almost perform the delicate and daring surgery of the soul to work miracles. Faith in Jesus Christ is incompatible with the use of means in ill-

ness. Faith in the love of the heavenly Father should not be limited by our earthly range of vision.

The social fabric would fall to pieces in a single hour if we did not exercise faith as constantly as we draw breath. We step into a railway train with faith in the company that sold us a ticket, faith in the conductor, our fellow-passengers and the engineer. We purchase goods across a counter and pay for them in cash, in the meantime putting our faith in the merchant who sells the goods to us. Faith enters into the consumption of our food, into our intercourse with friends and neighbors; in brief, into every business enterprise and every social pleasure. Faith in one another, in the dear love of our kindred, in the good intentions of those we meet and pass and, above all, faith in the God above us is the foundation stone of happiness.

## What is Faith?

The Scriptures tell us that it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Our Lord said to His disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." He assured us that every little as well as every great thing should be taken to God in prayer, for He said: "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." Any one who can live from moment to moment in unbroken trust has found the most important secret of a happy life.

"Build a little fence of trust  
Around to-day;  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay;  
Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow.  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow."

To be complete, faith must be free from foreboding. To dread what the day may bring forth is to discount the love of the One who watching over us never slumbers or sleeps. Sorrow may yet befall us, but it shall be in the line of God's appointment, and He who sends the cloud will send the sunshine, too.

Because in a day of my days to come  
There waiteth a grief to be,  
Shall my heart grow faint or my lips be dumb  
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,  
Like a pulse-beat, threaded through  
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain  
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest field shall I cease to glean,  
Since the bloom of the spring has fled?  
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,  
Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom Ill with the warning hand,  
Nay, ghosts of the weary past,—  
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand;  
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,  
But as bright the sun shall shine;  
For I walk in the light ye cannot pall,  
The light of the King divine,

And whatever He sends from day to day,  
I am sure that His name is Love;  
And He never will let me lose my way  
To my rest in His home above.

## The Influence of Little Things

To be really happy one must keep the child-heart. "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." "The kingdom of heaven is within you." When one can no longer find pleasure in the daily routine, in the small jests and sparkling fun befitting the home

table, in the letter of a friend, in a new book, in a bit of talk with a neighbor, or in a trivial incident, one has lost the spontaneity that belongs to childhood.

Whoever can hold fast to youth all the way on to old age has caught the secret in large measure of happiness. Those who feel and behave as though life were without flavor, when it is pursuing its commonplace tenor, are objects of compassion. In the ordinary schedule of the day there is room for much happiness. As President Jordan has said: "To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not criticism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward weakness and misery."

## Words and Looks

Many good people forget that words may wound and that the wounds may leave a scar. If they remembered this, they would avoid the hasty word, the fretful or ill-considered word, the angry and satirical word and the impulsive word that hurts when it does not mean to. In the Fool's Prayer Edmund Roland Sill has a stanza worth repeating.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend."

To think before we speak would add happiness to our own breasts and augment the happiness of those around us. It is so easy to say "Yes" to a child's request, instead of "No," and yet far too often a thoughtless "No" eclipses the gaiety of a child's day. There is no sentiment so much abused as that of sympathy with children. Men and women absorbed in their own affairs do not recall the days of their morning in life, when a trifling joy filled the cup to overflowing and a small disappointment brought a heartache.

It is a duty that we owe to the rising generation to make its formative period joyful, because if the habit of happiness be firmly established in youth, it will stand much wear and tear in later life. The secret of making a home happy is condensed into a single word, unselfishness. Those who find fault at the table, sharply criticize one another, are coldly silent when they should show enthusiasm and apparently prefer jarring chords to melody, not only kill the happiness of the circle, but effectually destroy their own. No feeling of spiritual agony is so acutely poignant as remorse, and it comes to pass, particularly in the after-experience of the strong that the weakness they manifested when they showed ill-temper at home is the source of anguish in times of bereavement.

## Happiness Through Love of Nature

Our Father in heaven has given us two great volumes to read. One is the book of inspiration, the other is the book of nature. We are to find instruction, profit and delight in both. Whoever, looking across the October landscape, is glad in its glory, rejoicing in the gold and scarlet, amber and opal of the autumnal foliage, whoever loves the booming of the ocean wave as it breaks in thunder on the shore, and whoever is happy in garden and field has possession of a secret that never loses its magic. The splendor of the full moon, the loveliness of dawn and the marching of the stars in their courses are meant to give us more than a passing emotion of joy. They are for the awakening of our praise and for bringing us where we, too, may lift up our voices and join the never-ending chorus of Hallelujah to the King eternal, immortal and invisible.



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consider it a favor if they will inform us, and we will at  
any time give prompt attention to any complaints.

We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will  
take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it  
must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made  
by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and  
upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER  
when answering advertisements.

Entered at the Post Office in New York as second-class  
matter.

## Editorial

### A Welcome Periodical

ON another page in this issue of the AMERICAN  
MESSENGER our readers will find our Annual An-  
nouncement, and to this we invite most careful  
attention.

What we read influences us both for time and for  
eternity. Our ideals in life are framed largely ac-  
cording to what we read. Through the printed  
page which brings to us the very "life blood of  
master minds" we may receive an incentive for  
living that will lift us up to the highest plane of  
thought and action.

The periodical press constitutes a very large por-  
tion of the reading matter that enters the great  
majority of homes at the present time. In select-  
ing a paper for the family circle it is very desir-  
able to secure the best that can be obtained, for the  
repeated visits of a periodical are among the most  
potent molding influences that are at work in the  
home.

The AMERICAN MESSENGER may justly claim a  
foremost place among religious publications, be-  
cause of the superior literary merit of its contents  
and the strong helpful tone of all its articles. This  
paper stands for the highest Christian principles,  
and its supreme purpose is to encourage right liv-

ing and high thinking, wherever it goes. It was  
founded in 1843, and it has since been the favorite  
religious paper of hundreds of thousands of Ameri-  
can Christian families. It brings each month a  
message of inspiration, comfort and good cheer. It  
is interdenominational and evangelical, and is de-  
voted to the upbuilding of a sturdy Christian char-  
acter and the promotion of the Kingdom of our  
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It may be that this is the first issue of the  
AMERICAN MESSENGER that has come to your notice.  
If this be the case, we extend to you a most cordial  
greeting, and trust that you may now become en-  
rolled among our regular subscribers.

The importance of having good reading matter  
in every home cannot be emphasized too strongly.  
It is just as essential to provide material for the  
culture of the mind and soul as to furnish food  
for the body, and to select the right kind of mental  
and spiritual nourishment demands perhaps greater  
care and attention than to supply suitable pro-  
vision for the needs of the body. Keeping the  
highest standard in view, we believe that a careful  
examination of the columns of the AMERICAN MES-  
SENGER will lead to the conclusion that it is just  
the paper which should be in every home in the  
land.

We bespeak the valued co-operation of all our  
readers in the effort to greatly widen and extend  
the usefulness of this paper, by increasing its cir-  
culation. To those who aid in this matter we offer  
generous remuneration, the particulars of which  
are fully stated in our Announcement and Premium  
pages.

We are grateful for the cordial and friendly  
spirit which our subscribers have always manifested  
in the past, and we rely on their continued help in  
the campaign for enlargement upon which we have  
now entered and which is to continue for many  
months to come.

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### Men and the Kingdom

WITH the opening of the fall season there comes  
the renewal of many Christian activities which for  
a time have been intermitted. One phase of Chris-  
tian work which is now receiving especial emphasis  
in both the secular and religious press is that  
known as "The Men and Religion Forward Move-  
ment."

The object of this new enterprise is one that  
must commend itself to every lover of Christianity.  
In a word, its purpose is to win the men and boys  
of our beloved land to a closer allegiance with  
Christ. It seeks to bring into the Kingdom those  
who are now outside the fold, and it aims for a  
strengthening and enlargement of Christian ac-  
tivity along lines of personal work, social service,  
Bible study and missionary effort.

This new campaign proceeds upon the assump-  
tion that the most important thing that can con-  
cern a man's mind is his relation to the Kingdom  
which Christ came to establish among men. It lays  
great emphasis upon Evangelism and seeks to en-  
list the members of the Church of Christ in active  
evangelistic efforts to win the men and boys  
throughout our land, who are as yet unreached by  
the Gospel message.

With this new endeavor to bring the men of our  
land into the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour  
Jesus Christ the officers and members of the  
American Tract Society are in most hearty sym-  
pathy. By its circulation of the printed page of  
Gospel truth the Society is helping win men into  
the Kingdom, and it seeks to co-operate in every  
possible way with those who are working for the  
advancement of that Kingdom among men, to es-  
tablish which the Son of God became incarnate in  
human flesh as the Son of Man and suffered and  
died and rose again.

### The Close of a Useful Life

WE join with a large circle of Christian workers  
in regretting the sudden decease of Rev. John  
Bancroft Devins, D.D., who passed to his heavenly  
rest on August 26, 1911.

Dr. Devins was engaged in many beneficent ac-  
tivities. He was editor and proprietor of the New  
York Observer, manager of the Tribune Fresh Air  
Fund, chairman of the Committee on Literature  
and Education of the Federal Council of the  
Churches of Christ in America, secretary and  
treasurer of the Presbyterian Union of New York  
and a member of many other boards and societies  
doing religious and philanthropic work.

As a member of the Board of Managers of the  
American Tract Society, Dr. Devins took a warm  
interest in the progress of its work in promoting  
the world-wide circulation of Christian literature.  
As an author Dr. Devins had contributed to  
notable volumes to the Society's list of publi-  
cations. "The Observer in the Philippines" gave  
result of the writer's personal observations in that  
interesting group of islands. The Foreword to  
this volume was written by President Taft, and it  
attracted wide attention and elicited the warm  
commendation from a wide circle of readers.  
"The Classic Mediterranean" Dr. Devins has given  
a glowing description of sights and scenes which  
he witnessed on the cruise of the *Arabic*, and  
woven into his account a wealth of historical in-  
formation which makes the book one of permanent  
value.

Dr. Devins was a man of indomitable energy,  
warm sympathy, of keen insight, of high liter-  
ary ability and of noble Christian character. He  
will be greatly missed as a consecrated worker for  
the uplift of humanity.

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### Eager for Christian Literature

REV. J. M. CARTER, a missionary colporteur  
of the American Tract Society in North Carolina,  
tells of the eagerness of the people to receive Chris-  
tian literature in these words:

"There has never been more interest manifested  
than during this trip to these mountaineers. They  
listened to me attentively and received the truth  
with gladness, and purchased copies of God's Word  
for themselves. There seems to be a real desire  
for the printed truth among these people, who would  
read it for themselves.

"I passed through one settlement and left a  
man in every home except one, where the man was  
absent. When he returned, this man saw the books  
which his neighbors had purchased, and liked them so  
that he followed me ten or more miles, and  
chased several volumes. He said he was willing  
to go twenty-five miles rather than miss having  
books. Many a night while in that section I  
aroused from sleep by the statement, 'Here are  
people wanting God's Word.' In such cases, the  
pleasure of hearing of my presence in the neighborhood,  
fearing they would not see me, called late at night  
having walked five or more miles."

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### A New Mailing Schedule

WITH the first of September the Post Office  
Department has put into effect a new plan of trans-  
portation for second-class mail, whereby per-  
cals will be carried to distant points by fast fre-  
ight. This innovation is designed to reduce the cost  
of the Government of handling second-class mail  
and will necessitate the mailing of each issue some-  
where or five days earlier than heretofore. The pub-  
lishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER have made  
effort to arrange so that our subscribers will  
receive their papers on time. It may be, how-  
ever, that in the handling of this first issue under  
new conditions some of our subscribers may  
receive the October number at the usual time  
so, we crave their kind indulgence, and beg to  
assure all our readers that we shall endeavor to  
avoid any future delays.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

## OCTOBER 1 Lessons from Great Lives: Peter

John 21: 1-19

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sept. 25. The great call. Matt. 4: 8-20.  
Sept. 26. The soul-winner. John 1: 41, 42.  
Sept. 27. His great confession. Matt. 16: 13-19.  
Sept. 28. His denial. John 18: 15-18, 25-27.  
Sept. 29. Peter the brave. Acts 2: 14-21; 4: 1-19.  
Sept. 30. Peter the leader. Acts 11: 1-18.

In the verses given for our study this one appears: "Simon Peter said unto them, I go a-fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth." Peter was a born leader. He was impulsive, but strong and always influential. The past few days had been very disheartening to him. Christ, in whom his hopes had been fixed, was crucified, dead and buried. It was hard to keep up hope. Doubt had been entering the minds of all the disciples. Picture them on the shore of the lake. One says, "Why does not our Lord come to us, as He told us He would?" Another says, "How long it is since our Lord went away!" Another says, "Will He never return again, after all?" A boat is just starting out for the night's fishing. One of the seven, of whom five had been fishermen, remarks, "How beautiful the water looks this evening!" Then it is that Simon Peter takes his, as ever, impulsive part, and says, "I go a-fishing." The break has been made, and at once the others yield to the drift, and say, "We also go with thee." We are not surprised now to read a moment later in the account, "They went forth."

Wherever there is one person to say "I go" to any wrong place, there will be others to go along. And they will encourage one another in evil until mischief is done. Then you read, "They went." "None of us liveth to himself." We are moved and swayed strongly by each other. Sin loves companionship. Peter did not want to go fishing alone. Few ever do. Half the drunkards of today owe their condition to the unnecessary tipples they took when some comrade invited them. The story of a large proportion of the downfalls we see to-day could be written in the words of this conversation we are studying: "I go . . . and we go with thee."

But there is another and happier side to this fact of man's influence. We refer to his large possible influence for good. When he says "I go" to any place of benefit or blessing, then, too, there will be others to say, "We go with thee"; and good will result, and it can then most happily be said, "They went."

The multiplied opportunity of each well-doer lies in the social power of well-doing. When good starts, it rushes. There is a contagion in well-doing even stronger than there is in ill-doing. It is one of the noble lessons we learn from Peter that he came ultimately to use his great powers of influence and leadership only and powerfully for the good.

## OCTOBER 8 New Work Our Society Might Do

Matt. 25: 13-20

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Oct. 2. One who saw work. Hag. 1: 1-15.  
T., Oct. 3. Beginning aright. Ex. 25: 1-9.  
W., Oct. 4. How Paul began. Acts 13: 1-4.  
Th., Oct. 5. A committee chosen. Acts 6: 1-7.  
F., Oct. 6. Information committee. Isa. 52: 7-10.  
S., Oct. 7. Personal work. Jas. 5: 20.

Instead of undertaking to give a programme of many sorts, we will lay emphasis upon one large and needy feature of new enlistment. Some one inquired of Dr. Lyman Beecher in his old age, "Doctor, you know many things, but what do you think the main thing?" The sturdy old hero of forty revivals answered, "It is not theology; it is not controversy; it is saving souls." Truer words were never uttered. They are good words for us as young people to listen to in these days; and especially at this opportune season of the year—when the work of all our societies is expected to start up with utmost vigor.

It is not enough for any Christian simply to be saved. He must, in turn, be striving also to save others. Mr. D. L. Moody used to tell of a steel engraving which pleased him very much. "I thought it was the finest thing I had ever seen, at the time," he said, "and I bought it. The picture was of a woman coming out of the water and clinging with both hands to the Cross of Refuge. But afterward," he went on to say, "I saw another picture that spoiled this one for me entirely; it was so much more lovely. It was a picture of a person coming out of the dark waters with one arm clinging to the Cross, but with the other she was lifting some one else out of the waves." Yes, "Saved" is good, but we will all agree that "Saved and Saving" is a far better and nobler picture of true Christian life. Let this be our new work in this new church year of opportunity—an enlistment in individual work for individuals. Let us not only rejoice that we are saved, but let us try also to save others. Let us keep a firm hold upon the Cross of Christ ourselves, but at the same time let us strive ever to lift other souls from the dark billows of sin that beat on the dangerous coast of eternity.

"Give me," exclaimed Wesley, "one hundred men who fear nothing but God, hate nothing but sin, and are determined to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified, and I will set the world on fire." This at least we know, that in the existing churches, and Young People's Societies of to-day, if every hundred members were a hundred such workers, burning with the fire of a zeal kindled by Christ's love, we might exclaim, "The Kingdom of God is at hand." Let us each one enlist. God will use us. Men are the messengers. Reward is sure, present and eternal. "He that winneth souls is wise." This is the greatest, grandest, wisest work in the world; for "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

## OCTOBER 15 Why I Believe the Bible

Romans 10:17; 15:4

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Oct. 9. Because it is true. Ps. 19: 7-14.  
T., Oct. 10. Its appeal to conscience. Heb. 4: 12, 13.  
W., Oct. 11. Its inspiring message. 1 John 1: 3-5.  
Th., Oct. 12. Its help in need. Rom. 15: 4, 5.  
F., Oct. 13. Its saving power. 1 John 3: 1-5.  
S., Oct. 14. Its revelation of God. John 8: 16.

Why do I believe the Bible? Each one must answer for himself. Each one may have a different reason, or many reasons. I think the first reason I would give is heredity. Candor forcing me to trace my faith in the Bible back to its very birth, I must say, and am not ashamed to say, that I believe in the Bible because my mother believed in it. As soon as I could understand, I recognized in the Bible my mother's peculiar treasure, and I believed it because she believed it, and loved it because she loved it. I inhaled this faith as I inhaled the air; it was the atmosphere in which I was born and reared. This is my first reason, and it is one I am proud to repeat.

### Logic and Sentiment

But, after all, is there not logic as well as sentiment in this reason? Nothing in this world is so jealous of truth and purity as motherhood. No mother wants her child to be deceived or depraved. If there were no other reasons I would fall back upon the "apostolic succession" of motherhood, and believe that the Bible has been "handed down" from mother to child, in an unbroken chain, back to the first book to have been authenticated to the first mother to have received it.

While freely acknowledging that in its beginnings my faith in the Bible was inherited, I am glad to add that during maturer years my inherited faith has been abundantly confirmed. To the faith rooted in personal confidence, I have

added the faith founded on personal conviction.

But I cannot take space to give all my reasons for belief in the Bible, or any of them at length. I believe it, because of its historical and geographical accuracy. I believe it, because of the purity and sanctity of its teaching. I believe it, because of its influence on the hearts of men and on nations. I believe it, because of the absence of even an attempt on the part of its enemies to surpass and so displace it. I believe it, because of its freshness and adaptability to the needs of to-day. I believe it, because of its unity, the sixty-six books bound together constituting one harmonious and consistent whole. I believe it, because of its propagation, being the book most in demand and most widely circulated of any in the world. I believe it, because of the fulfillment of its prophecies, for of the thousands of prophecies which it contains, no one has miscarried yet. This is a sufficient guarantee that any that remain will yet be fulfilled. I believe it, because of its tone of authority. It says, "Yea and amen." It says, "Thus saith the Lord." It says, "Verily, verily I say unto you." It utters forth no uncertain sound. I believe in it, because of the antecedent probability that if there were a God He would speak to His children. I believe there is a God and that He speaks to us in His Word. I believe in it, because of its plan of salvation. This is, after all, the crowning proof of its divineness. The universal cry is, "What shall I do to be saved?" Of all the books in the world the Bible is the only one that answers this universal cry.

## OCTOBER 22 Lessons I Have Learned from Things

Jer. 13: 1-10; Matt. 22: 15-22

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Oct. 16. Victory of Christ. Matt. 13: 31, 32.  
T., Oct. 17. Humility. Rom. 11: 17, 18.  
W., Oct. 18. Barrenness. Mark 12: 12-14; John 15: 6.  
Th., Oct. 19. Fruitfulness. John 15: 1-5.  
F., Oct. 20. Citizenship. Matt. 22: 16-21.  
S., Oct. 21. Redemption. 1 Cor. 11: 23-26.

One of the lessons we may learn from things is their comparative lack of value. Christ Himself said that a man's life consisted not in the abundance of the things which he possessed. Can this be possible? From the way we see men seeking possessions we would suppose the opposite. See what men will sacrifice, and undergo, and do, in order to get possessions. Not the cold of the Klondyke; not the heat of the tropics; not the fevers of South African jungles; not the perils of the depths of the sea; not the loneliness or privations of prairies, the height of mountains, the dangers of war, or the diseases and discomforts of city slums can deter men in their mad rush to possess "things." And yet we are plainly told, and lack no conviction of the fact, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Is it not strange that so much energy on the part of so many people should be so greatly misdirected?

But let us at the same time make sure to notice this, that the Bible nowhere discourages the possession of things. It says nothing whatever against it. But what it does say is this, that a man's life does not consist in things—in the abundance of the things which he may possess. He may possess things; that may not be wrong, and may not do the man any harm; but it is very wrong and of very great harm when the things begin to possess the man, or when the man begins to estimate his life by the abundance of the things which he possesseth. In what, then, does a man's life consist?

It consists in being a Christian. However simple that may sound, and however often one may have heard it, yet the fact is that that is the principal thing—the being a Christian. A man's life consists in being a Christian. Whether he have things or not matters but little; but whether he be a Christian or not matters altogether.

And a man's life consists in leading others to be Christians. Selfishness is death. Every selfish man is standing in the shoes of the rich fool. The trouble with that man was, that he had somehow gotten the mistaken idea that a man's life consists in the abundance of the things which he possesses. The fact is that a man's life consists in helping other people to possess. The best possession any one can have is life eternal, and the best use any man can make of his money, his time, his influence, his social powers, his prayers and his efforts is in the way of directly or indirectly leading others to be Christians. There is an abundance of opportunity for every one of us to become thus "rich toward God."

OCTOBER 29

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. X. Missions in Europe

Acts 16: 6-15

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Oct. 23. Thessalonica. Acts 17: 1-10.  
T., Oct. 24. Noble hearers. Acts 17: 16-12.  
W., Oct. 25. Among philosophers. Acts 17: 22-31.  
Th., Oct. 26. Impure Corinth. Acts 18: 1-11.  
F., Oct. 27. The call of Rome. Rom. 1: 9-16.  
S., Oct. 28. The message. 1 Cor. 2: 1-6.

The Macedonian call comes from every place in the world where men are sinful and suffering, and therefore in need of Christ. And where is not that place? And we can answer the call only by going or sending as God sees best. Paul's journey was to Europe. Some might think we do not need to send missionaries there. But there are in Europe no fewer than thirteen millions of Mohammedans, one-third of them in Turkey, eight millions in Russia, while the rest are scattered everywhere. Here is a great and needy field for missionary effort.

Great multitudes in France have drifted away from Roman Catholicism into absolute irreligion. Among these, Protestant preachers, colporters, tract distributors and missionaries of every sort find a large opportunity. It is becoming more and more evident that the people are glad to listen to the simple preaching of the gospel.

The widespread popular discontent which causes so many riots in ancient Spain is very largely a rebellion against the State religion. It may not be generally known in this country, but Protestant missions in Spain are especially successful. One would find a good deal of valuable Christian work to see during a visit to Spain, while on a missionary journey around the world.

One of the encouraging signs in the religious outlook for Russia is the large number of colonies established there by Lutherans, Mennonites, Baptists and other denominations. Greater liberty is being given for the establishment of Protestant missionary work in every part of the Empire.

### Forms of Special Work

Many forms of special work are being supported in Europe by American Christians, such as work for students in Paris, and in various educational centers of Germany. Aid is extended to the Waldensian Church and the Free Church of Italy. The Methodists have a very successful work in the city of Rome. Our young friends taking this missionary journey would be interested to see the many Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies established in Europe. Christian Endeavor is doing great things for Europe. A great world's Christian Endeavor convention has been held in Geneva, Switzerland. Large national unions are found in Germany, France and Spain, and many other unions in other countries. The last Spanish convention was the greatest Protestant gathering ever held in the kingdom. Christian Endeavor flourishes also in Austria-Hungary, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Italy and other lands.



Exposition of the  
International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph. D.

OCTOBER 1

## The Prophet Ezekiel a Watchman

Ezekiel 3

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Hear the word at my month, and give them warning, from me. Ezek. 3:17.

### The Life of Ezekiel

Ezekiel was one of the four so-called "greater prophets." His name means "God strengthens." He came of a priestly ancestry and himself exercised the functions of a priest. He was carried into exile at the time when Nebuchadnezzar made his second deportation from Jerusalem and transported 10,000 of the Hebrews to Babylon, together with their king Jehoiachin.

As a captive Ezekiel was stationed at the River Chebar, one of the large irrigating canals of Babylonia, which ran across the plain between the Euphrates and the Tigris.

Ezekiel prophesied among the Jewish exiles for some twenty-two years, that is, until the fourteenth year after the final captivity of Jerusalem. During the first eight years of his prophetic ministry he was contemporary with Jeremiah.

### The Book of Ezekiel

All Biblical scholars concede the unity and authenticity of the book of Ezekiel. It is one of the most orderly of the prophetic books in its arrangement, and it is therefore easily analyzed. The contents of the book may be summarized as follows:

1. Chapters 1-24 are prophecies uttered before the destruction of Jerusalem, closing with the tragic death of the prophet's wife, which becomes a symbol of the despair of the exiles, when they hear the dreadful news from the west.
2. Chapters 25-32 are prophecies against the seven nations surrounding Palestine. This section corresponds to the interval of silence which separates the two periods of Ezekiel's ministry.
3. Chapters 33-39 are prophecies of the restoration of Israel, including the wonderful vision of the valley of dry bones (chapter 37).
4. Chapters 40-48 present a glowing picture of the glories of the redeemed nation.

### A Watchman for Israel

In the section that is assigned for special study (Ezekiel 3:12-21) the prophet is described as a watchman for the house of Israel. The importance of this function is presented in words of pregnant meaning. The watchman's duty is shown to be a matter of life and death, and his obligation to warn the people of their danger is enforced as an imperative command.

### The Modern Application

God has set His watchmen for the guidance of every generation of humanity. To-day He has sent His servants to warn mankind of their spiritual danger as surely as He sent the prophet Ezekiel to warn the impenitent Israelites of their threatened doom.

There is a practical question which concerns each one of us. Are we ready to act as faithful watchmen for God and to give warning to those about us of the danger that threatens every unsaved soul?

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OCTOBER 8.

## The Life Giving Stream

Ezekiel 47:1-12

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Rev. 22:17.

The remarkable vision which forms the subject of our present lesson was a part of the great vision of the Temple. This prophecy was written at Tel-abib, on the River Chebar in Babylonia, and was designed to encourage the exiles scattered throughout that region, and to prepare

them for their return to their own native land.

The life-giving stream, as pictured in Ezekiel's vision, was a stream of marvelous power and peculiar characteristics, which arose from within the sacred precincts of the sanctuary of God. Its life-giving power and ever-widening spread furnish suggestions of a spiritual nature which may be made of great value and helpfulness in the study and teaching of this lesson.

### The River of Salvation

The vision of Ezekiel unquestionably had a local significance, referring to the blessings that would follow the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, and to the restoration of the temple. But it also had a larger meaning, for in it we see an unerring prophecy of that blessed river of salvation, which finds its source in Jesus Christ, and which is spreading to the uttermost parts of the earth.

### A Man of Vision

Ezekiel was a prophet gifted with an unusual power of imagery. The book which bears his name is full of varied visions, and the metaphors which he brings into play are bold and striking. The central point in every vision which Ezekiel describes is God. By means of the wonderful figures of imagination which he used, Ezekiel sought to portray the power, majesty, wisdom, mercy, goodness and glory of Jehovah, and in so doing he left an impression upon the people to whom he ministered which he could not possibly have communicated in any other way.

### Suggestive Thoughts

A prophet of God, even though he be in exile, may nevertheless prove himself to be a means of comfort and inspiration to others.

Every stream that brings life and blessing to men has its unseen fountain in the holy place of God.

The spread of Christianity through the preaching of the Gospel is as marvelous as the growth of the stream which the prophet Ezekiel saw increasing under his own eyes.

Fruitful trees grew by the side of the stream which Ezekiel saw in his vision. Likewise noble lives are nurtured by the life-giving stream which proceeds from the Throne of God and which we know as the river of salvation.

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OCTOBER 15

## The Return from Captivity

Ezra 1:1-11; 2:64-70

**GOLDEN TEXT.** He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. Micah 7:18.

The occasion of the return of the Israelites from captivity was the accession of Cyrus to full control in the Babylonian empire. It was seventy years after the first deportation of Jewish exiles by King Nebuchadnezzar. The policy of Cyrus toward the subject peoples in his realm was one of conciliation, and his action in extending permission to the Hebrews to return to their homes is a striking illustration of this trait on his part.

We find in the first and second chapters of the Book of Ezra a description of the method by which the Jewish exiles returned to their own land. They journeyed by caravan, and those that remained behind aided those who went by gifts of silver, gold and merchandise.

Later traditions tell us that the setting out was joyous in the extreme. In Psalms 120-124 we have the "Songs of the Ascents" which were used by the pilgrims of Palestine on their pilgrimages to Jerusalem for the annual feasts, and from them we may glean some vivid references to the return from captivity.

### The Object of the Return

To restore the national worship of Jehovah and to rebuild the walls of Jeru-

salem—this was the twofold object of the return. Patriotism and religion were the underlying motives of this movement, and they constitute the strongest motives that can appeal to humanity.

### The Result of the Return

The return of the Israelites proved to be of of inestimable benefit not only to the Jews themselves, but also to the whole world, for it was by their return that the way was prepared for the fulfillment of the Messianic prophecies, and the restored nation furnished the divinely ordained background for the development of the plan of redemption through the incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ.

### The Spiritual Lesson

From the story of the return of the Jews from captivity we may learn a spiritual truth of great value, for it suggests the possibility of the return of the children of men from the captivity of sin, and the joyous welcome into the glorious Kingdom of our God and Father, who ever stands awaiting the return of the penitent prodigal to his rightful home.

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OCTOBER 22

## Foundation of Second Temple Laid

Ezra 3:1 to 4:5

**GOLDEN TEXT.** Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Psalm 100:4.

Cyrus, in his edict commanding the people of Israel to return to their native land had specifically directed them to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem. The people themselves rejoiced in the prospect of carrying out this mandate, and as soon as they had settled themselves in and around Jerusalem they set about this important enterprise. They had brought with them the sacred vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the Temple, but which Cyrus had returned to them. Moreover, they had gathered together as much treasure as possible for the rebuilding of the ruined sanctuary.

The work of reconstruction was begun with joy and hopefulness. Yet mingled with the notes of thanksgiving and praise, there were sounds of lamentation, for the old men remembered the glory of the temple of Solomon, and they despaired of ever seeing a structure equal in beauty and splendor to that magnificent building.

### Hindrances Overcome

Hardly had the foundations of the temple been rebuilt before opposition began to manifest itself. The Samaritans, the hereditary enemies of Israel with other aliens, who at first proffered their assistance, when they found that they would not be allowed to share in this work, began to hinder it in every possible way, with the result that the Israelites lost heart and were forced to suspend operations. For fifteen years little or no progress was made. Finally under the courageous exhortations of Haggai and Zedekiah the work was resumed, and within four years it was carried to a successful completion.

### Living Temples

The supreme value of this lesson lies in its spiritual application. The teaching of the Apostle Paul in the New Testament is that we ourselves are living temples of God. In view of this solemn truth how great should be our care that both in our bodies and in our spirits we may honor God.

Let us ever remember the searching words of the Apostle: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, and such are ye."

OCTOBER 29

## A Psalm of Deliverance

Psalm 85

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. Psalm 126:3.

### The Book of Psalms

As this is the only lesson for this year which is taken from the Book of Psalms it would be well, especially in the older classes of the Sunday School, to devote part of the time to a study of the Psalm as a whole.

The Book of Psalms was once the hymnbook of the Hebrew race, but now it has become the heritage of the Christian Church. The Psalms are not limited in their application, but we find in them that which appeals to all humanity. The range of thought in these inspired songs is as wide as the experience of humanity. They have comforted those in sorrow, have encouraged those who were cast down, have strengthened those who were weak, have enlightened those who were in darkness, have instructed those who were ignorant and have inspired those who were without hope.

The particular Psalm which has been chosen for our special study is one of great beauty and power. It breathes the spirit of the return from the Exile, and was probably written in the early days of that return. It falls naturally into three sections. The first section (vs. 1-3) sets forth God's forgiveness; the second section (vs. 4-7) contains the prayer of the worshiper; and the third section (vs. 8-13) embodies the answer of hope.

### The Forgiveness of God

The first three verses of this Psalm contain a beautiful description of God's forgiving love. The Old Testament has many passages which describe the God of Israel as a God of forgiving love, but perhaps none present this truth more forcibly than these verses in our lesson. As Dr. Torrey has well written: "Man's sin and God's forgiveness of that sin is the constant theme of the inspired hymns of the Bible and indeed of the whole Book. The blessedness of the Bible roots itself in the forgiveness of sin. The blessed man of the Bible is not the man who has never sinned, but the man who has sinned and been forgiven. Heaven's song will be the song of redeemed, forgiving love."

### A Prayer for Divine Blessing

While rejoicing in the assurance of forgiveness, the Psalmist is keenly alive to the continued need of Divine Mercy. He is conscious that sin is ever at the door, and he implores the divine favor and pardon for the days that are to come (vs. 4-7).

Notice especially the prayer for a revival which is found in the sixth verse. The Psalmist prayed for a national quickening, and there were notable instances in the history of Israel of just such a revival of righteousness as is here referred to. (See Ezra 9:8, 9.)

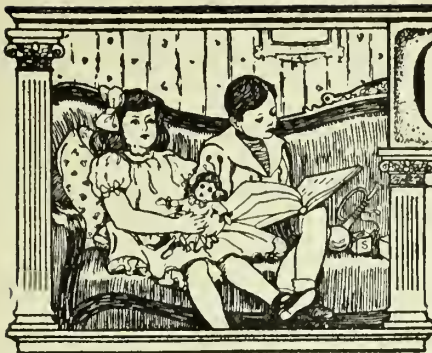
### The Divine Assurance of Redemption

The closing verses of our lesson contain most uplifting assurances of blessing. These promises were given not merely for the Jews, but for all the children of God. Here we find the assurance of peace for those who walk in the way of the Lord. Here is the promise of salvation for those that fear God. Here is the encouraging statement that the Lord shall give that which is good to His people. Here is a wonderful mingling of mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, which is emblematic of the condition of those who abide in the presence of the Lord and turn not again to folly.

### A Messianic Psalm

This Psalm is full of Messianic hopes. "The Incarnation," writes Dr. A. F. Kirkpatrick in his admirable Commentary on the Psalms, "is the true answer to the prayer of Israel; and in Christ almost every word of the latter part of this Psalm finds its fulfillment."





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## Our Mail Bag

It is plain that many of Our Little Folks are very much interested in flowers, plants and trees, for although we have printed many letters upon that subject, there are still several others in Our Mail Bag which have been sent in answer to the question, "What is your favorite flower, plant or tree?" The first of these has come from a little girl in Newark, N. J., who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am ten years of age and in the fourth grade at school. I judge that the most beautiful flowers are the American Beauty rose, the lily of the valley, the honeysuckle, and the water lily. The most beautiful trees are the maple and the mulberry. Love to all the cousins.

Your loving niece,  
OLIVE WEISLEDER.

You are surely welcome to our circle, Olive. You have mentioned some very beautiful flowers and trees, and if you were to plant a garden, I have no doubt it would be a very pretty one.

The next letter comes from a little girl in Three Bridges, N. J., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? This is the first letter I have ever written to the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I think the tulip and the Star-of-Bethlehem are nice flowers. We have some red and mixed tulips. There are some Stars-of-Bethlehem at the end of our lane. I go to Church and Sunday-School every Sunday unless it is showery or I am sick. I have over a mile to walk to Sunday-School and to day school. I have a very nice Sunday-School teacher. With love to all the little folks.

Your niece,  
EVELYN BROKAW.

P.S. We have a very nice minister. His name is Mr. Kalemijian.

We are glad to have this pleasant letter from you, Evelyn, and to enroll you in our happy band. We were pleased also to receive a letter from your sister, who wrote:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have written twice before. I think that beads are pretty. I like to watch them grow. This spring my sister and I planted some beads. We planted them at the same time as corn is planted, and they get ripe in the fall; then they can be strung on a string. With love to all the Little Folks.

Your niece,  
CLARA BROKAW.

I wonder how many of Our Little Folks have seen a bead-tree grow. There are several different kinds of bead-tree. One is called the pride-of-India, and another is very appropriately named the necklace-tree. It is the seed or berry of the necklace-tree which is used for making the pretty red necklace which has given its name to the tree itself. The pride-of-India is also known as the China tree or the Persian lilac. Its pretty berries make excellent beads, and it is a useful tree in several other respects.

Our next letter has come from a little girl in the State of Pennsylvania, whose home is in Volant. She writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? My mother takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I go to Sunday-School every Sunday. I am ten years old. I am in the Fourth Reader. Sweet peas are my favorite flower. Love to Uncle Harry and all the Little Folks.

Your niece,  
ALVERTA HUFFMAN.

You have named as your favorite flower, Alverta, a kind of blossom of which Uncle Harry is very fond. Sweet peas are so beautiful and so fragrant that almost everybody likes them.

A Minnesota girl, who lives in the town of Rushmore, has written us this pleasant letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am most seven years old. I am in the first reader. I have three brothers, one is Harry, one is Ray, and the other one is Howard. I would like to see this letter in print. Grandma takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I like to read Our Little Folks' page.

Your niece,  
LORETTA M. SHORE.

Welcome to our happy band, Loretta! Have your brothers ever written to Uncle Harry? If not, he would be glad to hear from them some day.

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day. I am in the sixth grade. I go to Sunday-School every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Rosenberger. My mother has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for a good many years. I like to read Our Little Folks' page very much. I live on a farm. We have two horses, and four cows and several chickens.

Your loving friend,  
MARIE KETTERER.

We are glad to hear from you, Marie. How many years has your mother taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER? Write us again some day, for we are always pleased to hear from any of Our Little Folks.

## The Mountains

THE next subject on which we would like to hear from Our Little Folks will be "The Mountains," as we stated in the last issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. Many of the boys and girls who belong to our happy circle live in or near the mountains, and doubtless during the past summer several of our young readers spent their vacation in the mountains. Perhaps some of Our Little Folks who live in the city have seen the mountains for the first time during the past few weeks, and we would like to know what impression they made upon you.

We would like to have a great many letters on this interesting subject. Write and tell us all about the mountains which you have seen, mentioning what kind of plants and trees grow there, the animals which are found on them, and whatever else you think will be of interest. If you have seen any cascades or waterfalls in the mountains, don't forget to describe them.

The Bible has some beautiful things to say about the mountains and hills, and we would like to hear what Bible verses you can find on that subject.

Please be sure to write at once, for we would like to have some good letters to print in our next issue, telling about the lofty mountains and the beautiful hills which God has made. Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

## Walking With God

A little child once gave a very beautiful explanation of the way in which God took Enoch to heaven. She went home from Sunday School, and her mother said: "Tell me what you learned today." The little girl replied: "We have been hearing about a man who used to go on walks with God. His name was Enoch. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch: 'You are a long way from home; you had better come in and stay.' And Enoch went in and stayed with God." So if we walk with God while we are here upon the earth, He will finally take us to His heavenly home.



IN THE SWING

A little girl in Organ Cave, W. Va., has sent this letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: My mother has a great many flowers. I take the roses to be the prettiest. My pet is my little sister. Her name is Rena. I enjoy reading Our Little Folks' letters.

Your niece,  
ANNA E. BOONE.

You have sent us a short letter this time, Anna, but some day we would like to hear from you again and to know what are the different kinds of flowers which your mother has in her garden. As soon as your little sister can write, we should like to welcome her into our circle too.

A little friend in Connecticut writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I enjoy your happy band? I am eight years old. We have beautiful laurel in our woods. My father works in the railroad tower. I live in a country town. I have two cats and fifty-eight chickens. My mother takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I go to school and Sunday-School. With love,

AVERY BARNES.

Surely you may "enjoy" our happy band, Avery. There are hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who belong to it now, and we are always pleased to receive newcomers.

Our last letter this month is from a girl in Foxbell, Pa., who writes:



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## The House of the Years

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

LIFE's room, in childhood, seems a boundless place,  
Full of strange corners and adventurous space;  
Youth finds it wider yet, a home of dreams  
With shining casements lit by rainbow gleams;  
While ripper years bring firelight on the hearth,  
Content and welcome, love, and work, and mirth,  
Until the walls draw nearer and more near  
And age beholds them, suddenly and clear.  
How small the room! and how each thing recalls  
Some memory that breathes within the walls—  
Here joy stood smiling, garlanded with flowers,  
Here sorrow sate through long and intimate hours;  
The mirror's depths glimpse with a shadowy host  
That waves, melt, and in the dusk are lost;  
The fire burns low and quivers on the floor—  
Yet, as an unseen hand sets wide the door,  
Lo! through its arch, as to the child, appears  
The beckoning vision of immortal years.

THE OUTLOOK.

## A Character That Shines

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

THERE are some young people who have shining faces. An illumined face must have a cause. There must be something within to light up the countenance. A man is described in the Bible, who had such a blinding light in his features that he was compelled to wear a veil for a time. But Moses had been in intimate communion with his Maker on Sinai for forty days. The Divine light made the prophet's soul to glow so brilliantly that it lighted up his face.

A homely face can shine with a beautiful light. Some of the most beautiful faces the writer ever saw were in humble homes, where dwelt Christian contentment, heroic faith, and unconquerable love. These obscure disciples had ignited their fires of holy character at the burning central orb of heaven, the Sun of righteousness.

"Beauty is only skin deep," but the beauty of holiness reaches to the core of the soul. We have heard of savages who, having lost their fire, were left in darkness and cold, and were compelled to make a long journey to some other tribe to borrow some fire. Some young people have lost their radiance of face, because the fire of faith has gone out. They must retrace their steps to the hearthstone of the heavenly Father to rekindle the fire in their hearts.

The divine radiance within will make the character shine. Light is the symbol of knowledge. Intelligence glistens in the eye, and illumines the face. Wisdom maketh the face to shine like the morning star. Then when our souls are lighted we must illuminate those in darkness and sin. We must take the heavenly fire to all nations.

Christians are not only reflectors, but luminaries. Every youth may become a glowing source of fire and light. Every person who has heard the Gospel has been illumined, but all have not been lighted. Conscience shines within every human being, but only those who accept their Lord become burning and radiating centers of heavenly light. The Sun of righteousness throws a flood of light over the whole earth.

Some young people are like the moon. The moon receives oceans of sunlight, but ever remains dead and cold. It reflects much light so as to be seen in the heavens. But it is not kindled into glowing fires. The moon has received a flood of light for millions of years, but is still a frozen and dead world. Many young people have been illumined for years in a beautiful Christian home, in a model Sunday-

school, in a group of godly friends, and in a Christian land, but they are still frozen in heart. They may reflect the pale light of good morals and the twilight of Christian civilization. But illumination is not radiation. It requires personal contact with Christ to be ignited into a glowing light. Then love burns like a fire, and enthusiasm shines like a sun at noonday.

A Christlike character will banish the darkness of a whole neighborhood, if you will only let it shine. The Saviour of the world shines as an eternal sun. Our light is derived from Him. We shine like the kindled light of a lamp. Our Creator has given us the light of conscience and intelligence. Have we found his Son? He left a long trail of heavenly light as He passed into the unseen world, and now He sheds His beams of hope on the darkness of life.

When the film of wire breaks in the globe, the electric light goes out. When the youth breaks his connection with his divine Master, his light goes out. Young people should never be abashed to tell others of their hope of immortality.

Light is the symbol of purity as well as the symbol of knowledge. Every youth can show, through divine help, a daily conduct that will illumine all dark places. We must not hide our lamp under a bushel. The youth must trim and feed his lamp with fresh supplies of heavenly oil, if his light is to shine. Do we impart our light to our friends and companions? When I was in college it was the custom in great political campaigns to have torchlight processions. I have seen thousands of men standing in the dark, waiting for a light. Soon a man appears with a lighted torch, and it is passed along from line to line, until every man has a lighted torch. Young people can become torch-bearers by having a Christ-like character that shall irradiate other lives by its heavenly splendor.

The keeper of the lighthouse takes no pains that the ship way out at sea may behold the beam that shines from his lamp. It is only his duty to feed the lamp, and trim it, and keep it shining brightly in the darkest night. He must not cover it up. Ships will see the light, if he keeps it blazing in the tower. But some young people are like dark lanterns. The lamp within is burning all right, but the slides are down, and it illuminates nothing.

People may see the divine through your words or conduct, though they never enter a church or read the Bible. We are the world's Bibles. What is the best commentary on the Bible? Surely it is a holy life. If we daily practice virtue and piety, we can be clad in sunbeams. Do you like the new version of the Bible? Well, each young Christian is like the newest version of the Bible, and his life can become lustrous. It is in you to throw a circle of holy radiance around your home, your office, or shop, or neighborhood. The object of having a character that shines is not for self-satisfaction, but to attract others to become disciples of Christ and to love and serve the heavenly Father.

## Seeing Flowers Bloom

To see a flower unfolding on a screen, thus witnessing in five minutes the whole blossoming process that may have taken two or three weeks, is one of the marvels shown by the moving-picture camera. The process, we are told, is as follows: Just as soon as the bud faintly appears, the first film is exposed, and until the flower is in full bloom, a fresh negative is taken every ten minutes, night and day, the night negatives being taken by means of an arc light. Often as many as twenty-four hundred films are exposed during the blossoming of one rose. A similar process, differing, perhaps, in time occupied, is gone through with in securing a motion picture of the opening of a lily or the uncurling of a fern.

## Helping the Poor

BY HILDA RICHMOND

MANY young people's societies earnestly desire to do some practical work to relieve distress and suffering among the poor, but they hardly know how to begin. They have their various committees, but often they want to do something more definite and tangible in which all can have a share. The fact is that it is possible for the smallest society of the land to do much to elevate the poor, and do it in a way that will stimulate other societies to work in the same good cause. One wide-awake, enthusiastic society will inspire others, so there will be a three-fold benefit resulting from the efforts. The society is helped, the poor are helped, and all other societies and Christians who hear of the good work are also benefited.

To get a start in this branch of Christian activity is really hard, because inexperienced young people are doubtful of their resources and abilities. The majority of members in the young people's societies the country over are busy, energetic young men and maidens, and they hardly see with their limited time that it is possible to accomplish anything. A noted speaker at a recent State Convention for young members of a religious society emphasized the fact that the members should not worry if their ranks were recruited more largely from the ranks of the workers than from the rich and leisure classes, for those who are busy and active and alert are the effective workers in the religious life and not always those who have abundant means and time at their disposal.

In planning the work, first of all count up your resources and determine what can be done. Are all the members busy in the daytime? Then your efforts will have to be made in the evening and take the form of a sewing class, a cooking club, a class in wood work or some similar activity, suitable for a night school. Young people should always undertake to work with those younger than themselves, as it is easier to interest them and keep the class orderly. And since teaching the youth is apt to be more fruitful than teaching adults, it is better to start with the boys and girls. Later on the adults may be included, but as much of the success of the undertaking depends upon the beginning, start carefully and cautiously.

In the society there are always members who can sing, who can teach sewing, who can plan and carry out simple entertainments, who can read aloud in a pleasing manner—in short, there is enough material in every organization of young people to carry on a dozen different activities, if only the members have the time and inclination. The perplexing question usually is not what can be taught, but what is the most important work in the teaching line.

Not much money is needed in the beginning for the undertaking. If the society cannot undertake the expense of hiring a hall and lighting and heating it, some charitable person will usually come forward with the necessary funds. A meeting place is absolutely necessary and it should be as conveniently located for the children who are to be helped as possible. If the bare hall can be furnished with inexpensive rugs, a piano, a large blackboard, pictures and other evidences of refinement, it is desirable, for all these things have their influence on the children used to barren homes, but if not, it is well to remember that young people alive with zeal for Christ's work can accomplish much, even amid unfavorable surroundings. Later on these luxuries may come, but do not hold back from the work because you cannot have them for the start.

Do not overwork the members by undertaking too much and having your meetings too often. Let every one have a fair start, and keep the children eager for the good times. The meetings can be made so cheerful and profitable that the young folks will look forward with relish to "meetin' time" and will be won from doubtful pleasures elsewhere, if you do not weary them.

And then do not expect too much from the pupils. One hour a day two or three times a week will not speedily break up

the habits in which they have been trained from babyhood, but it will help dispose of them. Patience, good humor, courage, faith and the utmost kindness must dwell in the hearts of the workers, for all is not sunshine by any means. But the rewards are so great that young men and women who have known no other form of charity but to hand over a sum of money when appealed to for aid, will stand in awe of the great possibilities opening before them.

The very best help that can ever come to the poor is to teach them to help themselves, and that is what young people are specially fitted to do. They are full of enthusiasm and zeal for the work of the Master, and the good seed they sow in what looks like unpromising ground will not all be lost. And even if it seems to lie dormant a long time, there will come a glorious day when it shall spring up and bear fruit some thirty, some sixty and some even a hundred fold. Is this worth striving for? Surely it is, and it is no wonder the members of young people's societies all over the land are anxiously inquiring: "What can we do to help the poor?" and are not only inquiring, but are actually carrying on this important work in many effective ways.

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## The Beginnings

"BUT I went to her to learn to sew," cried the indignant young girl who would be a dressmaker. "And she set me to pulling out basting threads."

"Easy, easy," cautioned the older friend. "She will teach you to sew, all in good time. Where did you expect to start in—at the designing and fitting point? Remember, little girl, she began by pulling bastings, too. She's far past that stage now; but if you want to catch up to her you must play fair, follow the same road, and not try to cut corners."

It was the same sentiment that some one has put into the lines:

"Out of the little fountains  
Proceeds the river;  
Out of the rivers gulfs;  
Gulfs soon will be pouring out  
Making the sea."

The sea is great and wonderful indeed. The skill and finished work of the trained hand is fine and splendid. But it is well to remember the gulfs, rivers and little fountains of beginnings.

EXCHANGE.

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## The Field of Honor

THE story is told of a brave soldier in the army of a great emperor that he gave his life in a particularly dangerous undertaking in behalf of his country. Always afterward when his name was called with the roll of his company, by order of the emperor an orderly would step forward and answer, "Died on the field of honor."

Times change and men's thoughts change with them. We no longer look upon war as one of the chief occupations of God-made men. The slaying of one's fellowmen is no longer considered a means for winning the praise of men. Sensible people of the civilized world generally agree that the curse and crime of war are relics of barbarism to be avoided at almost any cost.

But there are other "fields of honor" than battlefields. Bloodless contests are being waged every day and men's honor is being sacrificed or saved more truly than in war. With the school boy and girl, with the young toiler in office or factory; at play, in society, at home, everywhere, questions of honor are being constantly faced and character is being made or marred by the outcome.

Don't sigh for an opportunity to do some deed of valor so that your king will present you with some special badge or mark of distinction, but rather study to show yourself "faithful in that which is least," thereby winning the plaudit of the King of kings. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Such praise can only be won by those who have fought and won on the "field of honor" in the highest and best sense of the term.

ONWARD.



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## A Remarkable Conversion

REV. L. R. SCUDDER, M.D., tells in *The Mission Field* of a little lad in India, belonging to the Naidu caste, who came to Dr. Henry M. Scudder for medical treatment. At first the boy refused to listen to the preaching and tore up tracts given to him. He was finally admitted as an in-patient for an operation. Then love opened his heart. He could not resist that appeal. He left the hospital determined to become a Christian, though only about fifteen years old. A few mornings later the missionary found the lad on his veranda, begging to be received as a Christian and baptized. He broke his caste voluntarily. His parents soon followed him and tried in every way to persuade him to go back with them, but in vain. They then brought a suit against Dr. Scudder for kidnapping and wrongful restraint, and for the recovery of the lad. It was tried in Vellore, while the mission was in session at Arcot, and for the two days of the trial the whole mission was in constant prayer for the lad's deliverance.

The case caused intense excitement. Great crowds thronged the court. But every precaution was taken against a riot. The case of kidnapping and restraint fell through, largely on the evidence of the lad, who could not be shaken in his testimony that he sought the missionary of his own accord and had never been under restraint. While on the stand he also gave his reasons so clearly and intelligently for rejecting Hinduism and accepting Christianity that the judge decided that he was old enough and intelligent enough to choose for himself. So in open court, he was asked to decide whether he would go back with his parents or throw in his lot with the Christians. Without a moment's hesitation, he chose to go with the missionary. Under police protection they, with a few Christians, left the court and started for Arcot, fifteen miles away. After Dr. Scudder had escorted them well out of danger, he galloped on ahead to inform the Mission. He found them on their knees. The service quickly became one of praise and thanksgiving.

The lad at baptism took the name of Isaac Henry. He was educated by the mission, and, until he was called to his great reward, after forty years of service, he was one of the most efficient and honored catechists of the mission. His wife Mary, though totally blind, still strives in connection with the Schell Hospital, to lead her spiritually blind Hindu sisters to Christ, the Light of the world, who shines in her heart.

## He Proved His Fidelity

AN interesting story is told of a young Japanese soldier who fought in the Russo-Japanese war. He was an earnest Christian, but his superior officer hated the very name of Christianity and believed that Christians did not love their country. In pursuance of his belief he was incredibly cruel to the Christian soldier under him, but the young man bravely continued to keep faith with God. His opportunity to prove that a Christian may be a Christian and yet love his country soon came. There was a fierce battle by sea and bullets rattled around them. At the risk of his own life, the Christian protected his superior officer. Then at last for the first time comprehending the real beauty of Christ's teachings as embodied in his faithful soldier, the officer confessed his mistake and desisted from suspicion and cruelty.

## How a Tempest Spread the Gospel

IN 1861 a group of Polynesian Christians were blown away from their homes 1,800 miles, and were finally washed up on the shores of the Ellice Islands, which they set to work to evangelize. Last year the contributions to missions of the Christians on these islands amounted to \$1,650.

## Awakening of an African Tribe

ONE of the tribes now showing most responsive interest in the Gospel is the Mabeyes, who five years ago were practically untouched, and whose language is not yet understood by any Christian missionary. Some of these Mabeyes have, however, been converted in the West African Mission of the American Presbyterian Church, and have become missionaries to their own people, so that to-day the entire tribe seems to be accepting Christianity.

Rev. F. D. P. Hickman, in a recent letter, describes these people of Kamerun and Spanish Guinea as a small tribe inhabiting the hinterland to the north of the Campo River. Until recently they have been looked down upon by other tribes as thieves and cannibals, wedded to all kinds of heathen practices. The Mabeyes seemed to think it was hopeless for them to rise above their degraded and despised condition. Within the last five years, however, there has been a wonderful transformation, and they are now turning to Christ by the hundreds. They are waking up from their hopeless, careless state, and are making strenuous efforts to rise.

The awakening is said to have begun when one of the headmen of the tribe, who was dying, called some of his people to him, and urged them to embrace Christianity. Soon after they began to attend the mission, some of their number were converted and became missionaries to their people. There seems to be an unusual hunger for the Gospel, and though most of those who attend the mission services do not understand the dialect spoken, they attend in large numbers, and after a service one of their number will interpret what has been said.

EXCHANGE.

## A Hero of Faith

BY G. CLIFFORD CRESS

'NEATH a thatched roof in the humble, mud-walled bungalow of a pioneer missionary in tropical Africa, an old man lay dying of a fever. His broad, white brow and sunburned face were ridged with pain. Thin locks of hair tinged with silver lay on his temples. The pale blue eyes were closed forever. In his delirium he had been preaching to the people in the native tongue, but this had now ceased. We watched until the sun hung low over the great Kalahari Desert and the Matoppo Hills, among which the station nestled, were casting long and ominous shadows across the valley. With the setting of the sun the sufferer sank into his last sleep and the throbbing heart was still. No coffin or casket could be secured, when the next day we placed the body in a rude box fashioned from doors and the pulpit table of the church nearby, and laid it in its last resting place under a great inkuni tree that stood apart in a grassy plot. The grave was fashioned by the hands of native men who also bore the bier and placed the sacred dust beneath the earth. There was a simple service in the Sentebele language, and as the last sad rites were observed none of his name stood by to mourn save an aged wife, who had journeyed with him from the long-gone days of their youth.

Here ended the life of a hero of Christian faith. Born of pious parents, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. An exemplary member of the church from the days of adolescence, he manifested an excellent and teachable spirit. In these early years he professed a deep concern for the heathen world and believed himself divinely called to go as a missionary to Africa. His elders discouraged this plan as visionary and romantic and urged him to devote his energies to ministries in the home field. An early marriage gave him an ideal helpmeet, a happy and fruitful home life, and a group of intelligent children—seven sons and a daughter. By the ex-

ercise of wisdom and unflinching patience he led his entire family to Christ and saw them, one by one, added to the church. Ordained a minister of the gospel in early life, he had a gracious gift in winning men to Christian discipleship, and his evangelistic services were eagerly sought by churches throughout the eastern States and in Canada. A fluent speaker in the German language, he ministered to large congregations in that tongue, and with marked success. He held the highest positions of trust and honor among his people.

But he could never forget the call of God to Africa. Though he enjoyed the love and confidence of his brethren and saw the years slipping past, yet he prayed for a day in which he might obey the heavenly vision. Before he could believe it he saw his daughter grow to womanhood and become the wife of a worthy man. One by one his sons went to their own homes and he saw them occupying large places of usefulness. Then children's children played about his fireside and there were peace and love, rest and congenial companionship for this veteran of the cross at three-score years.

When least expected, the opportunity came, and with it the call renewed to go forth as a modern Abraham to become a sojourner in a land of promise in the Dark Continent. By faith he went out, not knowing whither he went. Accompanied by his wife and two excellent teachers, he landed in Cape Town, and thence went forth to spy out the land. It was Cecil Rhodes who pointed him to the Chartered Company's domain, fourteen hundred miles inland, where he might find a virgin field among the Matabele, and thither he went with the conviction of one sent of God, a prophet with a message and a purpose.

Accepting cheerfully the hardships of entering a new and difficult field, he secured land and erected temporary buildings for use until brick could be burned for permanent improvements. The message of the gospel won souls in the jungles as it had in the homeland, and at the end of two years he baptized ten converts from the school, and these formed the membership of the first native church of Christ in the Matoppo, where for ages the crags had re-echoed the weird chants of animistic worship and looked down on feasts of cannibalism. Here in the heart of Africa, hard by the ancient Ophir, from which the gold for Solomon's temple was mined and milled, the eternal Son of David lived powerfully in his servant, transforming the lives of savage men on whom no ray of gospel light had ever shone.

The purpose of this man of faith is recorded in the subsequent history of the work he founded. To-day in these mountains and on the plateau of southern Zambesia a chain of mission stations is reaching out across the country from Mapaneland to Chibi, with churches, schools and a central home for exiled girls and redeemed women; with a branch of the work flung far across the Zambesi in Barotseland northward. The travail of this martyr's soul has its response in groups of believers in every station and in the cumulative evidences of a redeemed humanity in the elementary stages of its long pull up toward God, and the end none may foresee. His desire, oft expressed, was to give ten years following three score to laying the foundations of a great work on which other and younger men should rear the superstructure, and then to return to his family and native land. But he wrought greater than he knew, and in an unexpected hour God gathered this heroic spirit to Himself like a sheaf of wheat fully ripe and his grave lies just over the hilltops from the granite-capped mountain on the summit of which lie the remains of Cecil Rhodes, each man great in his death.

Does this lowly tomb, kissed by the tropical sun and brooded o'er by the solemn stars of African night, have any

message for us? Certainly, it adds the name of him whose dust lies here to that long list of heroes written in heaven, who have triumphed because they saw Him who is invisible and esteemed suffering and loss for His sake greater than any earthly treasure. It heralds to our dull ears the fact of a life surcharged with living faith undimmed by the flight of years. It bids us emulate that faith which clung to the revelation of the inner voice and would not fail of obedience to the will of Christ, even though he must go alone as an old man to blaze out the trail for others to follow when few approved and none saw the ending. It stands a sure witness to-day that the eternal Christ springing anew in the human heart is the unflinching stimulus of our lives notwithstanding their limitations and weaknesses. Instead of defeat and loss, this grave is an eloquent voice crying about the age-lasting wonder of the human heart, that many waters cannot quench love, neither years destroy the faith and usefulness of a good man whose way is committed to the God of life.

Willing hands took up the unfinished tasks where he laid them down and the triumph of his sacrifice moves on to that consummation which none may know but our God and Father alone.

THE STANDARD.

## In Polynesia

MISSIONARY WAGNER of the Papuan Mission in German New Guinea, announces that 2000 heathen have in the last few years joined the churches there. He describes how parties of them came from great distances to take part in the last Christmas celebration. Numbers arrived days before, and were set to work clearing away brush, weeding and setting in order the station grounds until they fairly shone. Six hundred of these former cannibals packed the station church. The children from the school sang, "Peaceful Night, Holy Night," and the final choral was sung by the congregation with a mighty power which would have filled the friends of missions at home with delight if they could but have heard it.

## Turkey Awakening

DR. CORNELIUS H. PATTON has said, as the result of his own personal observations, that signs of spiritual awakening are noticeable everywhere in Turkey. Armenian priests exchange pulpits freely with American missionaries. Union services have been held in the Gregorian church at Adana for eighteen months, the audience often reaching 3000. Dr. Barnum of Constantinople has been invited to preach in four Armenian churches—something which has not occurred in forty-three years of service. The use of Armenian Bibles is spreading. The faithful work of the missionaries of the American Board in Turkey is clearly beginning to tell. A spiritual reformation in this ancient church of Asia Minor is likely to carry with it incalculable helpfulness to the task of evangelizing the Mohammedans of Turkey and Persia.

## Good News from Madagascar

AFTER the years of difficulties in the way of Protestant missionaries in Madagascar and the petty persecutions of native Christians upon that great island by the official representatives of the French Government, a better day seems to have dawned for the Protestants there. The Governor-General, appointed a short time ago as successor to the enemy of Protestant missions, shows that he is at least impartial and will do nothing to hinder freedom of worship. Not long ago a certain official refused to permit the rebuilding of a church building by native Christians, but an appeal to headquarters caused almost immediately issuing of an order that he must not hinder the native Christians in their work of church-erection.





## ONLY A DIME

By Cora S. Day

MISS ALINA TROTT closed her front door with the gentle bang that was necessary to lock it. Miss Alina was dressed in her simple best, and there was a pleased, expectant look in her pretty brown eyes as she went briskly down the flower-bordered path, opened and closed the front gate, and went her way up the village street toward the church.

"I do so hope there will be a crowd—a real crowd, with folks in chairs across the back of the room," she was thinking. "It takes something out of the ordinary to bring folks out like that, I know. But dearie me, I'm sure that a real missionary, to tell us all about his work, is enough out of the ordinary for me."

She trotted on a little faster—she was well named, was little Miss Trott, with her quick, dainty, bird-like ways—as she saw a small group of people going on ahead. "There go the Grimleys. I'm so glad. I do hope they have every one brought a big, round dollar to put in the plate for the missionary and his work. They would never miss it," and she smiled wistfully. At the same time she felt in her pocket for the silver coin she had placed there for her own offering. "I wish I could give a dollar instead of only a dime. But there, Alina Trott, you just needn't go wishing and envying those who have more to give than you have. If the Lord wanted a dollar from you, He'd managed it somehow so you'd have had it to give. Just put in your dime and be thankful you have that much to spare. Why—"

She stopped short in the mental monologue, and in her walk, feeling once more in the empty pocket. The dime was gone.

"It must have pulled out in a fold of

### FOOD AGAIN

#### A Mighty Important Subject to Every One

A Boston lady talks entertainingly of food and the changes that can be made in health by some knowledge on that line. She says:

"An injury to my spine in early womanhood left me subject to severe sick headaches which would last three or four days at a time, and a violent course of drugging brought on constipation with all the ills that follow.

"My appetite was always light and uncertain and many kinds of food distressed me.

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts food two or three years ago, because I liked the taste of it, and I kept on because I soon found it was doing me good.

"I eat it regularly at breakfast, frequently at luncheon, and again before going to bed—and have no trouble in 'sleeping on it.' It has relieved my constipation, my headaches have practically ceased, and I am in better physical condition at the age of 63 than I was at 40.

"I give Grape-Nuts credit for restoring my health, if not saving my life, and you can make no claim for it too strong for me to endorse." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

my handkerchief," Miss Alina thought in gentle dismay. "I'll never be able to find it, all the way I've come. I haven't even time to go back for the other one." Her mental vision beheld clearly the other dime, with its few companion pennies, tucked safely in a corner of a drawer at home.

She was not usually so poverty stricken, and even now could smile over it. Her tiny income almost always had a margin of a dollar or two left at the end of each quarter. But there had been extra demands upon her purse this summer—a small doctor's bill; a week's visit from a sister and her children; a call for help from an old and needy friend. Next week was quarterly payment time again; but that did not help the missionary problem, nor replace the lost dime. As she thought this, an inspiration came.

"I'll stop in at Janie Rogers'. If she hasn't gone, she will loan me ten cents until to-morrow morning. I wonder if she will give more?" She quickened her steps once more, and in a minute or two turned in at the gate of her old neighbor and friend. She found her at home, just ready to start, explained her errand, and was readily accommodated with the small loan. The two maiden ladies then went on together to the missionary meeting, heard the stirring words of the speaker, gave their small but willing offerings and went home at the close of the meeting filled with true missionary zeal.

A few minutes after Miss Trott had left her front gate on her way to the meeting that mid-week evening, Bessie Saunders, a young girl living just a little way up the street from her, came along. She glanced up the front path for a possible glimpse of Miss Trott; but the house was all dark.

"She has gotten the start of me going to that meeting," thought Bessie. "I must hurry up a bit, or I may be late." As she stepped past the gate, something bright gleamed in the moonlight on the gravel walk at her feet. She stooped, and picked up Miss Alina's lost dime.

"Well, well—if Miss Alina had looked down as she came out, she surely would have seen that," smiled the girl to herself. "I must tell her of the wealth I found right in front of her yard." She hurried on, slipping the dime into her purse to keep company with another coin, slightly larger. A thought came as she did so.

"Perhaps some one meant to give it to the missionary collection," she mused. "My first thought was ice cream. I believe my second is the one to follow. I'll put it on the plate along with my quarter. It cannot go wrong, then, whether it really was meant to go that way or not."

She had gone a square or more on her way, when she was suddenly startled by a noisy sniff, coming from the shadows along a high paling fence. A quick glance revealed a small boy grubbing in the tall grass along the fence. A half curious sympathy halted her steps.

"Lost something, Jimmy?" she asked, with the originality most of us display in like circumstances. She had recognized the young scion of a poor family on the outskirts of the village.

A weebe-gone, freckled face was turned toward her.

"Yas—me dime," he explained, and sniffed again.

"That is too bad," began Bessie, and stopped short. She had his dime in her purse—so she thought.

"I was goin' for a can of milk for the baby, an' I walked the fences, an' I fell off two or three times—an' when I

thought to feel for the dime—it's gone." The narrative ended in a sniff that was almost a sob.

Bessie knew the home he came from. She knew the probable lack of credit he would find at the stores. She opened her purse with a little laugh of genuine pleasure that she could play the good fairy.

"I picked this up a little way down the street," she said, and dropped it into his eager palm.

"That's it—thanks," gasped the astonished boy, his woe turned to quick joy at his narrow escape from future justice for his carelessness. He grasped the coin tightly, gave a little whoop of relief, and was off like the wind, in the direction of the nearest grocery. Bessie sent a smiling glance after him.

"I don't know but that dime will do as good and real missionary work in buying milk for that wretched baby," she thought as she went on. "I must speak to some of the other girls about that family, and see what we can do for them. I am glad the lost dime called my attention to them," and she went on to the meeting intent upon some very practical home missionary plans.

Early the next morning Miss Trott went down her front path again, going this time to repay as promptly as possible the loan of her friend Janie Rogers. She paused to straighten a wind-blown flower in the border close to the gate; when suddenly a gleam of silver caught her eye, and with a little pleased exclamation she pounced upon Jimmy's dime, lodged in the grass close to her front fence.

"To think I lost it right here in my own yard," she murmured in pleased surprise. "I'm certainly glad to find it. I hope Janie Rogers' dime does the missionary as much good as this will do me. For I'm going to keep it now, and pay her with the other one, as I started out to do," and away she trotted, smiling to herself over her little whim.

Down at the first corner she met Bessie Saunders.

"Good morning, Miss Alina—you're just the one I want to see. I hadn't time to tell you last night, but—" Bessie began merrily, and went on with the story of the boy and the dime. Miss Alina listened, smiling more and more until the end.

"Now, wasn't that odd," she began, "for—" and she in turn went on and told her own little story of her lost dime, holding it out triumphantly at the end.

"But, Bessie, dear, I am ever so glad that you have brought those poor Higgsses to my attention. I must speak to Janie about them, and see what we can do for them. I am ashamed that I have not thought of it before. I am sure I can find some good old garments about the house that will make over or cut down for those children," and she was as eager as a girl over the idea. It was an odd occasion indeed, when Miss Trott could not find something about her house to give to a needy one—even though its place was obviously vacant afterward.

"I must hurry on and tell Janie about them," she added, and bidding the girl good-by she went about her double errand joyously.

Little Miss Trott and Jimmy Higgss never knew of their curious exchange of coins. The missionary never knew of the odd shuffle of coins on the way to his collection. But because of that missionary and his meeting, the two lost and found coins, and the eager readiness of kind hearts to do the duty that lay close at hand, the Higgsses entered upon a new and better era; others in need felt the touch of an awakened interest and fellowship that reached out for more to help; and the circles of good are still widening, widening, as circles of good will, until who knows but they may reach round the earth?



#### "He Giveth Us All Things"

BACK of the loaf is the snowy flour,  
And back of the flour is the mill;  
And back of the mill is the sheaf,  
And the shower,  
And the sun,  
And the Father's will.

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## Petering Out

BY HELENA H. THOMAS

My first meeting with an octogenarian, whose acquaintance I prize, came about through the request of a long-time friend, who, in sending needed directions, wrote: "You will agree with me that she is an exceptionally interesting character. To be sure, I have not had the pleasure of seeing her for many years, and I have been told that her hearing is now so impaired as to render an interchange of thought next to impossible. Yet, withal, I am confident that you will find it well worth while to make the acquaintance of this gifted and saintly woman. You will be the gainer, in a way, however, if she cannot hear, for this barrier to your talking will compel my old friend to entertain you by bringing to view her eventful past."

After receiving the foregoing instructions I lost no time in searching out the one thus described, and readily saw that she was one of a thousand, intellectually, and before I had been in her presence five minutes I realized that she was the highest type of a Christian as well.

And so, from time to time, I have dropped in to see this aged saint, who, because of deafness and other infirmities, is "debarred from our Father's house," as she expresses it, and is left much alone, too. Yet, withal, it is a benediction just to grasp her hand and look into the face which speaks so eloquently of a triumphant life.

Last night I looked in upon her at the twilight hour, and finding her alone expressed my regret that she should be left so much to herself, but, in the sunniest way imaginable, she retorted:

"Alone! Why, bless you, dear, I'm never alone! for the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother enfolds me all the more closely as earthly friends drop off, one by one."

Then, as usual, she talked on and on,

sure of one interested listener, at least, and after a little her theme was the foregoing text.

"But don't for one moment imagine, dear," urged she, "that I blame people for not coming to see me, as they used to, for I know as well as they do that I am petering out."

My only remonstrance was a shake of the head, which led to the emphatic reply:

"Oh, yes, I am, in every way! Even you must agree with me that my hearing has pretty well petered out, and that my limbs are in the petering line. And those who knew me in my palmy days would readily see that my mind is petering out, too."

My protest here was most pronounced, when, without attempt at flattery, I assured her that she was a constant marvel to me as to clearness of intellect; but, notwithstanding, she protested:

"Oh, it is but a wreck of my old self that you see. I realize it, if you do not. Why, I used to have an unfailing memory, but every day I see evidence that even the memory of which I was once rather proud is petering out. Yes, I am petering out generally."

Her tone was not plaintive, however; indeed, the foregoing had really a cheery ring to it, as if the facts were rather pleasing, on the whole, which did not surprise me when, in an almost jubilant tone, she continued:

"But, praise God! there is one thing that isn't petering out, and that's my faith! Strange, isn't it, but, as I weaken physically and mentally, on the earth side, my faith brightens. Why, when you came in to-night, dear, I was thinking of that passage in Isaiah, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,' and thinking how true I am finding it to be. When I occupied a position of trust and influence, and my mind was running hither and thither, I used to

wonder what 'perfect peace' meant. Then, in course of time, I was bereft of what was once my pride and joy—my husband—who, as an army officer, held high rank; my gifted children, too, were taken. Then followed loss of property, and health as well, until now, as I said before, I realize that I am petering out; but at last, blessed be His name! I now know what perfect peace is."

Here the old saint paused a moment, as if the fullness of that promised peace was too great for words, and then, in a triumphant tone, she added:

"I haven't much mind left, but what I have is stayed on Him, and that ensures me such peace—perfect peace—that I am fully reconciled to this general petering out, for I realize that it but heralds the glad day when the mortal shall put on immortality."

✻ ✻

## The Man Who Untied the Monkey

It was my first cruise, first ship, first experience on board a ship of any kind. I was "just caught" and "green to the bone," and it was my first religious service at sea. Long will I remember it. The captain was a strict disciplinarian and churchman, and on that first Sunday aboard ordered church spread on the quarterdeck—starboard gangway—after the usual old-time Sunday morning functions. Accordingly, the old boatswain and his mate imposed upon the after-guard to "rig church." This was accomplished by placing capstan bars on deck buckets for seats and a "Jack" spread over two mess tubs for a pulpit. The audience, as it developed thus in the open air, consisted, immediately, of the commanding officer, executive, senior surgeon and six of the crew, with the boatswain and mate and officer of the deck just forward, in the gangway. Here and there, peeping from various hiding places, were to be seen many curious, interested or mischievous faces of the crew. It was the most trying situation I had ever experienced, yet I felt no sense of resentment toward any of them. Rather I felt that I'd like to be one of them, with some other "Holy Joe" or "Sky Pilot" in the pulpit that day, and I just looking on from the side lines forward.

In the few days I'd spent aboard I'd experienced no unpleasant interviews nor rebuffs from the members of the crew, except from one man, a "square head" (Norwegian), who grinned at me when I had invited him to my service, and snarled some answer about "the unknown God."

His was one of the grinning faces flashed at me that fateful Sunday morning from behind the S-inch rifle amidships forward, at the break of the fore-castle. I well remember the situation.

It was a beautiful, clear forenoon, just a little warm, without awnings, and quiet as the cemetery. A few moments after I'd knelt before the smallest audience in all my experience, in the midst of the opening prayer, I felt what I thought to be a eat mounting up my back, then seated on my head, then darting away, amid some confusion, and, afterward, much tittering around me, till the prayer was finished. Upon arising to my feet and resuming the service I found utter inattention, even in my small audience, while there was open laughter forward.

The situation soon dawned upon me. The pet monkey of the paymaster, usually tethered under the fore-castle, had been let loose by some one at the moment of opening my service, and had, in native curiosity, meandered aft, slipped between the bowlegs of the vigilant boatswain, entered upon investigation of the service going on, climbed up my back, seated himself upon my head, chattering as he seriously surveyed the situation, and when he saw himself menaced had leaped to the stand, where he seized a small Bible, before he sprang to one of the broadside guns, thence up the shrouds to the maintop, where he seated himself, and during the remainder of the service continued to grin, squeal, mumble, mince and to scatter the leaves of that Bible, as if distributing tracts to the screaming crew.

As for myself, I felt no resentment, but rather a full fellowship of interest

and pleasure with the men and the monkey. But the captain saw it differently, and began a severe investigation. It was soon understood that the poor little monkey must be set ashore at once, and that the man who released him that day, if identified, would have to face a very serious charge. It was a long talk of ease. The monkey was landed next day, but the guilty man was never "landed." It was impossible to discover who it was that released the monkey. So, after a time, the incident was closed and forgotten. Many years slipped by, and I had nearly lost sight of the matter, when one day, as I was passing through the main ward of one of our naval hospitals, a bony hand was lifted from under the blanket and beckoned me.

I went to the cot and sat down beside the emaciated man there, and when he had grasped my hand he whispered, "I'm the man who untied the monkey."

Fortunately I understood at once and perfectly, and so began an endeavor to comfort him, seeing he seemed in such a desperate state. But he grinned—the same old grin, only this time it was full of kindness and wisdom, and he said: "I heard every word of that text that day, and have remembered it every day since, and at a street meeting in Washington city this summer I surrendered to God and have been at peace with Him and all the world to this day, having given up the old life and taken on the new. I'm a redeemed man, thank God! So I wanted to confess to you that I it was who turned the little monkey loose that day on the old Umptyumpty." And this man remained true, in faith and life—a redeemed, happy man—now a chief petty officer. But he wasn't rated by the captain of the Umptyumpty.

CHAPLAIN WRIGHT, U. S. N., IN THE ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL.

## A HIT

What She Gained by Trying Again

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"Well, the next morning Mother brewed it about five minutes, just as she had been in the habit of doing with coffee without paying special attention to the directions printed on the package. It looked weak and didn't have a very promising color, but nevertheless father raised his cup with an air of expectancy. It certainly did give him a great surprise, but I'm afraid it wasn't a very pleasant one, for he put down his cup with a look of disgust.

"Mother wasn't discouraged though, and next morning gave it another trial, letting it stand on the stove till boiling began and then letting it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and this time we were all so pleased with it that we have used it ever since.

"Father was a confirmed dyspeptic and a cup of coffee was to him like poison. So he never drinks it any more, but drinks Postum regularly. He isn't troubled with dyspepsia now and is actually growing fat, and I'm sure Postum is the cause of it. All the children are allowed to drink it and they are perfect pictures of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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## For Those Who Guard Our Homes

THE value of the service rendered by firemen and policemen in the protection of life and property cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Often this service is rendered at extreme peril, and not infrequently these men sacrifice their own lives in the faithful performance of their duty. Firemen and policemen must necessarily spend much time in reserve duty, and during those periods of reserve they have abundant opportunity for reading. Realizing the boon which a good Christian paper must be, a friend in Washington, D. C., has for a long time paid for sending the AMERICAN MESSENGER to every fire house and police station in that city—fifty-four in all. Another friend is doing a similar service in Reading, Pa., and other friends are paying for copies of this paper which are sent to firemen and policemen elsewhere.

This is an enterprise that deserves to be carried forward wherever firemen and policemen are found. We repeat the appeal to our readers to forward their subscriptions to pay for sending the AMERICAN MESSENGER to the fire houses and police stations in their own localities. Five copies or more will be sent to separate addresses at the club rate of thirty cents apiece. Will you not render this Christian service to the men in your own community, who stand ready to risk their lives in your behalf?

## Read for a Purpose

HAVE you ever thought how much better it is to read for a purpose, and don't you want to do some better reading this winter? Have you ever looked into the Bay View Reading Courses? You would like them, and maybe a club could be started; or if you have one, that this superior work would appeal to it as better than ordinary plans. Behind it are seventeen years of success, and thousands are taking it up. J. M. Hall, Boston Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, is the one to address for circulars.

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Each volume contains 12 pages, four full page illustrations in color and two in black; border decorations on each page, board binding, cover picture in twelve bright colors, varnished. Price, 20 cents per volume, each volume containing five to six stories as follows:

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Jesus and the Children	Samuel and Eli
The Prodigal Son	David the Shepherd
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The following two volumes have the same style of binding and decorations as above, each volume containing twelve stories, eight full page pictures in color and four in black. Price, 35 cents each.

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Feeding Five Thousand	Samson and the Lion
Jesus and the Children	Samuel and Eli
The Prodigal Son	David the Shepherd
Christ Saving Peter	David and Goliath
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## The True Ring

ONE morning a native brought to the house of a missionary a sack from which he poured a number of idols onto the ground.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I have no use for them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," answered the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The missionary was pleased and had the idols sent to a bell foundry and melted into a bell whose clear, rich tones may now be heard calling the Christian converts to praise and prayer.

There was nothing of the true ring about that metal when it was in the shape of dumb idols. The poor, deluded people had been coming for many years and bowing down before them and saying their prayers and asking for help from those idols, but they were cold and silent. Then they were made over again—changed into a different form and used for a different purpose, a noble, useful purpose, and the clear ring of the bell into which the idols were made was like sweet music to the hearing ears of those new-born natives. They, too, were of a different character now; their cold, hard lives had been melted in the crucible of God's love and grace, they were made into new creatures, whose lives were in tune with the Christ life. Those made-over lives ring true now and, like the bell, are used of God for noble and useful ends.

With every life the conditions are about the same. Without the image of our Saviour stamped upon our lives they are cold and false and just as useless as those dumb idols. Then the Master comes. Under the glow of His love our hard hearts are melted and fused with His great gentle heart, His thoughts become our thoughts, His ways our ways, our lives are attuned to His and when the test comes we give forth "the true ring."

ONWARD.

## Do You Always See Beauty?

I NEVER knew a day so dull that I could not find a glimpse of beauty somewhere. Sometimes in a sheltered little ledge I find a spot of pure snow, when all about it is soot-covered or foot-stained or trampled; sometimes it is only a pansy that bravely raises its head from under its protection of dead leaves and snow; sometimes a spot of blue gleams from leaden skies.

An experienced hunter sees pheasants in the woods where the untrained eye sees only leaves. So one trained in living sees beauty where the untrained sees only dullness.

Ragtime and Beethoven are one to the deaf. A sunflower and a rose are marked by no difference to one who keeps his eyes shut. Half the people in the world go through life and see nothing more in a primrose than the primrose itself; while those who walk beside them find in every flower a thought, in every stone a science, in every bird's nest a religion and a philosophy.

I know a naturalist who declares that he never saw a homely person. His eyes had been trained to see, and, looking better and farther than most of us can, he saw a humanity which gave a trace of beauty to the plainest exterior.

One spring, I dropped some pansy seed near our division fence. Drays laden with coal went over it, later several cords of wood were thrown upon it. In the summer, I found a little dwarf flower sticking its purple yellow face up at me between the sticks of wood. I began to clear a space for the brave little plant, and discovered that it had twisted and bent itself about, seeking a place to unfold, until its bloom was several feet to the right of its roots. Its stem was colorless and twisted, but it bloomed nevertheless.

Some lives are like that pansy stalk—trodden, dwarfed, colorless—but open the way just a little for them and they will send out a flower.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

## American Tract Society

THIS Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 777,702,649 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$779,287.43 and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,035.63, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$21,300.81, being equivalent to 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,548,172.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 238,904; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 76,346, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in seventy years 17,002,881, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,361,611.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

## The Bag of Rose Leaves

IN some parts of Italy as soon as a peasant girl is married she makes a fine muslin bag. In this bag she gathers rose leaves, and year after year other rose leaves are added until, perhaps, she is an old woman. Then when she dies that bag of rose leaves is the beautiful fragrant pillow that her head lies on in the coffin.

It is possible for us year by year to gather the rose leaves of tender ministries, unselfish sacrifices, brave actions, loving deeds for Christ's sake. We cannot do this if we let the opportunities slip by. Little time will be left us, if we do, to fill the pillow on which our dying head shall rest.

Let us be watchful to crowd into our lives the lovely, unselfish and helpful things, that we may show our love to Christ. And then at the last our heads shall rest on something more fragrant than rose leaves, the fragrant memories of good deeds, sweet to ourselves, sweet to others, and approved of our Lord.

EXCHANGE.

## Soldiers of the Common Good

SOME time ago nearly a score of young medical students in Baltimore volunteered to allow themselves to be inoculated with cancer germs in the hope that by doing so they would aid the great search for a cure of this dread disease. The danger involved was fully appreciated. But their offer was refused by the authorities. The heroism of these young men is fine. We cannot help but applaud them, and yet we should not allow such a spectacular event to let us forget that the modest daily practitioner of medicine, and the untiring nurse take chances by day and by night that are as great as these young medical students so daringly faced. The family doctor and the trained nurse, the mother, and often the minister, as a part of the day's work face all kinds of dangers; and they make no mention of them. All too seldom they do not even receive thanks for the risks they run and forget. They are soldiers of the common good. They have the courage, the loyalty, and the noble ideal of service, which makes this the finest and the best age the world has ever seen.

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### One Girl's Soliloquy

REBECCA went over and looked in the glass. What she saw there made her shake her head.

"No one has ever told you you were pretty," she said to herself slowly, "and you're not. You're not even a little bit good-looking. You'll never be asked to take part in tableaux like Gladys and Helen and Maud, and be a shining light in entertainments as they are. You'll never be asked to sing like Margaret, because you haven't any voice; and you'll never be asked to play like the other girls, because your father can't afford to buy you a piano and have you take lessons. But you can be good and kind, and you can study hard and be clever in school."

"Now, remember," shaking her finger at herself, "you can't fall back on your looks for anything. You'll just have to make it up in being."

The words recurred to Rebecca many times as the days and months rolled on. Often life seemed a little hard to her, without wealth, accomplishments, or the heritage of beauty of many of her classmates; but she did not falter in her endeavor to make the very most of herself. The consequence was that people forgot her plainness in her genuine kindness and sympathy, her unfailing good nature, and as time went on, her brilliancy; for although not any more gifted by nature than many by whom she was surrounded in school, she outdistanced them by her unswerving devotion to a high ideal of womanhood.

"You'll just have to make it up in being." A homely sentence, but one fraught with lofty meaning. It proved a stimulus to Rebecca; perhaps it may to us.

EXCHANGE.

### Impossibilities

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, of New York, who made his reputation as a statesman in Revolutionary days, declared that a railroad under any circumstances was impossible. A member of the New York Legislature, Henry Meigs, who had the temerity to believe that steam carriages would some day be operated, was considered in consequence to be an imbecile or insane, and his prospects as a lawyer were ruined. About the same period an Englishman, writing of the fearful velocity at which it was proposed to travel by steam, said: "Even supposing that means were found to abate one-half of the violent shock in stopping, enough remains to terrify considerate men from risking their persons in such species of conveyance. Till we have bones of brass or iron, or better methods of protecting them than we now have, it is preposterous to talk of traveling fifty or sixty miles an hour as a practical thing."

In this generation there are few who will deny in the physical realm the possibility of greater miracles than that of the locomotive. But our faith still halts when it comes to the realms of social and spiritual life. Wireless telegraphy, of course—why not? But direct answer of prayer? Have we really a living faith in that? A man may yet fly as freely as a bird—but who shall make laws to govern this traffic of the air? Shall the Parliament of Man be forever considered the idle dream of poets and impractical folk?

Let us have nothing to do with that word "impossible." It has bullied us too long and cheated us of much happiness. Given time enough and all things are possible.

SELECTED.

### Much in Little

IN the Cathedral of Lubeck in Germany is the following striking inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord to us:  
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;  
Ye call me Light, and seek me not;  
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;  
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;  
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;  
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;  
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;  
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;  
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;  
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;  
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;  
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;  
If I condemn you, blame me not."

### The Bible a Witness to its Heavenly Origin

BY ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR

THE nature of the contents of the Scriptures furnishes a strong argument in favor of their inspiration. The inherent excellencies of both Testaments witness to their heavenly origin. The New Testament particularly stands out in marked separation from all contemporaneous literature. In matter, effect, and motive, it is beyond all comparison superior to all other literature of its own day or of any other time. In many respects in its thought and expression it is totally opposed to the entire spirit of the age in which it was written and to the opinion of the people to whom it was primarily given. The development of literature in different countries is recognized among all literary students; but the New Testament, in its pure thought, heavenly atmosphere, and divine influence, stands apart from all the law of movement, of progress, and of attainment among uninspired writers of every country and century. The volume possesses a unity, a singleness of purpose, and an elevation of tone which stamp it as a work of human genius and of divine inspiration. Its statements are characterized by sublime simplicity and divine sublimity. Its calmness, comprehension, reticence, and majesty differentiate it from all the literatures of the world. Well may Van Oosterzee say: "He who will acknowledge in Scripture nothing higher than a purely human character comes into collision not only with our Lord's word and that of His witnesses, but also with the Christian consciousness of all ages. It is impossible to account for these exalted qualities on any other hypothesis than that the writers of this uncommon volume were under the special influence of God in thought and speech." These records have been subjected to every conceivable form of criticism, and yet they have remained unimpeached and unimpeachable. There stands God. These records are as much superior to the traditions of mere men as Christ is superior to all false Christs, who for a time have challenged the thought of men simply to disappear in total silence or to linger before men in complete dishonor.

It would seem that in the apostolic Church inspiration was not confined to the Apostles. Portions of Scripture were written by others than Apostles, and were yet in harmony with the spirit, doctrines, and facts of the Apostles in the Scriptures acknowledged to be theirs. To this class belong possibly the Epistle to the Hebrews and certainly the Gospels of Mark and Luke. All testimony points to Mark as the companion and secretary of Peter, from whose early teachings he probably composed his gospel; and it is certain that in his writings Luke had the assistance and endorsement of the Apostle Paul. The Old Testament existed long before Christ's days; even the Septuagint translations were extant for more than two and a half centuries previous to that time. The Old Testament was Christ's Bible. He loved it; He quoted it; He endorsed it, but He never once criticized it. The Jews of the time of Christ universally recognized the Old Testament writings as sacred; and the progress of our investigations in history, archaeology, and exploration all tends to confirm the statements of the ancient Scriptures. Repeatedly did Christ cite the Old Testament as undisputed authority—Matt. 5:17; 11:13; 16:4; 22:31; 26:54, and in many other passages. The Apostles in all their writings—2 Tim. 3:16 and 2 Peter 1:20-21—directly assert the inspiration of the Old Testament.

From the days of primitive Christianity the Bible has been received as a book containing the truest history, the sublimest poetry, the deepest philosophy, the purest morality, and the highest revelation. "Search the Scriptures," said Christ, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." The Bible has no rival. It is the Mont Blanc, it is the Himalaya of literature. What Christ, the living Word, was as compared with other men on the earth, that the Bible, as the written Word, is to-day as compared with other books. It comes to us with the

authority of heaven, and it guides us to the blessedness of heaven. Give this unique book your earnest, believing, prayerful study. Loving obedience to its teachings will furnish the best evidence of its inspiration. They and only they who obey Christ can truly know His doctrine. Let us bless God for the Bible, as His highest revelation, is worthy the praise of saints and seraphs; and verily it might well be the theme of redeemed sinners in heaven if it contained only this one verse—the Bible in miniature, a verse containing sufficient truth, if fully believed, to save the whole earth, a verse which shows us the very heart of the eternal God, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

THE WATCHMAN.

### Missing the Flaws

A LARGE part of our own failures in life comes from seeing flaws and failures in others that we do not need to see at all. The keen-sighted pessimist does a great deal more harm than even the easily fooled, often mistaken optimist. For the man who looks for flaws in other people's lives usually leaves those flaws worse than when he found them, by the notice and attention that he gives to them; and this leaves him worse off himself. The man who lives so much in the sunshine that he won't see other people's flaws helps those flaws to die, and gathers new sunshine and strength in so doing.

"Don't look for flaws as you go through life, And even when you find them,

'Tis wise and kind to be somewhat blind, and Look for the virtues behind them."

Virtue-hunting means virtue-finding; and the right things that we hunt for most eagerly we add constantly to ourselves. But the best part of this getting is that it is all in the interest of others.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

### The Most Beautiful Hand

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last:

"I give it up; the question is too hard for me. But ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

THE PRESBYTERIAN.

### Tested by Trouble

A JEWELER gives as one of the tests for diamonds the "water test." He says: "An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. If you place a genuine stone beside an imitation under water, the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eye."

Many seem confident of their faith so long as they have no trials; but when the waters of sorrow overflow them their faith loses all its brilliancy. It is then that true servants of God, like Job shine forth as genuine jewels of the King.

SELECTED.

No doubt many people would like to take up a course of beneficial reading and also to start a reading club, but don't know how to proceed. The Bay View Reading Club offers superior work, with courses and club plans, and its work is very popular. Write J. M. Hall, Boston Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, for the circular.



# THE TREASURY

## SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

## Receipts of the American Tract Society during August, 1911.

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$153.34 for Special Objects), \$1,632.76.

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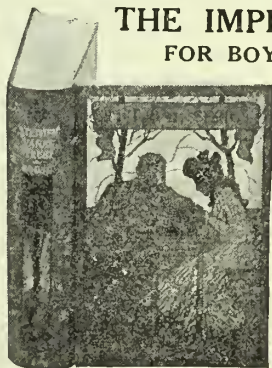
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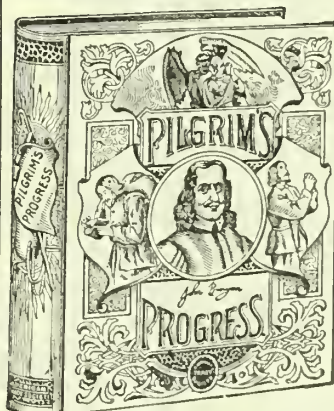
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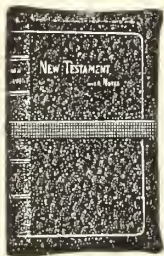
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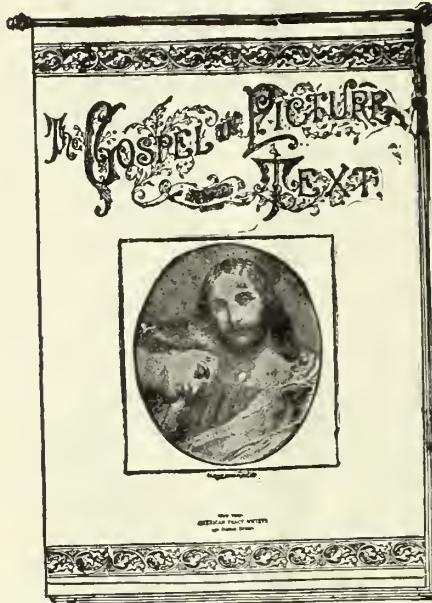
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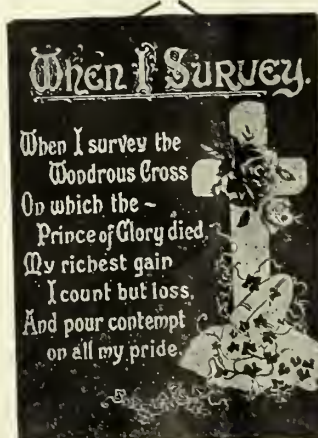
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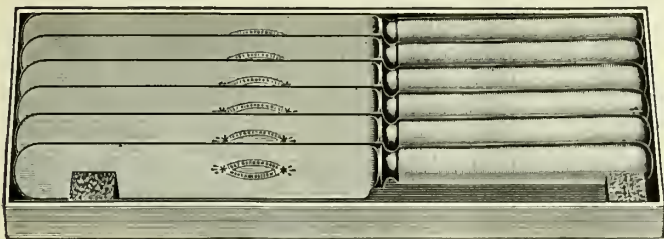
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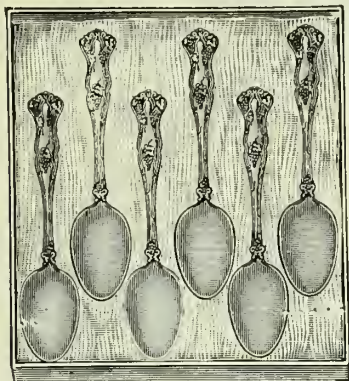


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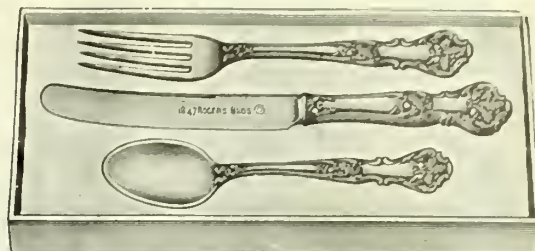
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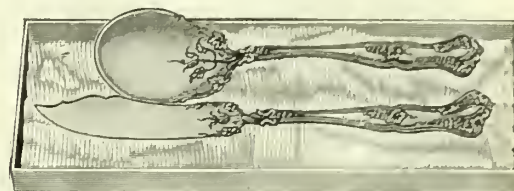
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## 1847 Rogers Bros. Berry or Nut Spoons

Vintage Pattern, given FREE and POSTPAID for only 5 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

## 1847 Rogers Bros. Cold Meat Fork

Vintage Pattern, given FREE and POSTPAID for only 4 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

## 1847 Rogers Bros. Butter Knife

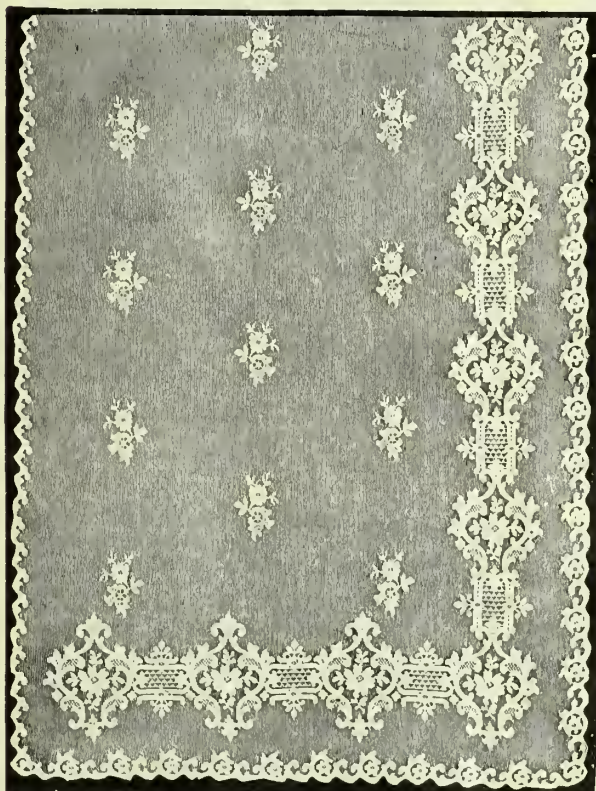
Vintage Pattern, given FREE and POSTPAID for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

## 1847 Rogers Bros. Medium Soup Ladle

Vintage Pattern, given FREE and POSTPAID for only 10 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

## 1847 Rogers Bros. Tablespoons

SIX TABLESPOONS will be given FREE and POSTPAID for 12 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each, or a year's subscription and the Tablespoons for \$3.00.



No. 5340

## Handsome Window Curtains

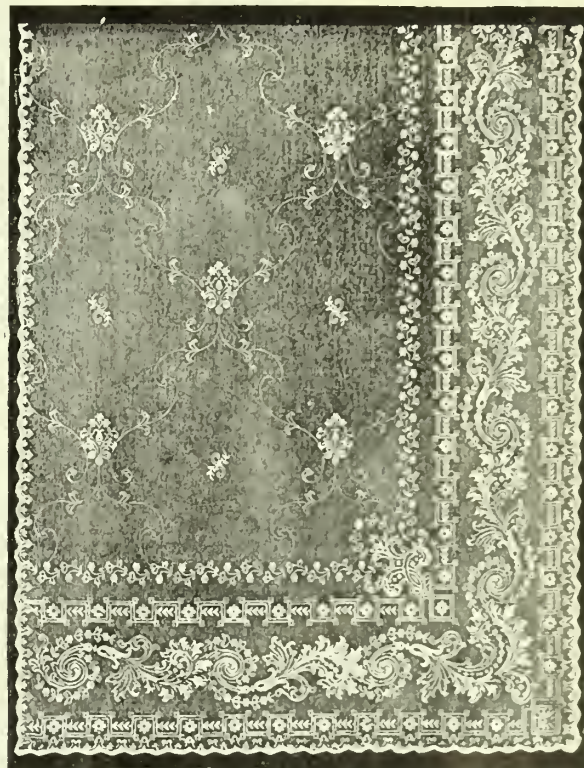
Both of these Nottingham curtains make most effective window coverings for either parlor or living rooms. They are each 52 inches wide and three yards in length.

No. 5340. Has a very dainty lacey border effect with a detached figure.

One pair of these Curtains will be mailed FREE and POSTPAID for only 8 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription and a pair of curtains for \$2.50.

No. 5204. Has a beautiful Grecian and Scroll combination border with figured center.

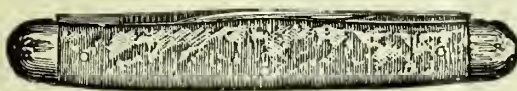
One pair of these Curtains will be given FREE and POSTPAID for 10 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription to the paper and a pair of curtains for \$2.85.



No. 5204

## Pearl-Handled Knife

Given FREE and POSTPAID for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each



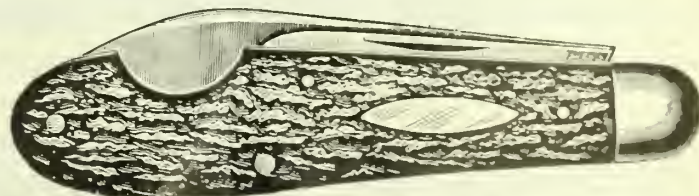
The handle is of heavy iridescent pearl. The bolsters and lining are German silver. The two blades are fine English hand-forged steel, carefully tempered and hardened. The large blade is a regular cutting blade and the other is a nail cleaner and file. The Knife is 2 3/4 inches long. This knife is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

## Pocket Knife No. 2174

Given FREE for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.



This Knife for gentlemen has two blades. Each blade opens easily. The blades are made of finest quality of steel. The handle is of patent stag, and is brass-lined.



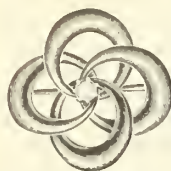
## Easy Opener Knife

Given FREE for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER and the Easy Opener Knife for \$1.05.

This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good firm hold. It has a German silver bolster and name plate, and is brass lined. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy. The Knife is 3 1/2 inches long.



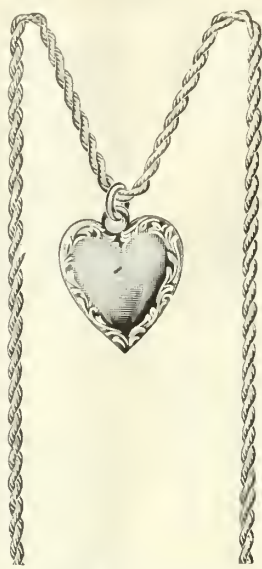
## High Grade Gold-Filled Jewelry



This Brooch, Roman pearl centre, full size, will be given for only 3 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will send the Brooch and a year's subscription for \$1.10



This beautiful Locket for two pictures, hand engraved will be given for 6 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription and the Locket for \$1.70



No. 1. Neck Chain and Pendant

Will be given for 9 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents, or we will give the Chain and a year's subscription for \$2.45



No. 2. Neck Chain and Pendant

Will be given for 8 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Chain and a year's subscription for \$2.10

### LORGNETTE CHAIN



This handsome Lorgnette Chain is 48 inches long and will be given for 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Chain and a year's subscription for \$2.25

Here is an excellent opportunity to secure a serviceable chain, one that will last for years with ordinary use.

### Chain Number 7818



This beautiful Vest Chain, 12 inches long will be given for only 13 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription and the Chain for \$3.50

This is a very neat and attractive chain, and any one receiving it will be very much pleased.

### Chain Number 1190



This fancy Vest Chain, 12 inches long will be given for 13 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription and the Chain for \$3.50

This is the most durable chain we have ever offered, and we are sure that the recipient will be more than pleased.

### Chain Number 1002



This Double Curbed 12-inch Chain will be given for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Chain and a year's subscription for \$2.25

Some prefer to wear a curbed chain rather than any other style. We guarantee this chain to give satisfaction.

## EXCELLENT FOUNTAIN PENS

Fountain Pens are no longer a luxury, but a necessity. Those we are offering here are the Famous "Eagle Fountain Pens." They have 14 karat solid gold and best iridium points, Para hard rubber barrels, with the famous Waterman feed, etc. The pens are of the best quality and workmanship that can be obtained in connection with our extremely low offers. They are made of the best materials throughout, and every part is guaranteed by the manufacturer. We will send medium points unless otherwise indicated. The pens are suitable for ladies or gentlemen.

### No. 1. PLAIN FOUNTAIN PEN



as the one in the Gold Bands Pen, but in every way is just as serviceable. It will be given for only 3 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. One Pen and one year's subscription, \$1.05.

### No. 2. GOLD BANDS FOUNTAIN PEN



Gold Bands, and is six and one-half inches long. It will be given for 5 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. One Pen and one year's subscription, \$1.75.

### N. 3. PEARL HANDLE, GOLD BANDS FOUNTAIN PEN



Given for 6 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription to the paper and the Fountain Pen for \$1.90. This Fountain Pen has a Pearl Handle and Gold Bands and is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

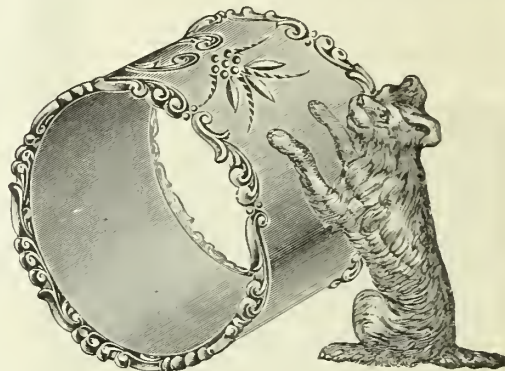
## "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor—12 Blades

The complete set is given FREE and POST-PAID for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER one full year and the "Ever-Ready" Razor upon receipt of \$1.35



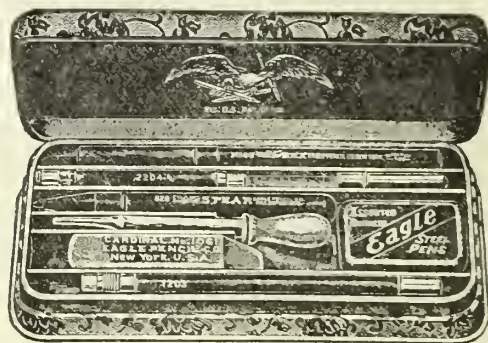
It gives us much pleasure to offer to our subscribers this useful and practical premium, particularly as we know it will meet with approval. The new American Safety Razor is the same razor which is constantly being advertised in the principal magazines. It is called the "Ever-Ready" because it is always ready for use. It is the real safety razor that has stood the test and is equal to the most expensive kind. Any one can use it without fear of cutting himself. Twelve "Ever-Ready" blades, besides a nicely made frame with nickel handle and stropper, all packed in a handsome case. The cut gives an idea of the construction of the set.

## Quadruple plate Napkin Ring



This Napkin Ring is Satin Engraved and will be given for 2 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will send the Napkin Ring and a year's subscription to the paper for \$1.20

## Scholar's Companion



### This Set consists of

- 1 "REX" Fountain Pen with 14 Karat Gold Pen. Guaranteed.
- 1 Filler for same.
- 1 "SPEAR" Pencil with extra box of leads.
- 1 Magic Knife.
- 1 Rubber Eraser.
- 1 Combination Pen and Pencil Holder.
- 1 Metal Box containing one dozen assorted steel Pens.

The set is enclosed in a handsome box, and the combination is just the thing wanted for school work. The set will be given for 3 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription and the Scholar's Companion for \$1.40.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, 150 Nassau Street, New York



## LADIES' HAND BAG



This neat Ladies' Hand Bag is made of black seal grain leather. Size of bag is 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 8 inches. The

bag contains a purse, mirror, and two small perfume bottles.

We will give the Bag FREE and POSTPAID for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give a year's subscription to the paper and the bag for \$1.70.

BEAUTIFUL  
MANICURE  
SET

Consisting of Manicure Scissors, Tweezer, Cuticle Knife, Buffer, Nail File, Button Hook, and two Nail Powder Boxes, all mounted with metal trimmings and put up in a fancy lined case.

We will give this Manicure Set FREE and POSTPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or a year's subscription to the paper and the Manicure Set for \$2.10

SERVICEABLE  
POCKET BOOKS

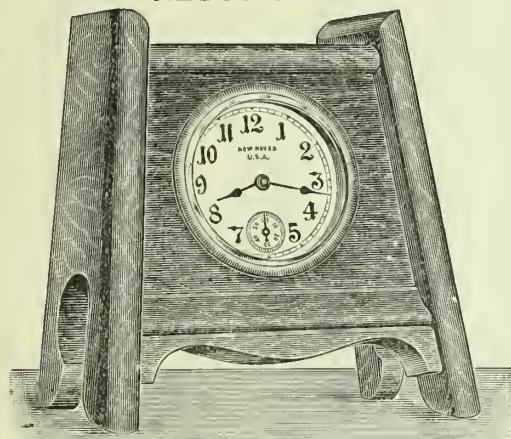
No. 2405. Ladies' Pocket Book, real morocco, with finger strap on back. It has three compartments, also change purse. Size of pocket book is 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches by 3 inches.

We will give this Pocket Book for only 2 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or a year's subscription to the paper and the Pocket Book for \$1.15.

No. 1805. Ladies' Gold Seal Leather Pocket Book, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches by 4 inches in size, leather lined, four compartments, with leather strap on back.

This Pocket Book will be given FREE and POSTPAID for 4 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Pocket Book, and a year's subscription to the paper for \$1.50.

## NEGUS CLOCK



Height, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; width, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches; dial, 2 inches; case, solid oak; finish, Flemish.

Given for 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Clock and 1 subscription for \$1.95.

## TRIANON CLOCK



Height, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches; width, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches; dial, 2 inches; finish, Ormolu gold plate.

Given FREE for 9 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Clock and one subscription for \$2.75.

## HUNTING CASE WATCH

This handsome lady's hunting case watch is gold filled and guaranteed for twenty years. It is stem wind and stem set, has a beautiful hand engraved case and jeweled movement, is finely finished throughout, thoroughly adjusted, and splendid time-keeper.

It will be given to any one sending us only 20 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Watch and a year's subscription for \$5.15.

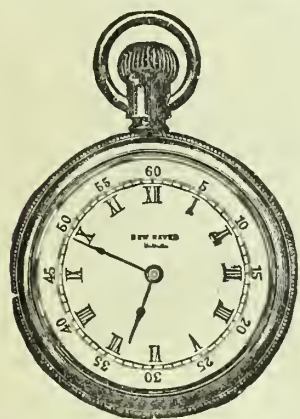
LADIES' OPEN FACE  
WATCH

This beautiful ladies' watch, an accurate time-keeper, open face, seven-jewel lever, nickel movement, pendant and stem set, with a twenty-year gold-filled guarantee.

Will be sent for 30 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Watch and a year's subscription for \$6.75.



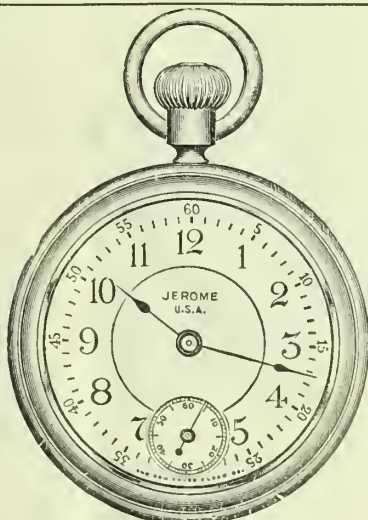
*These Clock Offers are good only in the United States, and the receiver must pay the express charges.*



## Lady's Nickel Silver Watch

This beautiful little watch for ladies is finished in solid nickel silver case with fancy engraved edges and is stem wind and stem set. The dial has plain Roman figures, and the crystal is made of heavy beveled glass. We have used this little watch as a premium for a number of years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.

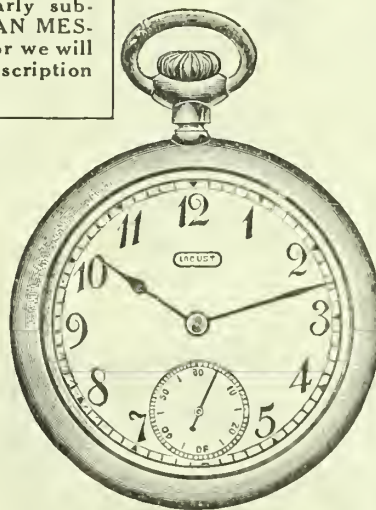
The Watch will be sent FREE and all charges PREPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Watch and a year's subscription for \$2.00.



## Men's Nickel Silver Watch

This watch is an up-to-date American-made serviceable watch for men and boys, stem wind and stem set, and is a good time-keeper. It has a highly polished open face nickel-silver case. Illustration given herewith is an exact reproduction of the watch we are offering.

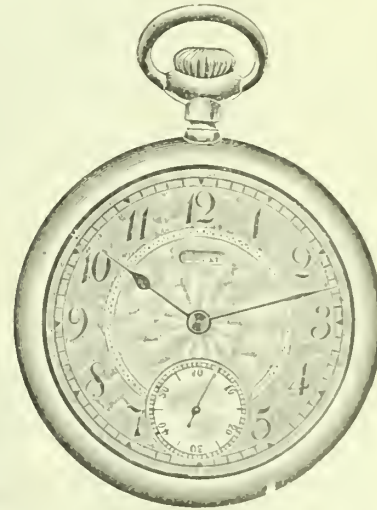
This Watch given FREE and POSTPAID for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each or we will give this Watch and a year's subscription for \$1.40.



## The Locust Silver Watch

This solid coin silver open-face watch is very neat and attractive. It is a special size, thin model, which makes it easy to carry. The case is richly engraved, stem wind and stem set, compensation balance, fine porcelain dial, accurately adjusted time-keeper, and made of the very best material.

We will send this Watch, POSTPAID, for only 20 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each or the Watch and a year's subscription for \$5.00.



## The Locust 14-Karat Gold-Filled Watch

This watch for men or boys is of special size. It has a twenty-year guarantee 14kt gold-filled case, is open faced and has either a white enamel or metallic dial. When ordering please state style of dial which you prefer. It is stem wind and set, with thin movement, and is an accurate time-keeper.

We will send the Watch to any one sending us 28 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Watch and a year's subscription for \$6.50

A Pastor by a little effort could easily secure 28 subscriptions in his church and thus earn this beautiful watch.



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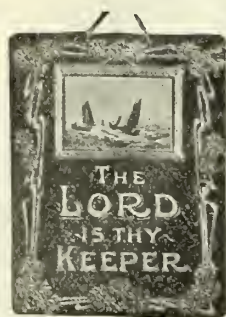


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1. Seek ye My Face
2. Come and follow Me
3. God shall bless thee
4. Lovest thou Me?

**AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY**  
150 NASSAU STREET  
NEW YORK



MM

# THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 69

NOVEMBER, 1911

No. 11



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

H.E. FRITZ



## Oxford Teachers' Bible

This Beautiful Oxford Teachers' Bible will be given FREE and POSTPAID for only 8 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, or we will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER one full year and the Teachers' Bible, postpaid, upon receipt of \$2.35.

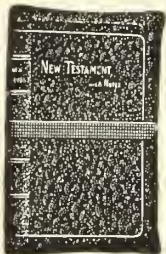


This Bible is strongly bound in flexible Egyptian morocco leather covers, with divinity circuit, round corners and red under gold edges. It contains fifteen pages of colored Maps and is profusely illustrated. It has also *New and Revised Helps to the Study of the Bible*. The Helps are by the best American scholars, and comprise explanatory notes and tables illustrative of Scripture history and Bible lands, an index of subjects, a complete Concordance, a Bible Dictionary, Bible Atlas, Jewish Calendar, lists of Bible weights, moneys and measures, miracles of the Old and New Testament, missionary journeys of the Apostles, etc., in fact all information that is to be found in a first-class teachers' Bible. Within a few years Bibles of a similar style have sold for \$5.00. The 300 pages of Helps contained in the Bible have all been re-written and revised. Large minion type. Size of page, 8 x 5 1/4 inches.

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A copy of this Testament will be given FREE and POSTPAID for only 3 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER one full year and a copy of the Testament postpaid upon receipt of \$1.30.

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By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D.

Complete Edition.

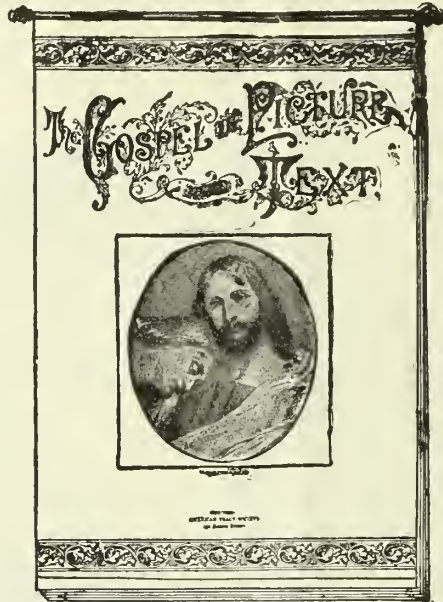
561 Pages, Size 8 1/2 x 5 1/2

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Who can measure the extent of silent influence? We refer specifically to the effect which Scripture Wall Rolls, hung on bed-room, parlor, dining-room or kitchen walls, exert over the minds and hearts of the inmates of the home and especially the young. The child takes in as by breathing every day the enlightening, soothing, elevating influence of these silent teachers. Some of God's most powerful agencies in the material realm are the most silent; for instance, the sunshine scattering gladness and life everywhere, illuminating ten thousand landscapes, painting the flowers with many colors and beautifying the cheek of merry childhood. So the silent *Scripture Wall Roll*, with the beautiful setting which it gives to the carefully selected scripture verses, cannot fail to make a lasting impression for good upon the mind of the reader.

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A selection of passages for every day in the month, with a leading text, elegant large type, and black walnut roller. 32 pp. and cover; size, 20 x 13 1/4 inches.

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### MORNING SUNBEAMS

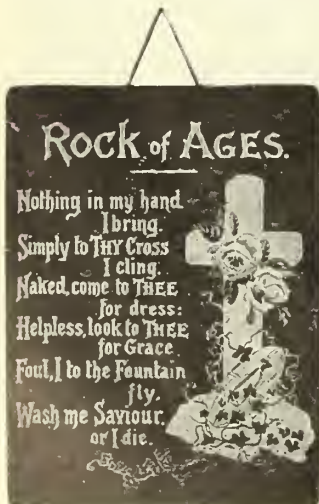
Selected by Mrs. Prentiss for daily use. Large Roll, 32 pp. and cover, 13 1/4 x 20 inches. Large, clear type, easy to read across the room.

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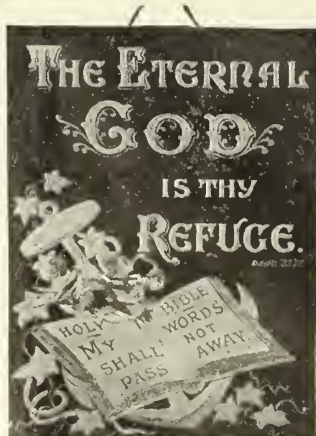
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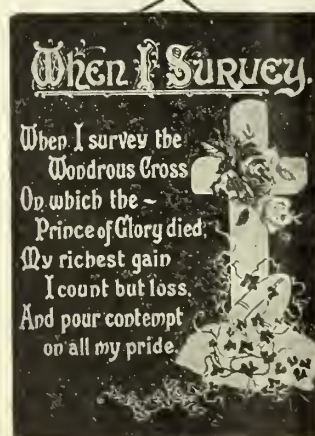
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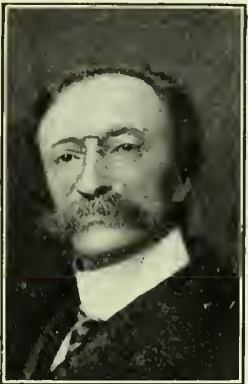
Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2: 10

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DR. F. E. MARSTEN

## Music in the Sanctuary

BY REV. FRANCIS EDWARD MARSTEN, D.D.

place, no matter how sweet the perfume. He cannot be imitated. Neither can He be poured out by human hands upon flesh, nor can He be given by any carnal power to the stranger to the covenant of grace.

So are we not right in saying that all the service of God's house ought to be by consecrated vessels? Especially should this be true of that part of worship in which music ministers. It is not the interpretation of art that comes first, but the baptism, consecration and fire of the Spirit. "Next to the Holy Spirit," says Dr. Charles Parkhurst, "the minister must depend upon his choir in the service of the sanctuary." Not art alone, but art sanctified by the Spirit's power, has in it heavenly uplift. The seer of Patmos saw no preacher in Heaven, but he beheld the saints in a sea of music there. The inference is that music's mission of spiritual blessing and joy will outlast the preacher's benediction. Eternity will still have use for music's charms.

The very hymns of the church which are most cherished are not simply specimens of the art of poetry. The writers were themselves baptized by the Spirit. His message speaks through them. How very little meaning much of the divine song has to the stranger to the grace of God. They speak a language not understood.

Let me recall four hymns to illustrate this point. Take for instance that treasured hymn,

"My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine."

This was not the outcome of some one wanting to write a bit of religious poetry. It expresses the temptations, trials and struggles of a great soul, passing through the shadow, but confident of the dawn.

There is another hymn now precious to the church all over the world:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, abide with me;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

This hymn was written by an obscure country parson in a little village in England. It was he who also wrote:

"Jesus, I my Cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee,"

a hymn that has inspired so many Christians in their abnegation of the world, and fortified them in love, faith and hope. Another illustration is Miss Havergal's consecration Hymn:

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

This hymn as fully as any of her others portrays the subjective condition of the writer. It is the outcome of a genuine spirit of experience tinged with the fire of a great purpose. The poet was on a visit to her friends. There were ten persons in the house. Among them were several unconverted people. The Christians were of the worldly type, failing themselves to enjoy the richness of spiritual blessing. Pride and vanity ruled largely among them. The heavenly minded guest prayed: "Lord, give me all this house." She wrote of the event: "And He just did. Before I had left the house, every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I passed part of the night in praise and renewal of my consecration, and these little couplets formed in my heart, one after another, until they finished with,

"Ever, only, all for Thee."

Thus the sweetness of the perfume and the quality of the praise must come from uttering His divine thought. Only the converted and the consecrated can sing these songs with the power and demonstration of the Spirit. No imitation called art can take the place of spiritual power. True worship must be of God. But have not our churches too often attempted to manufacture that holy ointment of the Spirit, which flesh can neither imitate nor use?

For now comes the fact that singing in church is just as much a religious exercise as prayer. Both must flow from the heart spontaneously. All worship is a willing offering to God. A devout city missionary once characterized a prayer uttered in a certain Boston temple of worship, as "The most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a cultivated Boston audience." How may praise addressed to the refined ear of a congregation be termed worship? Can unconverted singers, albeit perfect products of high art, hymn a note of genuine adoration acceptable to God? Can the sinner untouched by grace coin such praise? Is not such attempt like counterfeiting the apothecary's compound, of which it is said: "Thou shalt not make any other like it."

Simon offered money to buy the gift of the Holy Ghost. He signally failed. May a beautiful voice prevail where Simon failed? The church expects its ministry to be converted, and under the power of the Spirit of God. Led of the Spirit, the message is Spirit born. Do they who lead in the song of God's house need less of the Spirit? In lieu of conversion would the church be willing to accept as master of the pulpit and shepherd of the people one who offered elocution, rhetoric, oratorical eloquence, or credentials of scientific and philosophic repute. In one of our great cities an actor, in financial stress, once palmed himself off as a clergyman at a vacancy and supply bureau during the rush of a Saturday afternoon. He was sent out to a church whose pastor had been called suddenly away. But the counterfeit was quickly discovered. The sham clergyman who was playing minister for the money that was in it for him, enlightened, humbled and shamefaced, departed to his own place.

There is such a thing as sacred music, and he who would express its sacred meaning in worship must be himself first of all filled with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. There must be preparation of heart, of mind and of voice to make this part of the service of God's house acceptable. Many choirs seem to think that hymn singing requires no preparation of thought or spirit. It is not enough to have the divine thought in the songs of the sanctuary made merely an adjunct of the splendid music. The music is not splendid from the viewpoint of the ministry of worship, unless it utters the sentiment of heart and soul in communion with God.

The most acceptable church singer that ever united with the writer in the ministry of God's house, wrote at the beginning of her engagement, which lasted for many years, "I hope to come and help you by my voice to win souls to the Lord Jesus Christ." She was a great singer, great in anthems and oratorios, and when she sang the simple melodies of Gospel Songs, hearts were touched and dry eyes were the exception among the worshippers.

The apostle commands us to be filled with the Spirit, and then to praise God in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, "making melody in our hearts to the Lord." And this ought always to be the place of sacred music in the worship of the sanctuary.

**A**LL symbolism in the service of God's house ought to be worship. Form does not make worship, nor does art, creed, prayer or sermon. Unless the form is filled with the Spirit of God, it is empty, void, dead. Dead things cannot make living spirituality. God, who is Spirit, must be approached in spirit and in truth. Music in divine worship must be consecrated by the spirit and purpose of him whose expression of thought, feeling and adoration it is. Worship must be conducted by consecrated vessels through which the fire of the Holy Spirit speaks. We are exhorted to preach, to pray and to sing. The one function as sacred as the other. It is the religious sentiment that stamps church music as sacred the world over. Those great oratorios, written by devout men, such as "The Messiah" and "Elijah," afford in their fine thought fitting expression for the movements the musical composition. They are not simply aggregations of sweet sounds, but musical thoughts, pressing elevated and spiritual conditions. We call music an art, and so it is. Yet in worship something more is required than faultless art. Nothing transcending the art must breathe through the art. In the Old Testament we find that gold and oil are symbols of redemption and purification. The blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin. The Holy Spirit comes to cleanse and sanctify in the dispensation of grace. We have first the law and then the baptism of the Spirit. Water often used as a symbol of the Spirit. In the Mosaic dispensation, the priest first took blood of the altar; then, going inward, he came to the laver of water, and bathed his feet, which was emblematic of the anointing and cleansing by the Spirit. We read in Exodus how God gave directions for making an holy ointment, not the art of the apothecary. It was not simply perfume, but an holy compound. Its use for the anointing oil of the sacred priesthood was hedged about and its purposes carefully prescribed. We consider the prohibitions regarding this sacred ment. There were three. First: It was not to be imitated for secular purposes. Second: It was not to be put on man's flesh. Third: It was to be put upon any stranger. That was said of this sacred anointing applies in detail to the service of music in God's house. The church is not made by man's devising. It does not exist in mere form or symbolism. It is a spirit-organism. That which gives it its life and which cannot be counterfeited. It was the Holy Spirit that made the church of old. He makes the church to-day. When people are truly added unto the church, they are added unto the Lord, not primarily unto other people for purposes of statistics. When we gather for divine worship what do we come to meet? Not the minister, nor the choir, nor our friends. But we come as guests at the banquet of the Holy Spirit. It is His anointing that makes worship. Nothing can take His



# A LIVING STONE

By Rev. George Shipman Payson, D.D.

**S**KYSCRAPERS have deep foundations. In New York City builders frequently sink their foundation walls thirty, forty, or even fifty feet to the solid rock. When the power-house in the Dyckman Tract was built, searching rods were sunk one hundred and fifty feet through the soil before they struck the underlying rock. Vials containing specimens of every inch of sand and soil above this were in the hands of the engineers before they began building. Sixteen thousand piles, each forty feet long, were driven to support a cement foundation eight feet thick, upon which a granite wall fifteen feet high was placed, from which sprang the brick walls of the great power-house with its four great chimneys each two hundred feet tall.

## A Vital Foundation

Builders think it worth while to begin well. They insist upon a good foundation. Their work may last many years, and the base on which it stands must be firm and immovable. And when we build for eternity, as each of us must, we need beneath us stone that will not crumble and that will not move; and, because we are sentient souls and not inanimate minerals, we need a vital foundation, a loving soul and a sympathetic Being on whom we can depend. When thoughts of the last hours of earthly life come to us, and we begin to plan for the days when the daughters of music shall be brought low, and desire shall fail, and the grasshopper shall become a burden, and the dust shall return to the earth, and the soul shall go—whither? it becomes a matter of infinite concern that we build upon a foundation that shall not fail.

## A Sure Foundation

Christ is spoken of in Scripture as a Living Stone and a sure foundation. Strength, stability, firmness and immovableness are in this foundation, but these qualities exist in living form—in character that is eternal. Christ Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Believers in His name in America and in Europe in the twentieth century of the Christian era find Him doing for them just what Paul and Peter and John experienced in its first century. And multitudes in our land and age can testify from glad acquaintance with His saving power that He is, as He affirms, "the Living One who was dead (since death is only an episode in existence), and, behold, He is alive forevermore, and has the keys of hell and of death." Changelessness in eternal strength of vital force and sympathy and love is strikingly portrayed in this figure of speech, and those who test the claim which it makes on faith and love and hope (which are the essential elements of all spiritual experience) find that Christ is verily a Living Stone.

## An Eternal Foundation

Isaiah foretells "a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation;" and Peter, the Apostle, speaks of Christ after His resurrection from death as a "chief corner-stone, elect, precious," and adds that those who come to this Lively Stone, "disallowed indeed of men but chosen of God, and precious," are made like Him, and, as lively stones, strong, stable, trustworthy, firm in principle and immovable in truth and in purity, are "built up a spiritual house."

What every immortal soul most needs is something that will stand when earth fails and earthly life disappears. When questions arise as to what life means, where did we come from, whither are we going, why are we here, and why are we called to go through such diverse paths to such various ends; when trials test our souls through and through, and down to their very depths; when storms of sorrow fall upon our homes, and death and disease and sufferings are multiplied, and men prove treacherous, and friends prove false, and life seems vain—when trials such as these appear, we need some one to whom we can appeal who will give us no uncertain answer, and who will throw some light upon the gloom, or at least support us by his presence and his aid when we are forced to walk through darkness unrelieved by any other

source of comfort or of strength. We need just such a Saviour as Christ is proved to be. And when men turn away from Him, or doubt or deny His helpfulness, they do themselves a wrong, a very grievous wrong; they cheat and befool themselves out of the most precious gift of Heaven's love. And they shall find themselves some day in dire need of the very help which He through all their lives is proffering every one of us.

The Master Himself teaches that the wise builder does not think merely of appearances, but much more of safety; that such an one does not begin hastily and heedlessly to build anywhere, if only he can secure something which has the semblance of a house, but is careful to build his house upon a foundation that will stand. And then He adds, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken to a man who built his house upon a rock." Such a man thinks foundations of importance. He does not wish so much to have a building that will look like a home, as a real abiding place, a refuge from storms, a safe retreat which neither the winds nor the rains of adversity can by any possibility destroy.

Some one has said that "the best way to win men is to seem to love them, and the best way to seem to love them is really to love them." And if one builds upon Christ, he will not be satisfied with a mere profession of faith, without the life and power of it. He will not content himself with membership in some visible organization of believers.

## Afterglow

By HENRY TAYLOR GRAY

*As sinks the sun, when night draws nigh,  
Beneath the gorgeous western sky,  
And leaves bright traces of his power  
To light the darkening evening hour,  
So may we leave, when ends our life,  
Traces of gladness instead of strife—  
Fond memories to cheer the way  
Of some sad wanderer every day.*

He will seek diligently, and he will persist in seeking till he find, a close and vitalizing relation between his soul and God in Christ, and, when he has secured an affianced of his whole being with Him through faith and love and obedience to His commands, making Christ's cause his own, and holding the wishes and aims of the Saviour most dear to himself, he will follow humbly and prayerfully and watchfully where Christ leads, and be transformed into His image from grace to grace. Doing His commands he will build his house upon the Living Stone, and neither death nor life can overturn his dwelling place.

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## A Sermonette from the Pews to the Pulpit

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS"

**W**E in the pews are always glad to hear something worth while from the pulpit, fitting us comfortably like a pair of mittens; and when we receive something that fits more closely, like gloves, instead, why we are glad that there are gloves to be had, too! We need both!

We recognize the underlying reason for every suggestion lately made, and thank you for each. We are especially glad to note your use of the saving sense of humor. Clean and kindly, it takes the edge off the stroke while taking nothing from its remedial value.

And now may we not "talk back" a bit? Not that you need it at all, for you don't. You are our favorite choice for the place you are filling—and

filling so acceptably! But, you are still young, while some of us have grown gray in God's service—and in watching pastors come and go. So please bear with us while we put you on your guard against some insidious troubles, which we hope will never crop out.

The first of these insidious foes, perhaps, common to all ministers, is forgetfulness of the important fact that you were a man before you were a minister—with all a man's needs, all his impulses, all his weaknesses. Your physical needs of food, rest, exercise, clothing, etc., are possibly even greater than similar needs in most of us, as you have the three-fold strain from the physical side, the mental, and the spiritual; while most of us feel the pull from but one direction.

So, watch out that you are well fed and well clothed, that you take plenty of rest and out-door exercise, to offset the constant outgo of "influence" which even the Master Minister felt. Spiritual progress in yourself and the power to uplift us may be threatened, or even cut short, by dyspepsia or by a torpid liver.

Again; you are needed by the whole church, not merely by the Ladies' Aid and the Young People's Society! So, instead of attempting to give full time and attendance at every meeting of but one or two organizations, keep your hand on the lever of all, sparing but a few minutes for each one if necessary, lest you rob yourself of time that you need for study.

Do not confine your study to books alone, lest your life and sermons grow musty. Live in the world, while not being of it, so learning some of your best lessons and bringing them home to us. Visit the great factories, the business world, the marts of trade and of finance, the dens of labor, the public schools, everything that has a bearing on life and love, on nature and commerce, progress and poverty. We need to be taught, and you are our leader. Find for us the

"Tongues in trees,  
Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and  
Good in everything."

Don't be afraid even of politics. True, the political situation in many quarters is a dirty mess, and it will remain so as long as good men keep away from it and leave the management to the vile and the sordid. If you will stand for principle as against party, and call for volunteers to go with you, you can do much to uplift that seething mass, for an honest leader will not lack for men nor money.

Your "church family" comes first, next to your personal affairs; then local neighborhood matters, city, county, state, and national and international interests should receive due attention, even if in diminishing ratio as to intensity of application. None may be neglected.

Be as good a "mixer" as you can consistently and without too much sacrifice of dignity. Better let dignity take care of itself than neglect "one of the least of these little ones." Dignity alone may fill the pulpit, but it will not populate the pews—and every empty pew means harder pulling for the rest.

Don't make your sermons too long, nor too scholarly. We'd rather have half a dozen points well brought out to serve as pegs on which we can hang some serious thought, than twenty that we must hunt for. We are not all college-bred, though happy that you are. Preach the Gospel. That is simple. We can afford to let Greek particles alone while you expound the Commandments and the Beatitudes for us, along with other precious Bible truths.

We shall give you a vacation, of course, when the time comes, not only because you need it, but since you also deserve it. If you want to go to Europe rather than travel in our own country, a right. We will furnish the purse. But, when you come back, don't give us too many "reminiscences—in your sermons! There we want living eternal verities. If you choose to give us an evening talk on your return, during the week, well, a good! We shall be delighted; and there "Woe I was in" is not out of place, as it usually is in a sermon! Remember, too, that for some of a vacation is yet in the purpling hills of the distance.

Keep in touch with us at all times, whether at home or abroad, and as the days and weeks deepen into months and years "May the pleasant ties that bind us be severed only by Death"—to be welded and renewed in the Life Everlasting!





# Life's Personal Thanksgiving

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



**I**N a letter which has just come to me from abroad there is the story of a tragedy. The friend who writes is staying for a while in a little village on the coast of Devonshire. Here came one afternoon a mother and her boy, and established themselves in the inn. They went for a walk, and the mother growing weary sat down to rest. Her son said he would amble farther, but when evening came, he had not returned and no sign of him was found. Parties were organized to search for him, but the presumption was that he had fallen over the cliff into the sea, and just as the letter to me was finished, hope of his life had been abandoned, and men were watching the coast to see if the waves might not restore his body to the shore. Here was the tale of a terrible tragedy, of a heartache for the father at home and the mother who had gone so happily forth on a pleasure tour with her lad of eighteen. Life has many such dark episodes. We cannot read a newspaper in the morning without a glimpse into gloom like this. Somewhere hearts are aching or breaking. Somewhere homes are desolate.

Only a few weeks ago a little paragraph in a New York paper told us of a twelve-year-old boy who had been run over by a freight train. Both legs had been amputated, and the child died in the hospital, at which time the accident happened and the surgeons began to work over him, the brave little fellow said, "Go on, and never mind me. I am no baby."

## Thanksgiving for Commonplace Safety

Day by day, no matter how happy we may be ourselves, there is sorrow near us, and so I often think that our personal thanksgiving is incomplete if we do not praise God for what does not happen to us and our dear ones. When men go to their business in their work in the morning and come safe back at night to the hearth, when children go to school in the morning and in the afternoon, open the door with a rush and a merry "hello" and the call "Here's mother?" there is another reason for thanksgiving. This is the other side of the case. It is only are we to be thankful for what does not happen, but we must not forget to be thankful enough and through for the commonplace safety and the everyday bliss that are ours and that are God's good gifts.

How very seldom it occurs to us in these days to thank God for religious liberty. We fail in our personal lives to be grateful that we have our Bibles and may read them when and where we choose, that we have our churches on every street, that there is no obstacle in the way of our service to God and our service to men, too, except our individual apathy and inertia.

## Thankful for a Beautiful Day

Wonder how often we thank God for a beautiful day. We are much too ready to complain of the weather, and a season of drought or a season of rain, if either interfere with our comfort, is very likely to awaken in us a feeling not unlike resentment. Then God sends us straight from heaven a perfect day. It is a joy to be living in a world so exquisite. Sky and air and sunshine, wind and cloud, flower and leaf, all testify to us of the goodness of our Heavenly Father. We ought to be full of gratitude, and in our prayers and in the joyousness of our mood brim over with praise to the Father. Life's personal thanksgivings should not overlook the days and nights of life, days for work and nights for sweet rest.

There are fortunate souls who have no experience of groping their way in the mists of unbelief, who never are caught and held fast in the chains of despond. Thrice blessed is he who has never known for so much as an hour, the paralyzing

power of doubt. I have talked with good men and good women from whom at times the face of the Lord was hidden, who reached a place of wretchedness where they had no solid ground beneath their feet, no outlook to a bright future and no strength to fight on until Apollyon should stretch his baleful wings and retire defeated from the contest he had been waging.

Immunity from doubt and a constant child-like trust is so beatific that it should be regarded as a priceless gift. Our Lord said, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." Let us bless God for that serenity abiding in our souls that makes us constantly strong and constantly able to meet whatever may come.

If our Lord Himself was attacked in the desert and for forty days was tempted of the devil, it is by no means strange that temptations and whisperings of evil out of a vague and vast unknown realm should come to His disciples. If the peace of God that passeth understanding guards us, as the beautiful figure is, with the vigilance of a sentinel walking on his beat, shall we fail to render continual thanks for this dear guardianship?

## Thanksgiving Day

*For all true words that have been spoken,  
For all brave deeds that have been done,  
For every loaf in kindness broken,  
For every race in valor run,  
For martyr lips which have not failed  
To give God praise and smile to rest,  
For knightly souls which have not quailed  
At stubborn strife or lonesome quest;  
Lord unto whom we stand in thrall  
We give Thee thanks for all, for all.*

*For each fair field where fading stubble  
Hath followed wealth of waving grain;  
For every passing wind of trouble  
Which bends Thy grass and lifts again;  
For gold in mine that men must seek,  
For work which bows the sullen knee;  
For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,  
For love by which we climb to Thee;  
Thy freemen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,  
We give Thee praise for all, for all.*

Readers of the "Pilgrim's Progress," a book that never wears out, never loses the least bit of its wonderful charm, and never fails in its singular power of kindling thought, must remember Doubting Castle and Giant Despair and the pilgrims who for a while were imprisoned in the dread fastness of this grim despot. When they had escaped from his clutches and the giant was slain, each and all were radiant with joy. By and by in their journey they arrived at that last river which every pilgrim must cross, and the post came for them in turn with a message that the King was ready to receive them in the Celestial City and that they must no longer tarry here. Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-Afraid went over the river together, or rather through it, and before they went, Despondency uttered words always worth repeating. I commend them especially to those who are tempted to yield at any time to depression and to those who would console and relieve friends in this unhappy state.

"Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and our slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure,

forever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes, shut the doors upon them. When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, 'Farewell, night; welcome day.'"

## Thank God for Our Country

When we thank God for our country, being Christians and anticipating a coming day when the world shall be evangelized, we should not omit mention of our splendid missionary opportunity. Here we are with Foreign Missions and Home Missions so amazingly interblending and interweaving their threads that we scarcely know where to draw a boundary line between them.

From every corner of the globe there throng to our shores the discouraged, the oppressed and the down-trodden. There are among us those who give scant and grudging welcome to the immigrant and who do not see the possibilities for us and for him as he leaves the ship that has brought him from a far country to commence a new life under our flag. We have it in our power to bestow upon the throngs of the poor and struggling and little taught folk of other nations who come to us because they are looking for deliverance, something more than a chance to dig ditches and work on railroads and eke out a living for themselves and their children. We can and do give them the chance to work; we give schools to the children and we teach the little ones to salute the flag of their adoption. It is our privilege to give them the gospel, and just as we send our missionaries forth in faith across oceans and continents to carry the good news of Jesus and His love to those who are in the darkness of idolatry, we may here in our own land become foreign missionaries.

The Home missionary opportunity of this country is magnificent. It has many sides, phases and aspects. Whether we embrace it in the neighborhood settlement, whether we help the heroic home missionary on the frontier, or send the gospel to the men in mining camps or lumber camps, whether our effort be to break down the power of the saloon and to help men back to freedom from the bondage of appetite, everywhere the privilege and the opportunity are ours. Part of our personal thanksgiving this year should be inclusive of thanks that God is so blessing lay effort in the missionary line, and that so many hearts and hands are uniting in sending the gospel to every portion of the globe.

## Thanksgiving for Daily Bread

In the Lord's prayer we say, "Give us this day our daily bread." The world's bread is dependent on the rain and the sun and the soil. The farmer sows the seed and waits for the harvest. Science helps him to enrich the soil, and he does not stint his labor that he may reap in due time the result of his toil. There are good years for fruit, for the vineyard and for the grain, and there are years when the crops are less abundant and the agriculturist faces hard times. We all depend on the crops, and whatever else may be a matter of indifference in our thought, the farm and the farmer are forever important. In a country so extensive as ours, if the harvests fail in one place, they usually give compensation for loss in another, and our daily bread is assured. Sometimes we have known the terror that the water supply may fail. When a great famine stares us in the near future as a gaunt possibility, we look into each other's faces and are forced to remember that we must look to God for the showers that feed the rills and the rain that supplies the reservoirs. In our personal thanksgiving let us not omit constant mention of the water we drink and the bread we eat.



# THE GORDONS By Hope Daring

## CHAPTER II

### A SAD HOME-COMING

"DON'T you think so, mother?" Laurel Gordon demanded a little sharply. "Excuse me, daughter, but I was thinking of something else," replied Mrs. Gordon. "What did you say?" "Why, it's about our gardens. Felix has picked out for himself the best place, that spot where Hi raised melons last year."

Felix frowned. "Well, haven't I as good a right to it as any one? Why should you have it?"

It was Dean who replied, and before his steady gaze the eyes of Felix fell. "Laurel didn't say she wanted it. I reckon even a girl sometimes wonders why one brother should always have the best of everything."

Eleanor looked wistfully over at her sons. "Surely we are not going to quarrel over so small a thing as a garden spot," she said. "It does not matter which one of us has the best, but it does matter if one of us is selfish. To want one's own way, despite the wishes of others, brings unhappiness, especially to the one who has his own way."

Felix threw back his head defiantly. "Father has his own way, and he has it, no matter what the rest of us want."

"We will not discuss your father, Felix."

At the sight of his mother's sorrowful face a flush colored the boy's cheeks. "I beg your pardon, mother. Let Laurel have the garden spot."

"Oh, I don't want it!" the little girl cried, real distress in her voice. "We will give it to John."

Harmony was restored, and the children talked gaily of school and of their sports. As they left the dining-room, Laurel slipped her hand into that of her mother.

"Are you ill, mother?"

"My head aches, dear. Yes, John, I will hear your spelling lesson."

Felix was the last one of the children to leave the house. He came running in, to bring his mother a spike of fragrant pink hyacinths.

"See, mother! It's from my own bed, and I want you to have it, because I love you."

Eleanor Gordon drew her son close in her arms. "Thank you, dear boy! I would rather have your love than any gift the world could give me."

When she was alone, Eleanor went to her own room. Her head was aching so badly that she darkened the room and lay down. She did not fall asleep, but the rest and the quiet relieved her pain. Before the children returned from school she was busy with her sewing.

Mr. Gordon was so often away that his absence excited no comment. Mrs. Gordon knew that the children were happiest when their father was not at home. Notwithstanding the warmth of the day a fire was kindled on the hearth of mother's chamber, and there the children brought their books and Mrs. Gordon her mending basket. After the lessons for the next day were prepared, the mother read aloud from a book which Dean had procured from the Morrow library the day before.

Eleanor was a delightful reader. At the end of each chapter they discussed what had been read, looking up in the dictionary any unusual words and seeking an explanation of all that was new and strange.

Dean sat in an arm-chair, the dictionary and reference books at his side. Felix lay on the rug, his chin propped in his hand, his eyes on the dancing flames. For that boy, with his poetic nature, his mother's voice painted pictures in the fire, pictures that made him forget himself and his surroundings. On the wide couch lay Laurel and John. The little boy soon fell asleep. Laurel put a spread over him, sighing when she remembered how much of the story she would have to tell her brother the next evening before he would be ready to go on with the others.

The house was very quiet. Lill and her husband, Hi, spent their evenings in the kitchen, although they slept in one of the upper rooms of the house proper. The wind had risen and came sweeping down the hill, awakening grave, minor-keyed notes in the great pines. Suddenly there came a dash of raindrops against the windows.

It was not late when Eleanor laid aside her book, roused John, and went up stairs with the two younger children. When she returned to the fire-side it was to find Dean and Felix reading. An hour later they bade her good-night. As they were leaving the room, she said:

"Dean, please bring me that gray coat of your father's that hangs on the hall rack. He asked me to sew a button on it."

The lad brought the coat. "Don't sit up and sew too late, queen mother," he said, kissing her good-night.

Eleanor finished the work in her hands, then rose, to throw fresh fuel upon the fire before she took up the coat. A letter fell from the pocket. She lifted it, and it slipped from the envelope. Plainly she saw the signature, "Your sweetheart, TILL."

Of course she read it. While doing so she was aware of a vague sense of anger at herself that she would thus confirm her suspicions of her husband's unfaithfulness. It was a love letter, poorly written and embellished with slang and coarse expressions. The writer promised to meet Hugh Gordon at a station ten miles from Morrow on that morning. Eleanor started to throw the letter in the fire, then stopped.

"In the battle that is to come, I may need every weapon, even such a vile one as this," she thought, as she carried the letter across the room to the quaint old walnut desk that had been her father's.

She went back to her seat before the fire. This time no tears came to her relief, although she sat still until the logs on the hearth had burned to coals, and the coals were ashes. Then, shivering with cold and fear, she crept into bed.

The next morning dawned, cold and rainy. The Gordons were at breakfast when Lill announced:

"Doctor Vincent, Miss Eleanor."

There was a cry of astonishment. Doctor Vincent was president of Morrow College. He had been a friend of Eleanor's father and her guardian. The doctor of divinity was a man of sixty, an old-school Southern gentleman. He was devoted to Eleanor and her children, but for Hugh Gordon he had nothing but contempt.

Eleanor rose and hurried forward. "Doctor Vincent! What is it?"

He took both her hands in his. "Something hard to bear, my dear. Laurel, will you take John into your mother's room and stay there until we call you? Dean, you and Felix must remain with your mother."

Laurel drew her younger brother from the room. The older boys pressed close to their mother's side. She asked:

"It is Hugh?"

"Yes. Your husband took a train out of Richmond late last night, for Washington. There was a collision. Many were injured and a few killed."

Eleanor's lips moved, but no sound came from them. It was Dean who asked in a hard, unnatural voice:

"And father?"

"Be brave, Eleanor, for your children's sake. They are fatherless. Hugh was killed instantly. Ah, Felix! You must not faint."

He helped the boy to a chair. The strange look upon Eleanor's face frightened Dean, and he clasped his arms round her.

"O mother! I will stand by you, always."

"I know, Dean, dear. Felix, what is it?"

"He is dead, mother. Father is dead. And I—I did not love him as I should."

Dean's hand closed firmly upon his brother's shoulder. "Never mind yourself, Felix. You and I must think of mother."

Just then the Parkers, neighbors and friends of the Gordons, arrived. Doctor Vincent had called at their home and asked them to follow him to Locust Lane. Eleanor had many friends, and in a few hours the house was full, and all cares that could be assumed by others were taken from her.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the body of Hugh Gordon was brought home. Eleanor went out on the porch, her children clinging to her, and watched the hearse make its way up from the village. The storm had passed, and the sunset's glow lay, like a benediction, over the fields and the highway. Eleanor caught her breath. Up before

her rose a memory of Hugh's arrival at Locust Lane on the afternoon of the day preceding their marriage. It was autumn then, and a waiting stillness lay over all the land as she walked down the lane, between the rows of bronze-leaved locusts, to meet her lover.

With the body came Marcus Geer, Hugh's cousin. Geer was a middle-aged man and a Richmond lawyer. When the subdued bustle of the arrival had subsided, Eleanor touched the arm of Doctor Vincent.

"I want you to bring Mr. Geer into my room. Ask the Parkers to come and the Walkers. No, not the children."

Doctor Vincent did not understand, but he did as she asked. Thomas Walker was the pastor of the Morrow church of which Eleanor was a member. When the half dozen were gathered in the room, Eleanor turned to Marcus Geer.

"Tell us all about it."

"Had you better not wait, Eleanor?" Mr. Geer asked, his hard face momentarily softening as he looked at his cousin's widow.

She shook her head. "I would rather hear it now."

There was little to tell. The accident had been caused by a misunderstanding of orders. A man who had escaped injury said that Hugh was killed instantly. Geer ceased speaking, and Eleanor leaned forward. The look upon her face caused the hearts of those who saw it to stand still.

"There is one question I must ask, Marcus. I know much that preceded Hugh's going. Was he alone?"

Marcus Geer's florid face grew ghastly. He gasped, then, forced to speak the truth by those grave, appealing eyes, said, "No, Eleanor, he was not alone. His companion was also killed. I will do my best to keep it out of the papers, but some mention of it has already been made."

"Please do not say any more," was all the reply that she made.

Mrs. Parker would not leave Eleanor that night, but slept on the couch in the room with her. It was late when they retired. Eleanor Gordon lay awake, staring into the darkness. When the great clock in the hall struck one, she slipped from the bed, put on her shoes and stockings, and drew a warm wrapper on over her nightdress. Then she opened the door and stepped out into the hall where a lamp was burning.

In accordance with the custom of the time and place, Mr. Parker and another neighbor were "sitting up" with the dead. This did not mean that they were in the room where the body lay; the two men occupied the sitting-room. The doors of that apartment and of the parlor, where Hugh lay, were both open.

Eleanor looked into the sitting-room. Both men were asleep, one in his chair, the other on the lounge. Mrs. Gordon turned and entered the parlor, closing the door behind her. A lamp stood upon the table, its flame turned low. She raised it and advanced to the side of the coffin. The lid had been removed, and Eleanor knew that the accident which had taken Hugh Gordon's life had not marred his face.

The years of dissipation and low ideals had graven their impress upon the man's countenance, yet the majesty of death, that strange response of the material to the call of God, had invested the dead man with something of dignity. A sigh parted Eleanor's lips, and she spoke aloud.

"Hugh, was I to blame? We failed to realize the 'vision splendid' of our—nay, of my early days. Death wipes out much; to-night I have no word of reproach for you. May God remember in mercy all your inborn weaknesses, all your impulses for good! There is one question I must ask myself, over your dead body. How am I going to keep the children who were born of your body and mine, of your soul and mine, from falling into your sins?"

She stood there a little longer. Then, after laying her hand for one instant upon the dead man's forehead, Eleanor left the room. On the high-backed hall settle lay a blanket. She picked it up and, opening the door, stepped out upon the veranda.

(To be continued)



## In the Land of the Morning Calm

BY REV. HENRY LEWIS, PH.D.

KOREA, once known as the Hermit Kingdom, no longer exists as a nation, for on August 27, 1910, as our readers will remember, an official announcement was made from Tokyo that Korea had been transferred to the Japanese "Home Department," under the title of Cho-sen, a poetic name meaning "The Land of the Morning Calm."

But though Korea is no longer a sovereign state, there are multiplied evidences that the Korean people have experienced a wonderful awakening during the past few years, and that a new life is dawning for the inhabitants of a land which has had a remarkable history in the past, and the promise of whose future is now bright with hope along many different lines.

The physical characteristics of the Korean peninsula, which is an Oriental Florida in form, have thus been described. "Looking at it from the west the country roughly resembles the paper portion of an open fan. Along the eastern coast extends a range of mountains, from which spurs set off toward the western coast. While these are little more than hills, in many sections they are ranges of considerable elevation, as toward the eastern and northern boundaries. The majority of these hills are denuded of forests, or covered with chaparral, but are in many cases clothed with birch and pine forests, which, according to Mr. James, are succeeded higher up by rich open meadows, bright with flowers of every imaginable color, where sheets of blue iris, great scarlet tiger-lilies, sweet-scented yellow day-lilies, huge orange buttercups, or purple monkshood delighted the eye, and beyond are bits of park-like country, with groups of spruce and fir beautifully dotted about and spanned with great masses of deep blue gentian, columbines of every shade of mauve or buff, orchids white and red, and many other flowers. Not only is the country a vast checkerboard of hills and mountains, but inter-communication is made difficult through the lack of large rivers and the absence of even respectable roads."

The climate of Korea is remarkably healthy, and apart from the hot and rainy season, which lasts from July to September, the skies are generally bright. "A Korean winter," writes Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveler, "is absolutely superb, with its still atmosphere, its bright, blue unclouded sky, its extreme dryness without asperity, and its crisp, frosty nights."

Korea, like India and China, is almost wholly an agricultural country. Not until ten years ago—in 1901—was the first modern industrial establishment, a match factory, opened in Seoul. The Japanese occupation of the country, however, has resulted in a great stimulus to the introduction of the newest appliances of modern civilization, and now railroads, both steam and electric, telegraph and telephone lines and other modern devices, are being rapidly installed.

The most striking development, however, in Korean life during the past few years has been the great spiritual awakening which has come to the people, as a result of which there are now over a quarter of a million professed Christians and the whole land may be truthfully said to be aflame with evangelistic zeal.

The missionary societies now at work in Korea represent the Presbyterians of Canada, the United States, and Australia, the Methodists of the United States and the International Young Men's Christian Association.

In this spiritual awakening of Korea the printed page of gospel truth has played no small part. The Korean Religious Tract Society was organized in 1890, and during the past twenty-one years its labors have been both abundant and fruitful. For many years this Society was greatly hampered by the lack of a suitable depository, but recently a building was secured in the city of Seoul, and the Society now has convenient and attractive headquarters on an ideal site, a picture of which is presented on this page.

The usefulness of the publications of the Korean Religious Tract Society to the missionaries, who are now at work in that country cannot be overstated. No other agency exists for providing Christian literature in the Korean vernacular, and the Society is taxed to the utmost in the effort to supply both the missionaries and the native workers with the books and tracts so urgently needed.

It is a pleasure to record the fact that since the inception of that Society, the American Tract Society has materially aided its work. During the



HEADQUARTERS OF THE KOREAN RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY IN SEOUL

past year a cash appropriation of \$225.00 was sent, making a total of \$3,425.00 which has been given by the American Tract Society for the work in Korea.

Recently the Korean Religious Tract Society appointed as its manager Mr. Gerald Bonwick, and under his direction the work is being more efficiently prosecuted than ever before. A newly issued catalogue of the publications of the Society was received, not long ago, showing nearly three hundred distinct titles. Other evidences of increased activity are manifest, and it is hoped that this Society will be one of the most effective instrumentalities for preparing the "Land of the Morning Calm" to welcome "the Sun of righteousness" in all His saving power and glory.

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## Deep in the Heart of God

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT

HUNGRY! Empty! Lonely! Ever longing for something to satisfy!

This is the condition man finds himself to be in when he at last awakens from the spell which the world has woven round him. For a little while he may fancy that he has that in himself which will answer every question and meet all wants. It is only a dream. The fancy fades away, the dream never comes to pass. Empty, hungry, lonely and never satisfied by anything he can do himself, he ever is and ever must be.

How hungry the sweet singer of old was! Always in his visions he saw tables spread for him. For him banqueting halls stretched far down the halls of his soul, laden with good things to satisfy his appetite. Springs came bubbling out of the rock to quench his thirst. And always it was God who spread the table, God who made the fountain to bubble out of the heart of the rock, and God who satisfied every longing.

Empty! Hungry! Lonely!

It is so with us all. Sit down for a little while with me, and I know that soon you will be opening to me your heart in a story of longing for bread you never have tasted, while I will surely be echoing the cry out of the very depth of my soul.

I like to think of the day when Moses sat down with the people of God and talked over with them the story of the way over which their feet had trod. How thoughtful they must have been as they followed their leader back step by step through the wilderness journey! What is it he is saying now?

"And He humbled thee and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that He might make thee to know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live!"

Only the hunger can bring us back to the table spread for us all. Nothing but the emptiness is able to make us see that He and He alone can fill us. Loneliness, and loneliness alone, can win us into His presence.

Are we hungry? Come, then, let us draw up to the table His loving hand has prepared for us! Here is fulness for every longing. Fed by Him, we shall indeed lie down in the green pastures and linger long by the side of the still waters. Are we empty? In Him there is a fulness that can never be exhausted.

The spring up on the hillside fails in the time of drouth. The cattle seek it in vain and turn their faces down to us with great cries of trouble. The spring has failed! The grass has grown brown along the course of the little stream which once trickled down the side of the hill! The birds come and look down at the hollow in the ground which used to sparkle with the life-giving water. The cattle come and go as empty as they came.

But God's fountain never runs dry. Always the Living Water gushes out to stay the thirst of the nations.

Deeper yet! Not even now is the soul satisfied, nor can its wants be fully met on this side of the stream the waters whereof flow straight from the throne of God. Beautiful vision indeed was that which cheered the longing heart of John that day. He knew all about the soul hunger. Loneliness—why, only the loneliness of the Son of Man could have exceeded that of his poor heart. With what joy, then, must he have listened to the elder who answered the question which came from his trembling lips as he looked at the white-robed throng surging with hallelujahs about the throne!

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat: For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!"

Oh, deeper yet!

The world has lured us so long! We have seen its springs turn to dust. The table it has spread for us we have stripped bare so many times only to turn away as hungry as we came. We are hungry still! Our hands and our hearts are still empty. But see Him yonder pleading with us to come! How glorious He is! His voice how sweet! How gracious the words of His lips!

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life!"

Hark! down through the ages come the soft tones of the woman at the well! Are they not your words and mine?

"Give me this water, that I thirst not!"



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## Editorial

### A New Field Secretary

REV. ELDON H. LOVETT, D.D., has been appointed Field Secretary of the American Tract Society, and is stationed at the Home Office in New York City.

Dr. Lovett is a graduate of Colgate University and of Hamilton Theological Seminary, and has had successful pastorates in the Baptist Churches. For several years he has devoted himself to evangelistic work, and has also been engaged in raising money for educational, religious and philanthropic institutions.

Dr. Lovett comes to the American Tract Society with a full appreciation of the importance of the work, and his every effort will be to secure the financial support whereby this work may be enlarged and strengthened.

The officers of the American Tract Society bespeak for Dr. Lovett the heartiest co-operation in his labors, and urge a most generous response to the appeal which he voices for a more liberal support of the great cause of Christian literature at home and abroad.

## Christian Literature at Work in Japan

Not long ago we received from Tokyo a striking document entitled "Particulars of Blessing Received Through the Reading of Publications Issued by the Japan Book and Tract Society." In this document were detailed many telling instances illustrating the usefulness of Christian literature as an evangelistic agency, and showing how the reading of the books and tracts scattered far and wide through the efforts of the Christian workers of Japan had resulted in some wonderful conversions. The limitations of space forbid the reproduction of this document as a whole, but some extracts from it will doubtless be of interest to our readers.

Concerning one book, entitled "Evidences of Christianity," it is said:

"The amount of good accomplished by this book alone cannot be fully estimated. Several cases are known where God has blessed its reading to the conversion of the reader. In one case a young man living in the interior, where the name of Jesus was unknown, by some means obtained a copy of this book which he read, and which proved to be the means under God of his conversion. He is now a member, and an active worker in the Church.

"This book is largely read by the educated classes, and remains as popular as ever. Year by year thousands of copies go forth from the Society, and numerous are the testimonies received of the effectual work that it is doing.

"In Okayama Ken there lived a man who was alarmingly addicted to drinking Japanese whisky. Time and again his friends had tried their utmost to induce him to give up drinking, and the man himself had tried to do so, but so firm a hold had the habit taken upon him that he was completely under its power. At length, while at a friend's house, he found a copy of this book, which he read with the greatest interest. It became the power of God to his salvation, and the constraining power of the love of Christ proved stronger than his terrible habit."

Similar testimony is given concerning the usefulness of such books and tracts as "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Life of Christ," "John 3:16," "The Only Saviour," and many others. The following incident is a typical one:

"One of the inns on the west coast of Japan, where missionaries often spent a night or two in the course of their travels up and down the country, used to be kept by an old man. Both he and his wife were strong Buddhists, and for many years they both always obstinately refused either to receive any tracts or to hear anything whatever about Christianity from any of their missionary guests. At length, however, one very cold morning, a missionary lady, who was lodging there, and had been praying much for the old man and his wife, having selected from the tracts she had with her a copy of 'The Story of Naaman' as likely to interest the old man who was a Samurai, went downstairs and sat with him at the charcoal fire. After some time she went back to her room, but the tract that she had been looking at, she intentionally left lying where she had been sitting. The same evening, on her return from a meeting, the landlord met her on the threshold, saying, 'You left your tract lying here this morning. I have been reading it with the greatest interest. Do you need it, or may I buy it?' The lady most thankfully allowed him to keep it, and presented him with a Testament the next time she passed that way. This and the tract he studied much, and was deeply convicted of sin. He learned to pray, and at length found peace and joy in believing."

The Japan Book and Tract Society is an off-spring of the American Tract Society, and all friends of tract distribution will rejoice to know that the Gospel seed which is being sowed so faithfully by means of the printed page throughout the length and breadth of the Flowery Kingdom is bringing forth such blessed fruit for the Master's Kingdom. Yet the work has in reality but just begun, and to win the whole of Japan for Christ there must be a greatly increased effort along every line of missionary operation, especially in providing for a much larger production and circulation of Christian books and tracts.

## Called to Their Heavenly Rest

A FEW days after the last issue of our paper had gone to press, two of the Honorary Vice Presidents of the American Tract Society passed to their heavenly reward, both of them being called to their eternal home on the same day, Sunday, September 17, 1911.

Rev. Samuel Henderson Virgin, D.D., LL.D., was born in North Carver, Mass., in 1842, and was a descendant of one of the earliest English settlers in Plymouth. He studied at Harvard College and Andover Theological Seminary, and after a brief pastorate in the Broadway Congregational Church in Somerville, Mass., accepted a call to the Pilgrim Church (Congregational) of New York City in 1871. Here Dr. Virgin did his life work, serving as pastor of the church until 1899, when he became pastor emeritus.

During his long and fruitful pastorate Dr. Virgin was active along many different lines of Christian effort. His voice was constantly heard in behalf of various missionary and philanthropic causes, and under his leadership Pilgrim Church did a large and beneficent work for all sorts and conditions of people.

As a pulpit orator Dr. Virgin stood in the very front rank of the evangelical ministry. His sermons were full of power, showing wide culture, deep thought, warm sympathy, and a poetic nature that revelled in painting word pictures that were marvels of beauty.

Dr. Virgin was elected a member of the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society in 1892, and continued to serve in that capacity until the year 1906, when he became an Honorary Vice President.

Colonel John J. McCook, to whom exaltation from earth to heaven came on the same day as to Dr. Virgin, was well known as a Christian soldier and lawyer, and was a prominent layman in the Presbyterian Church. He belonged to a family famous for the conspicuous part which its members have played in the life of our country, by virtue of which they have been called "the fighting McCooks."

Col. McCook was a man of intense activity, and was closely identified with many benevolent, educational and religious organizations. His attainments as a scholar were of a high order, and as a lawyer he was keen and successful.

In 1900 Col. McCook was elected as an Honorary Vice President of the American Tract Society, and continued in that office until the day of his death.

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### A Sermon Every Month

IN accordance with the expressed desire of several of our readers, and in harmony with a plan that we believe will be pleasing to all our subscribers, we have decided to publish a sermon in each successive number of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, beginning with our next issue for December, 1911, in which we shall print a sermon from the pen of Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., the distinguished Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York City.

In this connection it should be said that this new feature will take the place of the Exposition of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons. We are constrained to make this change because with the introduction of the Graded Lessons into so many Sunday Schools, the study of the Uniform Lesson has decreased to such an extent that we believe that a monthly sermon will be of far more general interest to our readers than the exposition of Lessons, the elucidation of which is already facilitated by a host of Helps which are accessible to all.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

NOVEMBER 5

## Lessons from Great Lives: John

John 21: 20-25

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Oct. 30. Sympathy with Jesus. Mark 5: 33-43.  
T., Oct. 31. The mount of vision. Matt. 17: 1-9.  
W., Nov. 1. Near the Master. John 13: 23-26.  
T., Nov. 2. Pillar of the church. Gal. 2: 9, 10.  
F., Nov. 3. The counsellor. 1 John 2: 1-7.  
S., Nov. 4. The martyr. Rev. 1: 9.

IN studying the life of Christ we notice that some of His disciples sustained a closer intimacy with Him than others. We are told that He "ordained the twelve that they should be with Him." But even within the twelve there was the smaller circle of "three" who were closer to the Master than the rest. These three were Peter, James and John. They were with Him on the Mount of Transfiguration and "saw His glory." They were with Him and heard His words of power when He raised the daughter of Jarius. They were with Him in the dark shades of Gethsemane and shared His grief. Of these three there was one who was still closer to Jesus than the other two. That one was John, who in modesty never named himself in such connection, but who seems to have enjoyed the distinction of being the most intimate friend of Jesus while He was here on earth.

### Striking Characteristics

There are some striking characteristics that give indication of what the character was which was thus worthy of the love of Jesus. They hardly sustain the popular notion, fostered by the received types of Christian art, of a nature gentle, yielding, and feminine. James and John were called by Jesus "Boanerges," that is, "sons of thunder." The name implies vehemence, zeal and intensity. No doubt these men were vigorous, headstrong and imperious characters. These qualities in James may have led to his being the first martyr. In John any undesirable features were afterward subdued, so that he became one of the most loving and loyal servants of Christ. But we know that the "Boanerges" spirit in them broke out in the earlier days on numerous occasions, as when they joined their mother in asking for the highest places in the kingdom of their Master, when they rebuked one who cast out devils in their Lord's name because he was not of their company, and when they sought to call down fire from heaven upon a village of the Samaritans. But the encouragement to us is in the fact that a man with John's faults could become known as "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

For all his love John ran away, with all the other disciples, when Christ was arrested; but he afterward followed Him to the high priest's palace and to the cross. To the place of crucifixion he was probably accompanied by his own mother, Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Mary Magdalene. He received Christ's forgiveness for his timidity and the assurance of continued confidence, when Christ placed His mother in John's charge.

It was to Peter and John that Mary Magdalene first ran with tidings of the emptied sepulcher. (John 20: 2.) They were the first to go to see what the strange words meant. After eight days at Jerusalem, they returned to their fishing in Galilee. John was the first to recognize in the dim form seen in the morning twilight the presence of his risen Lord; Peter the first to plunge in the water and swim toward the shore where He stood. (John 21: 7.)

Years after Christ's ascension Herod Agrippa inflicted a great sorrow upon John in the martyrdom of his brother James. (Acts 12: 2.) Fully fifteen years afterward John was at Jerusalem taking part in the settlement of the great controversy between the Jewish and Gentile Christians. (Acts 15: 6.) It is a natural conjecture to suppose that the Apostle remained in Judea until the death of Mary, the mother of Jesus, which released him from his trust.

### John's Later Life

Concerning his later life New Testament writings assert or imply that he removed to Ephesus; that there some persecution caused his banishment to the island of Patmos (Rev. 1: 9); and that the seven churches of Asia Minor were the special objects of his solicitude (Rev. 1: 11).

It is believed that he lived to be a hundred years old, and was bishop of the church of Ephesus until his death. When he was too weak to preach, it is said his great power to love was strong as ever and he would ask to be carried to the church, and would there lift his arms in blessing and utter his favorite words: "Little children, love one another."

NOVEMBER 12

## The Case Against the Saloon

Isa. 5: 11-25

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Nov. 6. Waste of food. Isa. 55: 2.  
T., Nov. 7. Waste of money. Luke 15: 13.  
W., Nov. 8. Waste of life. Dan. 5: 22-30.  
T., Nov. 9. Waste of nations. Isa. 23: 1-13.  
F., Nov. 10. Waste of families. Hab. 2: 16.  
S., Nov. 11. Waste of spiritual power. Prov. 31: 4, 5.

In all our cities there are banks for savings. The saloons are banks for losing, and yet how sadly many are making deposits there. There you deposit your money, and lose it; your time, and lose it; your character, and lose it; your manly independence, and lose it; your home comfort, and lose it; your self-control, and lose it; your children's happiness, and lose it; your own soul, and lose it. There is the case against the saloon in a nut-shell. We impeach the saloon, because it destroys men's health, disfigures their bodies, ruins their nervous system, dethrones their reason and is the fruitful cause of idiocy and insanity, blunts the finer feelings and sensibilities of men's souls, and sends them by the thousands to drunkards' graves and a drunkard's eternity every year.

Of all the follies of our day, is there any quite so stupendous as the folly of temporizing with the liquor traffic? We have read a story that to a degree illustrates and emphasizes this folly. It is said that an Irish girl was told to mop the kitchen floor. After a while the mistress came down to see how she was getting along. To her astonishment she found the water on the floor in a flood. The girl was mopping it up with all her might while the stream still flowed from the faucet. "Why don't you turn off the faucet, Bridget?" exclaimed the lady. "Shure, ma'am, its meself that hasn't toime, the water kapes me a-mopin' so fast." We are half-submerged with the poverty and crime and wretchedness that came from the saloon. With our churches, leagues, lodges, pledges, orphanages, hospitals and asylums we are trying to mop up all the red waters of inebriety. But the task is hopeless. When will we become sane enough to turn off the faucet?

### Annihilate the Saloon

Our attitude toward the saloon as an institution should be that of open, pronounced, absolute and continuous war. One can hate the sin and love the sinner. But the righteous attitude toward such an evil institution is that of war to extermination. Our duty is well illustrated by a story told by Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman in one of his temperance addresses. He said: "A certain settler in the north woods of Maine let his young son, who wanted to go hunting, take a gun, and trudge off alone into the woods through the deep Maine snow. The lad was strictly bidden to return within a very short time, but when he did not come, the troubled father started out to search for the boy. He had not followed the trail far before to his anguish he saw the tracks of a panther mingling with the tracks of the lad. A murderous beast was following close on his son's footsteps. With pace redoubled, the father pressed on with an awful dread in his heart lest he should find his boy torn to pieces."

"Suddenly he noticed another trail in the snow crossing at right angles the trail he had been following. He knelt and examined it carefully. The tracks were those of his boy, but here there were no panther tracks. The keen sense of the woodman read the story at once. The lad had circled the adjacent hill and reentered his own path, but the panther following behind had not yet completed the circuit. The father's task was easy then; he secreted himself near at hand, waited until the panther came and shot it dead, then hurried out along the new trail to overtake his son." Whenever he tells this story, Dr. Chapman makes his application thus: "We've got between the boy and the saloon now; let's shoot the saloon dead when it comes by on the trail."

NOVEMBER 19

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. XI. Missions in South America

Acts 19: 13-30

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Nov. 13. Ceremonial religion. Matt. 6: 1-5.  
T., Nov. 14. The true priest. Mal. 2: 5-9.  
W., Nov. 15. Gospel freedom. Gal. 5: 1-6.  
T., Nov. 16. Personal religion. 1 John 1: 7-10; 2: 1, 2.  
F., Nov. 17. A world in darkness. 1 John 5: 19-21.  
S., Nov. 18. A world in light. 1 John 2: 7-11.

In our missionary journey around the world we now come to South America. And, strange to say, it is almost an unknown land to us who live so near. Here is a great field, America's special field, right at her door, and yet how little has been done for it. South America contains twice as much habitable land as North America, with vast forests, enormous mineral wealth, unbounded possibilities in the soil, and with a very large and growing population. It is the great continent of the future, and for this reason is especially important as a missionary field. Yet there are only a few missionary societies at work there, and no one of these has a large number of men and women engaged.

### A Needy Field

And the field is needy. Some might say: "But is not the Roman Catholic Church there?" Yes, but the Roman Catholicism of South America is very different from the Roman Catholicism we know, so debased has it become, and so lacking in spiritual light is it. Images and relics are worshipped everywhere throughout South America and actual idolatry prevails. Most of the people have no idea whatever of the actual mission of Jesus Christ. They do not know Him as Saviour and Lord. Their religion is mostly paganism under a thin disguise. The Bible is a sealed book to most of them. One of our greatest tasks is to scatter the Word of God everywhere by means of colporters. Tracts, too, are a great means for enlightening the people.

This is one of the many fields into which the American Tract Society has entered, to give condensed Christian truth in popular form and in the Spanish language to the millions who live in this Southland. Bible and tract colporters, heroic men, have already played a large part in South American missions, sometimes even yielding up their lives in the cause. A few years ago Bibles were publicly burned in the streets of Quito, and Ecuador was called "the little Vatican." Missionaries were imprisoned and converts were mobbed. But now a more liberal policy prevails.

### The Cross and Crosses

When Henry Martyn visited South America, he expressed his thought of its condition in these words: "Crosses there are in abundance, but when shall the doctrine of the Cross be set up?" In Leonard's "Hundred Years of Missions" we read: "The fruits of ten generations of the Roman regime in South America appear in forms most characteristic, if also lamentable and heart-sickening. The outcome is even worse than that to be

found in Southern Europe. The civilization is of a low grade, while the masses are left to grovel in dense ignorance and gross superstition. Too often the priesthood is scarcely above the people for intelligence and is grossly immoral, while the religious teaching and practice are a curious compound of Christianity and heathenism, the elements of the latter preponderating. With fine and costly architecture, and stunning spectacular display, the church routine is an empty form, while all that represents the pure and blessed gospel of the Kingdom is dragged down to the low level of the current political and social life, and with shockingly easy accommodation to the semi-pagan and semi-barbarous environment."

NOVEMBER 26

## Echoes of Peace and Blessing

1 Thess. 5: 14-24

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M., Nov. 20. David's thanksgiving. 1 Chron. 16: 3-26.  
T., Nov. 21. Thanksgiving proclamation. Ps. 140.  
W., Nov. 22. A thanksgiver. Luke 17: 11-14.  
T., Nov. 23. A backward glance. Isa. 63: 7-9.  
F., Nov. 24. Eternal thanksgiving. Rev. 7: 9-17.  
S., Nov. 25. Daily thanksgiving. Phil. 4: 6.

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson has well said: "If Christians praised God more, the world would doubt Him less." "Rejoice evermore" is one of the Bible commands. "In everything give thanks" is another.

Reference to the calendar should hardly be necessary to remind Christian people of their duty of thanksgiving, though we believe it is well to appoint a National Thanksgiving Day. But the spirit of thanksgiving should pervade the whole life. In the church year of the Christian every day should be Thanksgiving Day. Like the Psalmist we should say: "I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall continually be in my mouth." A Thanksgiving proclamation by our President once a year may usefully accentuate the duty of praise, and serve to call forgetful souls to a sense of their obligations to their Heavenly Father; but the proper course is to intermix the experiences of each successive day, even its crosses and its trials, with a profound sense and grateful recognition of the loving kindness of God.

Thanksgiving ought to be a habit. It ought to be annual, not in the sense of occurring once in November, but annual in the sense of extending the whole year through. Paul says: "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." The habit of thanksgiving is a brave and cheerful habit. It has no patience with the weak bitterness that complains that life is not worth living. It sees God everywhere in this world and praises Him. It gives thanks in all things, knowing that all things work together for good to them that love God. It does not dwell on personal disappointments, but enters into the larger life of God's kingdom. It is a habit that builds up the character. It is a habit that no good Christian can afford to be without.

Thanksgiving is far more a cultivated habit than a grace of nature. Some men, to be sure, find it easier than others to be thankful and happy; but all men, if they sedulously cherish the good they can see in their lives, will speedily become more good to cherish and the blessed process will go on at a rapidly increasing rate, an endless chain of thanksgiving.

Remember it is Thanksgiving we are to celebrate. Two angels were sent out from heaven, so the story runs, each with a basket, to bring back the prayers and thanksgivings of those on earth. The angel of Thanksgiving started with a large hamper, the Collector of Petitions with a small basket; but when they returned each was in trouble. The petitions overflowed the basket, and filled the sack as well; while the Angel of Thanksgiving only had three in his hamper. So we are ever ready to pray for things we want, but, having received them, too often forget to thank the Giver.



## Exposition of the International Lessons

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. Henry  
Lewis, Ph. D.

NOVEMBER 5

### Esther Pleading for Her People

Esther 4: 1 to 5: 3

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The Lord preserveth all them that love Him. Psalm 145: 20.

#### The Historical Situation

The entire Book of Esther should be read through at a single sitting, if possible, so as to thoroughly understand and appreciate this lesson. The historical situation may be briefly stated as follows: Ahasuerus, the king of Persia, is undoubtedly the sovereign known to secular history as Xerxes, the son of Darius. The same faults which are mentioned by ancient historians as characteristic of Xerxes find their counterpart in the person of Ahasuerus, whose inordinate vanity, luxury and fickleness are so conspicuously displayed in his dealings with Vashti, Haman, Esther and Mordecai.

At the time of our lesson Haman had been promoted to the position of favorite in the court of Ahasuerus. He thus became the greatest man in the kingdom, next to the king himself. But the refusal of Mordecai, the Jew, to do him obeisance had rankled in his bosom, and in revenge he plotted the destruction of the entire race to which Mordecai belonged.

At Haman's instigation an imperial decree had gone forth, that on a certain day throughout the realm the Jews everywhere should be relentlessly slaughtered—men, women and children. Knowledge of this decree had come to the ears of Mordecai, the cousin of Esther, the youthful queen of Ahasuerus, and to her in this hour of extremity Mordecai turned as the source through which deliverance might be obtained for his people from the dread decree which had been issued by the Oriental despot.

#### A Noble Endeavor

The effort which Queen Esther made to save her people from the awful doom that threatened them presents one of the noblest examples of self-sacrifice and devotion known to history. In going into the king's presence without an invitation from the sovereign himself, Esther took her life in her own hands. The king's affection for her had apparently cooled, and there was room for grave doubt as to whether he would hold out to her the golden scepter, failure to do which would mean her immediate disgrace and probably her subsequent execution.

Nevertheless, inspired by her affection for her countrymen, and impelled by the earnest exhortations of her cousin Mordecai, Esther went bravely forward in the line of her chosen duty, and her heroic endeavor was not in vain, for she received a gracious reception from Ahasuerus, and by her skillful tact and wise diplomacy she was able to secure from the king the boon which she desired.

#### Deliverance for the Hebrews

The laws of the Medes and Persians were held to be irrevocable, and therefore the royal decree which had gone forth could not be recalled. It was, however, practically nullified by the permission which the king gave to his Jewish subjects to defend themselves against their enemies, the result being that in every place they were victorious over their foes, the fact of this deliverance being commemorated to this day in the Jewish Feast of Purim.

#### The Practical Application

This lesson, recalling Esther's love and devotion, should serve to turn our thoughts toward Him who gave His life upon the cross, and who now intercedes for His people at the throne of God in heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to deliver humanity from the captivity of sin, and who will redeem all who put their trust in Him from the dominion of the grave and endow them with the gift of eternal life.

NOVEMBER 12

### Belshazzar's Feast and Fate

Daniel 5

**GOLDEN TEXT.** God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Eccles. 12: 14.

#### World's Temperance Lesson

Because of its bearing upon temperance this lesson has been specially selected for study upon the second Sunday of November, which has been designated as the World's Temperance Sunday.

#### The Story of Belshazzar

In constructing the story of Belshazzar's life, in addition to the inspired narrative, we have the testimony of some of the ancient monuments, as well as the records of the secular historians, Herodotus and Xenophon. By a careful comparison of these different sources of information, we are able to understand certain points in the Scriptural narrative, which would otherwise be beyond our comprehension.

Belshazzar was the son of Nabonidus, the immediate successor of Nebuchadnezzar. It is thought by some scholars that Nabonidus married the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar. If this be the case, then Belshazzar would be the grandson of the great Babylonian conqueror. Belshazzar apparently shared the sovereignty with Nabonidus, and ruled in the city of Babylon, while his father exercised the regal authority in the empire at large.

Belshazzar's kingdom is said to have fallen into the hands of Darius the Mede, but contemporary history makes it certain that Cyrus was the real conqueror of Babylon, and we may therefore conclude that Darius was simply a nominal ruler, whose good fortune it was to be associated with Cyrus in his triumph over the Babylonian foe.

#### Some Plain Inferences

Impiety and rashness are closely allied. Belshazzar's audacious prostitution of the sacred vessels of the Temple and his utter lack of preparation against the foe without the gates of Babylon are alike characteristic of a reckless, headstrong nature.

A man of God is always needed to interpret the handwriting on the wall. God is writing to-day in unmistakable signs upon the life and history of our nation His messages of warning and of judgment, and we ought to heed the interpretation which the wise men of God are giving to the signs of the times.

Old age presents no bar to faithful service for God and for mankind. Daniel was well advanced in years when he was asked to read the handwriting on the wall, but he gave his testimony for God and for God's truth as bravely as when in boyhood he refused to touch the king's meat or his wine.

#### The Temperance Application

The story of Belshazzar's feast and fate carries with it a wealth of suggestion for temperance workers. It shows how intimately the use of the wine-cup is associated with profanity, sacrilege and debauchery.

A particularly forceful lesson may be drawn by showing that the use of intoxicating beverages is a bar to the truest and highest patriotism. The trend of the best sentiment in every civilized land is now against the use of liquor as a beverage, and many nations are enacting laws which tend toward the abolition of the saloon and the elimination of the liquor traffic.

As to the situation in our own beloved land there is ground for encouragement, and yet we must not forget that the battle is far from won as yet. The indecisive result in the State of Maine, where twenty-five years ago a sweeping victory was won for prohibition, shows the need of continuous effort in keeping the public informed as to the advantages that accrue to the people in a community where the saloon is an unknown quantity.

NOVEMBER 19

### Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem

Ezra 8: 15-36

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him. Ezra 8: 22.

#### The Life of Ezra

The books of Ezra and Nehemiah, supplemented by the writings of Josephus, the Jewish historian, furnish the materials for a biography of Ezra, who stands as one of the great leaders of the Hebrew people.

Ezra was a scribe and a priest, tracing his descent from Zadok and Phinehas. He enjoyed great favor at the court of Artaxerxes Longimanus, king of Persia, and it was under his protection that he made his journey to Jerusalem. He exerted a strong and a salutary influence over his countrymen, and his leadership over them was productive of the most beneficent results.

The formation of the Old Testament canon is attributed by tradition to Ezra. It is clear that the law of Moses, comprising the five books of the Pentateuch, circulated as a distinct portion of the sacred literature in the time of Ezra. The book of Ezra tells us that the law of God was in Ezra's hand, and he is described as a ready scribe in the law of Moses. How many of the balance of the Old Testament canonical writings were handled and arranged by Ezra is a matter that must remain in large part a matter of conjecture.

Ezra has long been regarded as the author of the book that bears his name. The book incorporates what purport to be the actual utterances of Ezra himself, and there seems to be no valid reason for refusing to acknowledge him as its author.

#### The Object of Ezra's Journey

The journey that was undertaken by Ezra and that is so graphically described in our lesson had for its aim a great reform. The city of Jerusalem was in a decadent condition, and the returned exiles were falling into evil practices, especially that of intermarriage with their heathen neighbors.

The object which Ezra set before himself was to rebuild the city materially, morally and spiritually, and in the fulfillment of that purpose he insisted upon a sweeping reformation in the domestic customs of the people, compelling the men to put aside the heathen wives whom they had espoused in defiance of the divine command, and urging his countrymen in every way to live godly and pious lives.

#### Pertinent Lessons for To-day

Society at the present day needs a thorough purification in its social customs just as much as in the days of Ezra the scribe.

The influence of a good man is a beneficent power. Whether in the court of a pagan monarch or among the people of his own race and religion, Ezra's influence told for good because he was a righteous man. So in this present age the power for good of an upright man is almost boundless.

A very helpful lesson for our own lives may be gleaned from Ezra's action at the very outset of his journey to Jerusalem. It will be remembered that at the River Ahava, which marked the starting point of the return journey to Jerusalem, Ezra ordained a season of fasting and prayer. So at the beginning of every undertaking in life we should betake ourselves to the throne of grace.

No true reform can be accomplished without criticism and opposition. Ezra was opposed by a large section of his people and he has been severely criticized for his reformatory measures. But there can be no temporizing with evil, and the steps taken by Ezra are justified by the truth expressed in the old adage, "A desperate disease needs a desperate remedy."

NOVEMBER 26

### Nehemiah's Prayer

Nehemiah 1: 1-11

**GOLDEN TEXT.** The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James 5: 16.

#### A Character Sketch of Nehemiah

Little has been ascertained concerning the early history of Nehemiah. He was the son of Hachaliah, of the tribe of Judah, and according to tradition he belonged to the royal family of David. Some think he was born in Babylon and others, in Susa. In any case the time of his birth was during the captivity, and early in life his abode was at Susa, where he became cupbearer to the Persian king Artaxerxes Longimanus in his royal palace.

The office of cupbearer carried with it much more of honor and dignity than the mere name would seem to imply, and Nehemiah stood high in favor at the Persian court. This appellation really indicated that Nehemiah was a statesman, counselor and courtier. The office was not a political one but a position of power, honor and influence. Herodotus speaks of the office of cupbearer at the court of Cambyses, king of Persia, as "an honor of no small account." Owing to his exalted station Nehemiah was able to accomplish much for his countrymen in Judea.

The character of Nehemiah was one worthy of all emulation. He was patriotic to the core, a man of deeply religious spirit, and of the strictest integrity. He was courageous, resourceful, courteous and prayerful. Charles Reade thus describes him: "Faithful courtier, yet true patriot; child of luxury, yet patient of hardship; inventive builder, impromptu general, astute politician, high-spirited gentleman, inspired orator, resolute reformer, born leader of men, yet humble before God."

#### Nehemiah at the Throne of Grace

The distress of his countrymen in Judea aroused the sympathy of Nehemiah, and led him to invoke the divine blessing upon all those who were "in great affliction and reproach." The sad news of the deplorable conditions that existed at Jerusalem was communicated by Hanani and certain other Jews who came to the royal palace in Susa.

Nehemiah's petition included the essential elements of all true prayer, namely, praise, humble contrition, steadfast faith and absolute reliance upon the promises of Jehovah. It was indeed "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man" that availed much for the blessing of others.

#### Concluding Thoughts

Our lesson calls our attention to the prayer life. Prayer is simply communion with God. It is the highest attribute of our common humanity that we may communicate our wants and desires to our Heavenly Father.

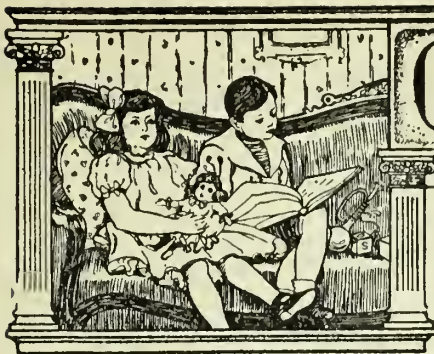
It is through the Lord Jesus Christ, and through Him alone that we are able to enter into communion with God, and it is because He intercedes for us at the Throne of grace that our prayers find acceptance there.

Nehemiah has set us an example of intense earnestness in prayer. We cannot expect that our petitions will be granted if we come to God in a half-hearted and indifferent way.

The answer to Nehemiah's prayer was not immediate. It took time before the results for which he prayed were accomplished. But Nehemiah had faith and patience to await God's good pleasure, and in the end he attained the desire of his heart, because his heart was right with God, and he prayed for those things that were well pleasing in the divine sight.

Let us remember that it is not always best for God to answer our prayers affirmatively. Sometimes by denying the thing for which we have asked God confers a richer blessing upon us than if He had granted our expressed desire.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## A Talk About the Mountains

THE land of Palestine, where Jesus lived when He was here upon the earth, is full of mountains, and many of the important events mentioned in the Bible took place upon a mountain.

Mount Sinai was the place where Moses received the Divine Law. On Mount Carmel Elijah defied the priests of Baal, and was rewarded by a mighty manifestation of God's favor. The Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ took place upon a mountain, probably Mount Hermon. On Mount Calvary He was crucified, and after He rose from the dead He appeared to the eleven disciples on a mountain in Galilee.

Many other mountains are associated with Bible history. Thus Mount Ararat is famous as being the resting place of Noah's ark after the Flood. Mount Zion was the site of the great Temple at Jerusalem. Mount Nebo was the spot from which Moses saw the Promised Land, and there he is said to have died.

Mount Olivet was the place where Jesus walked with His disciples, after the Last Supper. Mount Lebanon was famous for its trees, and Mount Hor is remembered as the mountain on which Aaron died.

The loftiest mountain in the land where Jesus lived is Mount Hermon, and by many this is thought to be the Mount of Transfiguration.

The mountains and the hills are the work of God, and in their beauty and grandeur they serve to remind us of the wisdom and skill of their Creator. The Psalmist has written some beautiful things about the mountains. For example he tells us that the righteousness of God is like the great mountains. He writes, also: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even for ever."

So we may learn from the mountains lessons of God's power, God's righteousness and God's love. It is He who covers the mountains with forests and crowns their summits with snow, and when we lift up our eyes and see the beauty of the hills, let us remember that they also were made by our loving Heavenly Father.

## Our Mail Bag

OUR first letter comes from a little girl in Avoca, Pennsylvania, who writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eight years old. I go to the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. I am in the second grade. I like to look at the pretty leaves, which are beginning to change in color. I have twin sisters who are six years old. I can recite the Twenty-third Psalm.

Your loving niece,  
GRACE ELLIS.

The autumn foliage, to which you refer, is well worth admiring. The most gorgeous autumn foliage which Uncle Harry has ever seen is found in the Adirondack Mountains, the Great North Woods of New York State. Here the coloring of the autumn leaves is so brilliant that sometimes it looks almost as if the trees themselves were afire. We

are glad to know, Grace, that you have learned the Shepherd Psalm, and hope that you will commit many other precious passages of Scripture to memory, for you will find that every Bible verse that you know by heart is a treasure more valuable than anything else you could have.

The next letter has come from the South land, and this is how it reads:

DEAR EDITOR: I have been so busy with school I can hardly find time to write. But I want to tell you something about where we live in North Carolina. Hendersonville is a little town twenty miles from Asheville. This place is a great summer re-sort. In the winter time, too, there are quite a large number of people. The schools are fine. They are building a new schoolhouse. It is going to be much better than the one they have now. The climate is beautiful. There are several pretty parks around here. Laurel Park is the prettiest. There are moving pictures going on every week at night. They are fine. I have seen quite a few. Some are funny and some are sad. I take music lessons from a professor who plays at the moving pictures. Hendersonville has six churches.

OLIVE MURIEL FULLER.

An Arkansas girl, whose home is in DeVall's Bluff, writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am eleven years old, and in the fifth grade. I go to school every day. I live about half a block from school. I am sending my little friend's letter also.

BESSIE M. MASON.

The little friend's letter which Bessie enclosed reads as follows:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am six, and in the first grade. I live about one block from school.

MIDGET HIGGINS.

We gladly welcome you, Midget, and all the other little folks who have asked to be admitted into our happy band. A pleasant letter has come from W. C. Southward. Besides these there are still others which must wait for another time.

## About Music

THERE is one subject that is always very interesting to Uncle Harry, and a large number of Our Little Folks are interested in it too. That subject is Music, and we would like to have a great many letters on that topic in time to print in our next issue.

Write and tell us what kind of music you like best, what instrument you are learning to play, what are your favorite pieces of music, and what are your favorite songs. Let us know whether you are taking music lessons, and if so, how long you have been learning to play or sing. We should be glad to know what musical instruments you have in your home, and to hear about the songs you sing in school, the concerts which you have attended, and anything else about Music that you think will be of interest.

Please be sure to write promptly, for unless you send your letter at once, it will not reach us in time for our next issue. Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, American Messenger, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

# FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS IN THE HOME AND IN SUNDAY SCHOOL



RESTING ON THE JOURNEY HOME

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# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## Thanksgiving Day

By CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT

*On our national day of thanksgiving,  
Wa'be, wa'be, starry banner, on high,  
Like the dawn of this thrice-blessed  
morning,*

*A type of glad years that are nigh!  
May throngs in the churches assemble  
Child-voices so birdlike and clear,  
With the songs of their elders commingle,  
Thanking God for a prosperous year.*

*And then at the cheery reunions,  
May the elders, their hair touched with  
grey,*

*Recall the blithe days of their childhood,  
And smile on the little ones' play.  
In hospital, poorhouse and prison,  
May Thanksgiving brightness and cheer  
Stream in like the sunshine from Heaven,  
Softening hearts that were lonely and drear.*

*On this national day of thanksgiving—  
May the impulse inspire and endure—  
Praise, praise the great Father of Mercies,  
Love all who are friendless and poor,  
And love our dear land—she has failings,  
Yet she's warm-hearted, generous and true.*

*God guard her, keep e'er above her,  
The flag of the Red, White and Blue.*



## A Sketch of Martin Luther

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY

IN the little town of Eisleben, Germany, on November 10, 1483, a boy was born whose name has had increasing luster during the more than four centuries since then. Over the door of the house in which Martin Luther was born may now be seen his head carved in stone, and the words in German,

"Christ's own word is Luther's lore,  
So it lives forever more."

This couplet is a fitting tribute to the great reformer, because he responded quickly to the revelations of God's Word, and he it was who gave the Bible to the German people in the language which all might read.

His father was a poor miner. Luther often said, "I am a peasant's son, my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were all genuine peasants." The father was ambitious, however, and meant to educate his son, and make him a great lawyer. It was an overwhelming disappointment when Martin suddenly changed the programme, and decided to be a priest. Hans Luther is described as "tough in body and soul—a man of quiet, deep piety, but one who thought that God could be best served in the common citizen's life, and who heartily despised monks, 'men full of cant and hypocrisy,' he said." Margaretha, the mother, was inclined to mysticism, and was somewhat superstitious. These parental traits are interesting, because they were reproduced in the son. The home teaching comprised the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the doctrine "that pardon comes from the free grace of God." Nor was Luther's the only home of this sort. Germany held thousands like it, and but for these, there had been no Reformation.

In his early school days, the boy Luther suffered cruel discipline. "He was flogged fifteen times in one morning, because he could not repeat delections which he had never been taught." At another school he had a dangerous illness. At Eisenach, he sang in the streets and begged from door to door, with other poor students. Later came the University life at Erfurt, and then, the great change of purpose. When he be-

came a monk, Luther entered the new life with characteristic zeal, his fastings, prayers, and scourgings were so strenuous, that he was once found fainting on the floor. The prior, John Staupitz, a good and kind-hearted man, and a Bible student, told Luther bluntly, "to cease confessing till he had some real sin to confess." Staupitz finally convinced him that the "righteousness of God for every one who trusts Christ, is on the sinner's side, and not against him." Luther said, "It was as if I had found the door of Paradise thrown wide open."

Hans Luther was present at his son's ordination. At the dinner, Martin, eager for complete justification, said: "Dear father, why have you been so set against me, so wrathful? Why is it that you are still perhaps unwilling to see me a monk? It is such a peaceful, pleasant, and godly life." The sturdy old miner, unawed by the learned assembly answered: "Did you never hear that a son must obey his parents? and you learned men, have you never read in the Holy Scriptures that a man should honor his father and mother?" Then he added, "God grant it may not prove a delusion of the devil." Happily, Hans and Margaretha lived to see their son become the great Reformer.

While Professor of Philosophy at Wittenberg, Luther was sent to Rome on some business of the Order. Then occurred the famous incident of the Holy Staircase. The staircase was said to have been in Pilate's house. Indulgence from penance for a thousand years was promised to those who climbed it on their knees. When half way up, Luther's favorite text, "The just shall live by his faith," came into mind. He sprang to his feet, stood a moment thoughtfully, and walked down. Rome was a great disappointment. He entered thinking it a holy city; he left it with eyes opened to the shameless lives of the Papal Court.

Luther now became Doctor of Theology. Not only students but others from far and near, were attracted to his expositions. He made the Bible real—"full of histories of men and women who had lived and talked and eaten and slept and married and given in marriage."

When the Reformation really began, Luther was only thirty-four years of age. Pope Leo the Tenth proclaimed an indulgence, by the sale of which to raise money for building St. Peter's at Rome. The terms of the indulgence were so wide that complete forgiveness of sins, participation in God's grace, freedom from purgatory, absolution from crimes and punishments, and various other benefits were included, besides full remission of sins to all departed persons then in purgatory. The Dominican monk, John Tetzel, who disseminated them, declared that "the red cross of the Indulgence is of equal power with the cross of Christ."

Luther was still an obedient son of the church, and his struggles of soul were tremendous. But when Tetzel appeared in Wittenberg, the young monk bravely nailed the celebrated ninety-five theses to the door of the Castle Church—the great bulletin board. Duplicates in German went far and wide. A mighty conflict followed, in which political intrigue was mixed with religious fanaticism on the side of the Church, and on June 15, 1520, Luther was excommunicated by a Bull from the Pope. In December following, Luther publicly burned the Bull, many assisting at the ceremony. When in the same month he was summoned to the Diet at Worms called by Charles Fifth, his friends fearing treachery, tried to dissuade him from going. His courageous answer was, "I would go to Worms if there were as many devils there as tiles on the roofs." The result was that Luther was placed under ban, and after twenty days every person was forbidden "to give Luther house or home, food, drink, or shelter, by words or by deeds." The design was after making him outcast, to burn him as a heretic.

Now begins what reads like a romance. On leaving Worms, Luther was taken

prisoner. It was doubtless a friendly capture, for he was guarded at Wartburg Castle, and the Elector was his staunch friend. Here he remained ten months, and here he translated the New Testament.

None of Luther's views had been more startling than those on marriage. He thought that the union by which Christ symbolized his relation to the Church, must be a holy one. "The Reformation made the family hearth as sacred as the monastic cell, and saw that the mother who spent a sleepless night at the bedside of a sick child was holding a vigil as sacred as that of a nun prostrate on the flags of the convent chapel." Luther's love story is novel. Nine nuns of noble birth who had read his writings escaped from a convent, and one, Catherine von Bora, became Luther's wife. Two years later there were troublous times—one pastor was martyred, and the terrible plague prevailed. It was then that Luther wrote his inspiring hymn, beginning,

"A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon,  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
Which hath us now o'er taken."

Mingled with its strength, his faith had an element of tenderness. Seeing a bird on its roost, he said: "That little bird has chosen its shelter, above it are the stars and the deep heaven of worlds; yet he is rocking himself to sleep without caring for to-morrow's lodging, calmly clinging to his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

At first there was no thought of forming a new church, but events drove on the Reformers. Such dense ignorance of religious things was found, that gradually the Lutheran System was formed and Luther's Catechism, and a Hymn Book were published.

The years brought repeated illnesses. Luther's last journey was to Eisleben, on a mission of mercy, to reconcile some estranged brothers whom he loved. His two sons went with him. He preached on Sunday, February 14, 1546, with great power. This effort was followed by increasing illness, and he died the next Thursday, not a hundred yards from the spot where he was born. Shortly before the end, some one stooped and asked, "Reverend Father, wilt thou stand by Christ, and the doctrine thou hast preached?" Luther roused himself to answer, "Yes." It was his last word and a fitting one. Poor, unconscious Catherine, his wife, at home, waited his safe return. The Elector, John Frederic, sent the body of his life-long hero and friend back to Wittenberg, with an escort of nobles and horsemen. Now it rests in the Castle Church of Wittenberg, near to the door where he had nailed his theses.

The Reformation had its political, economic, and intellectual phases. Yet it has been well said that these phases were but the environment of the religious action. Luther was the central figure of that religious action, and the peasant's son thus became one of "the epoch-making characters" of the world.

## The Fragrance United Them

DR. CHAPMAN closed one of his sermons in the evangelistic campaign in Brooklyn with the following touching appeal:

"I do not know what I can say more to you. For the last two weeks and more I have pleaded with every particle of strength that God has given me. I would to God I could charm you with the sweetness of my Jesus. You must come. One of my friends, a great preacher, tells the story of a woman who wanted to go into a city hospital. She came from the country, carrying a large, old-fashioned market basket on her arm, full of great sprays of honeysuckle. She passed up and down the hospital wards, tossing out a spray of honeysuckle here and there until she had only one left. Then she came to a cot with a screen around it. She did not know what that meant, but you know. Without waiting, she pushed the curtain aside, and there was a girl, lying with her arms folded. Her eyes were shut, her lips closed. The woman put her basket down and tossed the last spray of honeysuckle upon the cot. The fragrance climbed up and up until it reached the girl's nostrils. Then her whole expression changed, and she began to whisper. Curiosity prompted the woman to listen.

"Mother, mother," whispered the girl, "I catch the fragrance of the honeysuckle outside my window." The woman waited only a second. My friend said she gave one spring, took the girl in her arms, pulled her up against her heart and cried: "Margaret! My daughter!" She had wandered away in sin. They had lost her. The honeysuckle united them.

"Ah! but I speak of the Rose of Sharon; the Lily of the Valley—Jesus, Jesus. He is in this building this evening. More than one night since we have been together I have been sensible of His presence. He is here. I plead with you to take Him now."

## What Marriage Should Mean

A MAN who marries for the sake of what his wife can do for him is not doing what he ought to do for the woman he marries. That marriage so far as he is concerned begins as a failure, whatever it may come to be in time. A young man writes thoughtlessly to an acquaintance: "I expect to take a better half. I need some one to help me. I hope this young lady will prove a prize to me." The real question for that young man is whether he will prove a prize to the young lady. Marriage ought to mean to him a God-given opportunity for service to the woman he loves. To be one and not two, to live day by day the together life, instead of the apart lives; to cherish oneness of aim and faith and work; to give and not to get, in loving service each for the other—that is marriage. A young man who thinks of marriage as anything less than this will be something far less than a prize to the woman he marries.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

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# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## Converted by Means of Tracts

REV. A. ANDREW writes to "The Missionary Record" as follows: "There has passed away in his eighty-third year an honored Indian worker in the person of the Rev. P. Appayu. He was born in the Salem district, and belonged to the Chatty caste of Hindus. When he was over twenty years of age, he became an earnest seeker after truth, and was dissatisfied with the existing Hindu worship with its rites and ceremonies. Several tracts and handbills bearing on Christianity and the spiritual life came into his hands, which he read with much interest. Eventually he was convinced of the truth of the Christian faith, and made known his convictions to two of his Hindu friends, who were also impressed with the truth. None of these had as yet come in contact with any Christian worker. They resolved to proceed to Madras and visit Rev. John Anderson. This was before the railway was made. They accordingly had to make a journey of over one hundred and fifty miles in an ordinary jutka or country conveyance. Mr. Anderson gladly received them, put them under Christian instruction, and baptized them in 1854. . . . When the Chingleput congregation was organized, he was ordained over it as the first pastor in 1888."



## A Wonderful Story

MR. L. H. SNYDER, a worker in the Young Men's Christian Association of Seoul, Korea, tells the following remarkable story, which constitutes one of the most romantic incidents in the history of Christianity in the Far East. He writes:

"Mr. Yi Sang Choi, former secretary of the Korean Imperial Cabinet, was sent to Washington with the first Korean Embassy about twenty years ago. While there he received from a Chinese official a copy of the New Testament and the Book of Proverbs written in Chinese. Hearing that this was the Book so extensively read by the West, and that it was the foundation of Western civilization, Mr. Yi accepted it with the intention of giving it careful consideration, hoping thereby to become familiar with the systems of government of the West, their military and naval achievement, their methods of education, etc.

"He read a chapter, then threw the book down, only to pick it up again, which process he repeated until a year had elapsed; then he became convinced that there was nothing superior, if equal to, the teachings of his own great teacher, Confucius. He did not come to this conclusion without comparing saying after saying of the Bible with those he had spent years in imbibing. Shortly afterward he returned to Korea, convinced that there was nothing in Christianity.

"Not many years later Dr. Jai So Peel, a Korean of noble birth, but educated and naturalized in the United States, returned to Korea under special contract with his government. In his numerous addresses to the Koreans he constantly preached Christianity to them. Mr. Yi Sang Choi followed Dr. Jai So Peel about wherever he spoke, and argued against him point by point, showing in each the superiority of Confucius. It was this same Dr. Jai So Peel who started the Independence Club, and the memorial Arch outside the West Gate of Seoul marks the event.

"The doings of the Independence Club were noised about and excited the suspicions of the party in power so that finally a number of the active members of the Club were thrown into prison. Among them were a group of eleven men, all but one staunch Confucianists, under the leadership of Mr. Yi Sang Choi. The single exception was a Christian. It was through the influence of this young man that the others consented to make a careful study of the teachings of Christ. They agreed to study separately during the day, each man for himself, and then at night to discuss together what they

had studied during the day. Many a night they talked even until daybreak.

"Finally one and all became persuaded that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. They have all been leaders in the Christian churches throughout Korea. One died in prison; another, who became mayor of the city of Song Do, has recently died; another is connected with the Finance Department and is teacher of economics in the Seoul Y. M. C. A. School; another is connected with the Department of Justice and is a member of the Y. M. C. A.; two others are secretaries of the Korean Y. M. C. A. in Tokyo and Seoul, and Mr. Yi Sang Choi, who frequently longs for these days spent in prison, where all his time could be spent uninterruptedly in the study of God's Word, is director of the religious work of the Seoul Association."



## The Education of India's Women

REV. R. E. HUME, of Bombay, calls attention to a striking illustration of the revolution which has taken place in Hindu society, witnessed in the recent first prize distribution of the Chanda Ramji Hindu Girls' High School:

"A very wealthy Hindu died some time ago, directing his executor to build a Hindu temple with his estate. The executor fulfilled the direction. But considerable money remained. So this administrator went to the high court with an application stating that he had fulfilled all the requirements of the will, and requesting that he be allowed permission to use the remainder of the estate for the higher education of Hindu females. The request was granted by the high court, and last Saturday occurred the first annual commencement exercises of that school. Is not that astounding? After the building of a Hindu temple a Hindu gentleman managed to divert \$100,000 to the educating of Hindu girls and women in a way which cannot but overthrow some of their belief in Hinduism!

"When Miss Cynthia Farrar was starting the first girls' school in Ahmednagar, she called on the mayor of the town and invited him to send his daughter to the school. The proud Brahman pointed to a donkey at the door and said to the missionary, 'When you have taught that donkey to read and write, then you can come to me and I will let you have my daughter for your school.' Since that time, indeed since the time when Gordon Hall, the pioneer missionary of the American Board, who was also a pioneer Protestant Christian missionary in Western India, started the first girls' school that was ever established in all India, a mighty revolution has taken place in the attitude of Hindus toward their women.

"The Hindus now are wanting the benefits of education for the women whom previously they had been keeping in subjection. However, when they have come to the point of starting a high school designed primarily for Hindus, which now contains 188 pupils (a number larger than in our own mission high school in Bombay), they cannot find a Hindu woman who is qualified for the post of principal. So they have to get a Parsi woman, as one more nearly akin to themselves than the Christians. But, lo, even in her ease, the fact comes out that she is a graduate of Wilson College, which is the only Christian Protestant college affiliated in Bombay University, and is conducted by the United Free Church of Scotland Mission. It will not be long, I suppose, before there will be a Hindu woman college graduate who will be fitted and available for the post of principal of this Hindu girls' high school. Already the daughter of the maharaja of Baroda has passed the entrance examinations of Bombay, and the recently married chief of Sangli chose for his bride a young woman who had studied one year in

Elphinstone College (the government college in Bombay). These facts evidence the need which I feel very deeply for a Christian woman's college in Bombay.

"After all it is not merely education or improved industrial conditions or a better political government that has been changing society in this land. It is pre-eminently the Spirit of Jesus Christ that has been bringing in the kingdom of God in India. May we have more of that from all persons in America who would like to share with their less privileged sisters and brothers in India the blessings of the Christian civilization which they themselves have enjoyed!"



## "The New Persia"

REV. FREDERICK N. JESSUP

THE first thought on receiving a request for an article on the above subject was: "Is there a new Persia? or is it still the old Persia in a new garb?" Feeling that a reply based merely on conditions as we see them in the great northwest province of Azerbaijan might not give a fair statement for Persia as a whole, letters were written to missionaries of experience in such important centers as Teheran, Isfahan, Resht, Hamadan and Kazvin inquiring as to political, religious, intellectual and social conditions. The replies seem to indicate more uniformity of experience throughout northern and central Persia than one might expect. Perhaps the question can be answered in a nutshell by the words of one correspondent: "There is hardly a 'new Persia' yet, but there does seem an aspiration awakened for a new Persia to be brought about." Another writes: "I do not think there are any new Persians as far as character goes, but conditions throughout this part of Persia are new and I don't think they will ever revert to the old."

It is difficult and may be misleading to try to summarize in so brief an article. As one goes about among the people their estimates of conditions are found to depend very much upon whether they have personally lost or gained by the recent changes and in almost any group of acquaintances one might find both those who agree to and some who dissent from the following statements.

I. *Politically*, Persia has emerged from an absolute into a constitutional monarchy, but the actual change is less than the terms suggest. After the first flush of the victory has passed the people are realizing that the essential character of the rule is much the same. Men everywhere complain that instead of having one person to bribe there are now many and so "justice" is more difficult and expensive. Others, notably richer men, referring to the methods of intimidation and assassination introduced from the Caucasus say: "Formerly they were satisfied with taking our money; now they want our blood." In a word, the new constitution has not brought the new character so much needed.

Persia remains about the same. The mass of the people are still unreached by the promised reforms and some consider them worse off than twenty years ago.

II. *Intellectually*, Persia is awakening and the prospect is hopeful. Here is the greatest progress evident during the past four years. Newspapers have sprung up everywhere, and though few are permanent or valuable they betoken greater liberty of thought. An English consul has collected the names of some two hundred such issued at one time or another. The chief literary activity is in the translation of modern text-books and some novels.

The best feature is the desire for learning. New, or "national" schools, with more modern methods as opposed to the antiquated mosque schools, have been opened everywhere throughout the land. Even girls' schools have been started, which is a decided step in advance. In Teheran there are 57 primary

schools for girls, with 2,172 pupils. Our mission schools have never been so well attended, and the departments for Persian girls show most encouraging progress. As the Persians want trained teachers and modern sciences, the opportunity for foreign institutions of higher education is exceptional.

III. *Religiously*, the mass of the people are unchanged. At the same time the power of the mullahs and higher ecclesiastics is somewhat shaken. The intellectual awakening has made the educated and the young impatient of priestly arbitrariness, and they are demanding a chance to think and speak for themselves. Free thinking and irreligion have made great strides and are much more outspoken, and, alas, side by side with them, intemperance, the use of opium and vice are increasing. The Behair are also active and working more openly. As yet there is no religious liberty in sight, but there is a little more toleration, or perhaps indifference. Some men of influence have expressed willingness that their children should become Christians, and many are sending their boys and girls to our schools.

It is a day of great opportunity for Christian missions. The largest opening would appear to be in higher education, where the people realize their need and ask our help. But every missionary recognizes the wonderful opportunity today for direct evangelistic effort and our greatest want is more workers, native and foreign, to build up Christ's kingdom while there is time. As one correspondent writes: "Islam seems to have its back against the wall: everywhere irreligion, and in some districts Behaism are tearing down. The only constructive force is Christianity and our efforts are altogether inadequate. I see no hope for Persia short of a rapid extension of our missionary work and an awakening of the people to higher ideals." What Persia needs to-day more than anything else is *character*, and that is why she needs Christ.

THE ASSEMBLY HERALD.



## A Missionary Episode

AN interesting story has been told concerning the Providence Industrial Mission at Ciradzulo, Blantyre, British Central Africa. Nineteen years ago a certain official in the district made use of an intelligent boy of the Yao tribe to take a message under difficult circumstances across country, and for this service rewarded him with a rupee. With this small sum the lad laid the foundation of greater things. He bought an English primer and began to attend school at the mission. Later he was ordained a minister of the Gospel, went on a voyage of European travel, and has since built a church which has some three hundred members. The episode is one which shows how the natives of Central Africa are learning to help themselves.



## Christianity in Africa

HERE are some figures showing the progress of missionary work in Africa—the "Dark Continent" of fifty years ago—and incidentally showing how comparatively little has been done toward saving that great mass of human souls for Christ. The population of the continent is estimated at 175,000,000. There are about 2,470 Protestant missionaries and 13,089 native assistants at work—a little leaven that must leaven so great a lump. To date there are about 527,000 adherents to the Christian faith, in addition to about 225,000 communicants. These Christians have 4,790 places of worship. There are about 200,000 pupils in about 4,800 schools. Nearly one hundred hospitals minister to the sick and suffering, while sixteen printing presses are kept busy and the Bible is supplied in all the principal languages. The largest proportion of Christian population is in Uganda and Cape Colony.

ONWARD.





## BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

By John Williams

ONE glance at her husband's face told Mrs. Olds that something serious had happened. He had just come in after a day at the mill where he had been book-keeper for several years.

"The mill has closed down—for six months at least," he announced, with a little dull note of weariness in his voice. He had not waited for her to ask the question that had shown in her eyes at sight of his downcast face.

She tried not to let him see the dismay that she felt at the words. She was not taken entirely by surprise. There had been increasing rumors for some time past. It was a winter of particularly hard times. Many another mill and factory had closed before this—yet they had both kept up hope that there would be no shut-down there. Now it had come; and although they had a little fund for rainy day needs, it seemed pitifully small at this minute, when it became certain that the rainy day had arrived.

"Is that so? Well, we are not penniless, Robert. Besides, there is one member of the family still at work, you know," she answered him, smiling bravely at him and at the one who entered just as she referred to him.

"What's up?" asked Roy cheerily. He glanced from one face to the other, and knew before they told him. "Mill shut down? I thought so. I heard as much when I went out this morning. Never mind—I'm rich to-night," and he laughed as he tossed his pay envelope into his

### SHIFT

If Your Food Fails to Sustain You, Change

One sort of diet may make a person despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing.

A young woman from Philadelphia says:

"For several years I kept in a run-down, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and seemed in a perpetual sort of dreamy nightmare. No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was enough.

"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have nourishing food that the body could make use of.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, and yet it came with a rapidity that astonished me.

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

mother's lap. "More coming next week, too,—unless our shop closes too," and he laughed again at the unlikelihood of the big department store where he was employed going out of business, even temporarily.

Mrs. Olds smiled again, and went about the finishing touches to the supper, aided by fourteen-year-old Marie, and helped and hindered by little three-year-old Jessie in her own baby way. They were soon gathered about the table under the bright evening lamp, and enjoying a generous and well-prepared meal.

Yet in spite of the cheerful air with which his news had been received, Mr. Olds could not help thinking and talking about his prospects.

"I must try to get something else to do,—I'll start out to-morrow. It is a slim chance, too, now that men are being laid off everywhere—but I'll try it." He spoke with a determined air; yet in his heart he knew how very little chance of success there was. Roy shook his head at him reprovingly.

"A vacation will not hurt you, father. You haven't had a long one for years. I wish you'd let me take care of things for awhile, and rest up until the mill opens again," he said. Mrs. Olds looked at him with fond, motherly pride. Her only son was worthy her pride; a fine, manly young fellow of seventeen.

"Thank you, Roy—but I'm in perfect health, and would rather be at work—if I can find any," Mr. Olds replied, and there the matter rested.

The next day, and the days that came after, however, proved the truth of his fears. "No opening—men are being laid off every day," was the reply that met his every application. How close home that last ominous sentence could come they knew at the end of a few weeks; for Roy came home one evening without the usual smile and cheery whistle, and announced, with a new note of bitterness in his young voice:

"I've got what a lot of other fellows have had to take—the bounce. This is the last—unless I have better luck than father and hundreds of other laid-off men and boys," and he put his last pay envelope into his mother's hands with a gravity that made her try to smile as bravely as she had when his father came home with the news of his lack of employment.

The little "rainy-day" fund began to dwindle away so rapidly that it grew alarming as the weeks passed, and no employment offered for father or son. Then, one morning, when Mrs. Olds met the dairyman at the door, and told him that they would not take their customary supply for awhile, a way out opened suddenly.

Mr. Smith, the farmer who served them, looked at her silently for a moment. She had been a good customer for years, and the old man knew the reason why her order was given. He hesitated, then spoke out the kindly thought in his mind.

"Mrs. Olds—you'll forgive an old man for plain speaking—but if I was a man in Mr. Olds' fix, I'd pull for the country, bag and baggage, to-morrow." He laughed at her puzzled face. "Not exactly to-morrow, of course—but—did you folks ever live out of town?"

"Yes, we were both country born," she replied. He beamed at her excitedly.

"Then you could make it go. And do you know, Mrs. Olds, there's a fine little place right next to mine out there—"

"How do you get out there?" asked a voice behind them, and they turned to find Mr. Olds standing there. "You've said the first thing that sounded good to me for many days," and he turned to his

wife with a smile. "Would you go—if we can arrange it?"

"Indeed I would. How stupid of us not to think of it ourselves," she said heartily. "But we were so bound up in the idea of work in town. Now—let us go as soon as possible. We will be able to raise a living—and be free," and new hope and courage came into both faces as they turned to the waiting farmer.

"Good," he endorsed heartily. "As to getting out there—if you'll ride out with me, Mr. Olds, I'll stop for you on my way home—about two o'clock."

"Thank you, that will be fine. Then I can come in on the train, I suppose," Mr. Olds planned rapidly.

"Yes, we're not far out from the village station. You can look things over first, then take your wife out to see, if it is worth while, in your opinion," said Mr. Smith, and went his way leaving a happy and most excited family.

Such a family discussion as followed! Roy was as much in favor of the startling innovation as any one. He unearthed a book on farming from an obscure corner of the bookcase, and before Mr. Smith came back he had become an enthusiast on country life. Only Marie objected.

"I don't want to go away off there and leave all the girls I know," she said. "It will be so lonesome,—I'll be afraid of everything—and the dark nights," and she gave a little shiver. Roy laughed aloud at her fears. Then he grew diplomatic.

"Why, Marie, you are wild over flowers—just think what a lot you can raise for yourself out there," he suggested, and chuckled inwardly as he saw her face brighten. "And chickens—you and I will go into partnership, and have a fine lot," and he went on, in real eagerness, while she listened to his plans and hopes for the future, until she was almost as eager and ready to try the new venture as were the rest of the family.

Mr. Olds came back from that trip in the good-hearted farmer's milk wagon with such a tale to tell that the hour was late before it was finished.

"There is the finest little five-acre farm out there that you ever saw," he began with the enthusiasm of a boy. The family gathered close to hear every word. "It is for sale or rent with the privilege of buying—and if you think as I do when you see it, you will say that it is our way out of the hard times we have run into here. The house is small, neat, cosy; the ground is good—and there are plenty of fruits and berries already in bearing, so we will not have to wait for them to grow after our planting. Mr. Smith says it is a bargain—I feel that it is a way opened for us by the hand of our Heavenly Father to help us to something better than we have ever known. I will go with you to-morrow, if you wish, and let you see for yourself, Mary," and he received the willing assent that he expected.

That second trip settled the matter. Before they returned they had agreed to rent the place for a year, on trial before buying outright; and when Roy heard that, city-bred though he was, he threw up his cap and shouted for joy.

Early spring found them in their new home, and all as busy as bees. Mr. Olds found a lot of farm lore still safe in his memory, and he and Mr. Smith soon had Roy well on the road to being an intelligent and successful farmer. A garden grew into shape, the rest of the land was planted with field crops, and although the rainy-day fund was almost invisible by the time that things were in running order, fresh berries and vegetables soon came and supplied the greater part of the living.

Roy's incubator was busy turning out fluffy balls to become future sources of income. Marie helped with them, too busy to be lonely, while such roses bloomed in her cheeks as they had never seen before; such roses as rivaled those she soon had blooming in her flower garden. New friendships were made, too, in the church and Sunday-school to which Mr. Smith had introduced them.

"The things that seemed hardships before we came out here were really blessings in disguise," declared Mr. Olds. "Blessings which are bearing rich fruit for us to-day—and for many days to come, God willing," and these words found glad and reverent assent in the hearts of his loved ones.

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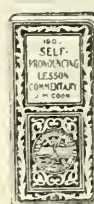
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# A Hymn of Joy

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee,  
God of glory, Lord of love;  
Hearts unfold like flowers before thee,  
Hail thee as the sun above.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;  
Drive the dark of doubt away;  
Giver of immortal gladness,  
Fill us with the light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee,  
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,  
Stars and angels sing around Thee,  
Center of unbroken praise:  
Field and forest, vale and mountain,  
Blossoming meadow, flashing sea,  
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,  
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving,  
Ever blessing, ever blest,  
Well-spring of the joy of living,  
Ocean-depth of happy rest!  
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,—  
All who live in love are thine;  
Teach us how to love each other,  
Lift us to the joy divine.

Mortals join the mighty chorus,  
Which the morning stars began;  
Father-love is reigning o'er us,  
Brother-love binds man to man.  
Ever singing march we onward,  
Victors in the midst of strife;  
Joyful music lifts us sunward  
In the triumph song of life.

RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.



## The Conversion of Panakanick

BY REV. W. A. TENNEY

SOON after the organization of the Congregational Church at The Dalles, Oregon, in 1859, a unique Indian was found living alone near the farm of one of the charter members. Panakanick was a member of the strong Klickitat nation, but he had ceased to mingle with his own people. He was most friendly with the whites, and was glad to work for them when they needed him. His daily deportment was blameless. He knew no English, and no white man could speak Klickitat. The only channel of communication was the Chinook jargon, a trading dialect of about two hundred words composed of the most common English, French and Indian words common to most tribes. It was practically sufficient for fur traders to carry on traffic with any tribe.

In time Panakanick ventured to relate his religious experience in the jargon. The following is an exact English translation:

"Jason Lee, a very good man, come to our camp and talk much about Jesus Christ—what He did and suffered for poor struggling and sorrowful sinners, that were in trouble with the Great Spirit. I felt very bad—my heart get sick, my eyes sick, pour out water. When Jason Lee stopped and went away, I had no peace. Six days my heart and eyes were sick. In seven days Lee come again and talk much more about Jesus, and how He wanted the hearts of sinners. I found out how to take hold. My eyes get dry, my heart get well, and I was, oh! how glad, and have been glad ever since!"

Such was the outline of the unlearned Indian's experience related in the clumsy jargon. But the after years revealed a sturdy Christian character that followed this experience. In a little while the Klickitats, Yakamas and others east of the Cascades were in violent hostility with the whites, but Panakanick was on the watch to give warning to helpless settlers. Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn were living alone at White Salmon; and Panakanick was not far away. One morning Panakanick went quietly to the Joslyn home and informed them that the hostile Indians in force were close at hand, and they had no time to spare in getting to their boat to cross the river. They could take nothing along. Looking back from Hood River they saw their buildings in flames. Their property was all destroyed or carried away. By hailing the up-river steamer, the alarm was given and a company of soldiers was soon sent from Fort Dallas to Hood River settlement, while the steamer below the falls sent soldiers as quickly as possible to the Cascade settlement. Thus Panakanick's timely

warning saved the small settlements east of the Cascades in 1855. It was not until 1859 that the Joslyns could safely return to the old home. Then they found Panakanick in his old cabin, true as ever.

The narrative of Panakanick's religious experience and the consistent life that followed until the end of his life furnish satisfactory evidence of a renewed heart as the fruit of Jason Lee's talk to benighted savages.

But the particular point to which special attention is now called is the small amount of human instruction that resulted manifestly in the awakening and saving change in a Pagan. It was on an incidental visit, as Jason Lee's mission field was in the Willamette region, more than a hundred miles away, and there is no probability that he ever visited White Salmon except this once. From the very limited scope of the jargon it is quite certain that what Panakanick heard was expressed in less than fifty different words.

How slow we are in learning that God uses the simplest words of the common people in the salvation of sinners. The greatest need to-day is not for more culture and broader learning, but for more simplicity, directness and warmth of heart.



## "Sermons in Stones"

ONE of the most beautiful yet a most pathetic scene of nature is located near Allen's Park, Colo., way up in the Rocky Mountains. It is a pine tree growing in a crack in a large rock, and looks almost as if the tree had split the rock in trying to find an opening through which it might grow.

No doubt the seed was dropped in the rock or crack by a bird or carried by a strong wind, and finding just a little dust perhaps in which it might grow, it spread apart the pieces of stone until now it is a large and strong tree which is not less than one hundred years old.

Somebody has called it "The Rock of Ages," and as one stands and looks upon it he thinks of the goodness of God, for if God gives such strength to the trees of His forests, to overcome such a great obstacle as this, how much more will He help us who trust in Him, to overcome the small things which so often cross our path.

CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## FROM TEXAS

### Some Coffee Facts from the Lone Star State

From a beautiful farm down in Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meads, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit.

"When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink Postum, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing, healthy baby 14 months.

"I have since continued the use of Postum, for I have grown fond of it, and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself.

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than he was of the old coffee.

"In fact the entire family, from the latest arrival (a two-year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning) up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

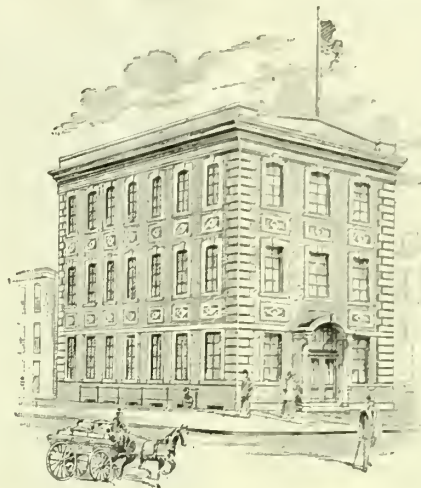
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# They that did the King's business Helped the Jews!

Esther 9:3

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☞ Honestly, now, don't you think it's about time *you* began helping the Jews? Do you really believe you are serving Christ when you neglect His own brethren in the flesh?

☞ Christ, *your Saviour*, was a Jew! and His heart bleeds for the lost sheep of the House of Israel. And oh! how it must grieve Him when He sees your indifference to the despised race—despised of men, but *beloved of God*.

☞ Jehovah the Unchangeable says of Israel, "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands." God does not forget Israel. Did *you* forget?

In a passion of shame and sorrow, I sank at His feet and wept, To think of the years I had grieved Him with this great command unkept.

☞ Are you in earnest? Do you really want to do God's will? Then let us point you to the way of service:—

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☞ We have the largest mission to the Jews in America; there are over 1,200,000 Jews in Greater New York—one-tenth of *all the Jews in the world* are in our city. What a tremendous responsibility! God is blessing our efforts in a most wonderful way. Will you cast in your lot with us? Will you help?

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# THE TREASURY

## SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

### Receipts of the American Tract Society during September, 1911.

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$302.33 for Special Objects), \$4,007.61.

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Mr. Winans, \$1.

#### COLORADO, \$15.

Mr. Sinclair, \$10; Mr. Boeking, \$5.

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Mr. McKollough, \$5.00.

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Hawaii, Miss Atherton, \$10; Miss Bond, \$25.

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Estate of Minnie C. Westerhoff, Alexander, Nebr., \$200.

#### INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$375.

Income for Missionary Work, \$375.

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## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to "THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of New York, May, 1825, the sum of..... dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other. See volume "How to make a Will," published by the American Tract Society.

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THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life Members may receive annually publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2, if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

THE Recording Secretary of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church of America writes:

"The Sewing Guild Committee gratefully acknowledges the gifts received from the American Tract Society. The pretty cards will be so greatly appreciated by the Mission stations."

A minister in Herndon, Va., writes:

"I received the nice box of books that you sent me, and I send you many thanks for them."

A Christian worker in Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"I received the tracts which you sent me. Many thanks to you. I shall use them to the best advantage."

The Superintendent of the Christian Missionary Alliance in Corry, Pa., writes:

"I am in receipt of Italian tracts, for which I thank you. I can assure you of their personal and prayerful distribution."

A Sunday-school Missionary in Kentucky, Mr. James T. Smith, has sent this acknowledgment:

"The books sent me by the American Tract Society were distributed in Butler County, Kentucky. Could you have seen the eagerness and gratitude in the hearts of the people for the gift, I feel sure that you would have felt amply repaid for aiding these people to lift themselves up and broadening their minds for usefulness in this world. Many thanks."

Mr. J. Betterton, Superintendent of the Baptist Helping Hand Mission in San Antonio, Texas, writes:

"I hereby acknowledge receipt of your grant of tracts, for which please accept thanks. Am very much pleased with them. The various kinds sent are very appropriate for our work."

A Christian worker in El Paso, Texas, writes:

"I am in receipt of a package of tracts which you kindly sent at my request. Please accept my thanks for them. I am sure they will do much good."

## Pictures for the Chinese

IN order to aid the Christian publication work of the South Fukien Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Amoy, China, the American Tract Society recently sent a grant of electro-types of illustrations. The receipt of this grant is acknowledged by Rev. G. M. Wales, Secretary of the South Fukien Society in the following communication:

"I am instructed by our committee to send you our most cordial thanks for the generous grant of picture cuts which you have made to our Society, and which we will make as much use of as possible in our work."

## Helping the Students

A CASE of books was recently sent to Pague University as a grant from the American Tract Society. A. E. Archer, President of this institution, which is located at Selma, Ala., writes:

"We received the case of books which you sent us, and we are delighted with them. We wish to thank you sincerely for them. They will greatly assist us in our work, as they will be of such great use to the students."

## For the Prisoners

A GRANT of tracts for distribution among the inmates of the Vermont House of Correction was recently sent from the American Tract Society. Rev. G. E. Robbins, chaplain of that institution, writes:

"The package of tracts has been received that you sent for our work here. I shall have personal supervision of these, and will see that they are all placed so that they will be used to good advantage. I shall be very glad if you will see that we receive from time to time such tracts as would be especially adapted to our work here. We are exceedingly grateful for anything like this that will help us to do a larger work among these men that are placed under our charge."

## What Some of our Friends are Saying

A subscriber in Maine writes:

"The AMERICAN MESSENGER has been in the family for over forty years. It is as an old friend, always welcome, and grows better as the years go on."

A lady in Vermont writes:

"My husband has been called to his home in heaven. But I could not live without the dear AMERICAN MESSENGER, and watch for its coming, and oh, how my dear husband enjoyed it!"

A donor to the work of the American Tract Society writes:

"The AMERICAN MESSENGER is doing good work, and is as ever—good, better, best!"

## American Tract Society

THIS Society was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 174 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office totals 777,702,649 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$779,287.43 and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,035.63, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$21,300.81, being equivalent to 31,951,215 pages of tracts. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,548,172.51, which is the equivalent of four billions of tract pages.

The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 238,904; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 76,346, making the total number of volumes circulated by colporters in seventy years 17,002,881, and the total number of family visits in the same period 17,361,611.

Its work is ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Asst. Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

# PERIODICALS

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is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting Topics, and much other interesting and instructive matter. The price is very low, being but Fifty Cents a year, or in Clubs Thirty Cents a year.

## Apples of Gold

is a delightful paper for the little ones. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for Primary Departments and infant classes; attractive pictures; large, clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copy, 30 cts.; five copies to one address, 25 cts. each; ten or more, 20 cts. each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cts. per copy additional.

## Amerikanischer Botschafter

is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription is Thirty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents, forty or more, Eighteen cents.

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A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is Twenty-five Cents a year, or in Clubs of ten or more Twenty Cents a year.

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**Jews Flocking to New York**

NEW YORK is now the largest Jewish city in the world. Ten years ago there were about 500,000 Jews in what is now Greater New York; to-day they number over 1,200,000, and every day this number increases by tremendous leaps. They are here to stay, and whether we will or not they are unremittently forcing upon us their opinions, and silently, yet most effectively molding the thoughts and actions of this country of ours. A marvelous opportunity is before us—a crisis. If we do not at once turn with determination to the task of evangelizing these hordes of aliens, they are going to undermine the basic principles of our Christianity.

The church in America does not know how to undertake Jewish Mission work. On another page of this paper there appears an appeal from the Williamsburg Mission to the Jews. AMERICAN MESSENGER readers should consider it carefully; this organization has been doing work among the Jews for seventeen years, and if MESSENGER readers would like to do Jewish Mission work they may make this mission the channel of their activities.

**Dredging**

DID you ever see a dredge at work clearing out the channel of a water way? It is interesting to watch its long arms work up and down and its big jaws open and shut for all the world like a real live creature. You wonder that it ever gets much work done, it seems to go so slowly and take such small-looking bites out of the big river bottom. But after a while it has cleared the channel of the accumulated obstructions in one place, and moves on to another and repeats the process.

Of course there are other kinds of dredges, but this kind has often impressed us as a fine illustration of the results that may be accomplished by constant, persistent effort to clear the "obstructions" out of one's character. There is a habit, a tendency, a weakness of some sort in our temperament, or some other natural or acquired obstruction in the character. Some people try by spasmodic effort to remove these obstacles, holding out against their weakness for a time, then becoming discouraged and giving over to it for a season, and again, after a time, undertaking the task again. Such a method usually results in retarded growth, if not final and total defeat.

The dredge cleans the channel by anchoring above the obstruction that is to be removed and then, "bite by bite," consuming it. If it should take a "bite" in one place and then stop for a season, or move from place to place for each "bite," the channel would never be cleared. Find the fault, anchor over it, trim it down, bite it off, "sit up with it" till not a vestige of it is left and the character channel is deep and clear.

ONWARD.

**Love Essential**

BY JOHN F. CARSON, D.D.

MEN sometimes talk about Nature, about energy, force and law, as objects of admiration and worship. Admire we may, we must; but worship we cannot. Energy, force, law, Nature itself has one fatal lack which makes it forever impossible as a substitute for God. It has no heart. It does not and cannot love. We smile upon it, but there is no answering smile; we praise its beauty and extol its power, but find no sympathetic response; appreciation passes into adoration, and still there is no sign of recognition. Heine loved the world, loved the beauty of it, set his soul to its sweetness, and few men have been able to appreciate it more than he did. But when he lay upon his "mattress grave," at the end, he tells us how he lifted up his eyes to the Venus that had been to him the very embodiment of beauty, stretched out his poor hands to her and cried, "She cannot help me; she cannot help me!" Love only can enter the depths of our being, and only the love of Him who created us and formed us for Himself can meet the needs of souls.

The love of God finds its supreme manifestation in Jesus Christ. "The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." The evidence of God's love and the revelation of its nature are not in Nature or life, nor in the outworkings of one or the history of the other. There is love in Nature and there is love in life. The ray of a star, the perfume of a flower, the music of the birds tell us of the goodness and love of God. The golden harvest, the purple vintage, the mellow orchards tell of God's love. But when the labor of the olive fails and the fields yield no fruit it is hard to see

love. There is love in Nature, but there is terror in Nature which has to be reckoned with, as well as love. Tennyson speaks of Nature as being "red in tooth and claw." Men never learned from Nature that God is love. There is love in life, but when we study the tragedies of individual lives and the confusions of history it is hard to see love. Men never learned that God is love from any study of history, for history is full of discord, conflict and confusion. The Word of God alone reveals in clearness the fact that God is love, and the supreme place where men can learn that the revelation of God's Word is true is yonder:

Without a city wall  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all

"The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Not in Nature so much as in redemption. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." Geology, biology, history may speak of the love of God, but they speak stammeringly. Redemption alone speaks of God's love in clear and steadfast terms and tones. Shadow may rest on Nature, but sunshine streams from the cross. God loves. I know it, because He stooped and bled and died for sinful man. In the presence of Calvary there is an end of all doubt that God loves. "When the summer roses fade, the love by which we live shines in the crown of thorns; when we cannot find it in other gardens, it blooms fadelessly in Geth-semane."

All the way through life perplexities may baffle us, trials may trouble us and troubles try us; disappointments may throw us and sufferings crush us, but God loves us; nothing can separate us from that love, and we can do all things through Him that loves us. We can endure trials, we can face death itself in the confident assurance of the love of God from which we cannot be separated.

THE EXAMINER.

**Weaving in Shadow**

IN one of the famous lace-shops of Brussels there are certain retired rooms devoted to the spinning of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are altogether darkened, save for the light from one small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one spinner in the room, and he sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the threads he is weaving. "Thus," you are told by your guide, "do we secure our choicest products. Lace is always more delicately and beautifully woven when the worker himself is in the dark and only his pattern is in the light."

Does not the same beautiful and mysterious result appear in work of any kind, when surrounding shadows compel the toiler to fix his attention solely upon the task in hand—the task upon which falls the concentrated light of life? When a soul finds itself shut in by disappointments, trials, bereavements, disciplines or physical limitations to its divinely appointed task, the one thing it is best fitted to do or teach in this world, how marvelously the pattern is wrought! What new power and beauty appear in both work and character! That one small window through which falls the light of heaven full upon our task is, how often, the essential condition of highest achievement!

THE CONTINENT.

**What is a Lady?**

A LITTLE while ago, an English paper offered a prize for the best definition of a lady. This is the answer that took the prize:

"To be a lady means, rightly, to be a gentlewoman who shows by her every word and action a sweet and gentle dignity, with a gracious charm of manner; a woman whose heart is pure and true, who is tender toward all suffering, who sympathizes with those in trouble and is ever ready to give that which costs her some effort and self-denial. A lady thinks no work derogatory, and no one is deemed too low to receive courtesy and kindness. She is pure and good in every detail of life, a true friend, and a 'ministering angel' in sorrow and in sickness."

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The illustration on this page gives but a faint idea of the real beauty of the Calendar, which is printed in a rich, soft brown or Sepia tint. It measures 15½ inches wide by 22 inches long, and is bound at the top and bottom with brass. The date pad (which does not appear in the illustration) may be easily detached at the end of the year, and the picture will then be ready for framing, thus providing a permanent adornment for the home.

As past experience has shown that there is a great demand for our Calendars, we suggest to all our friends the advisability of forwarding their subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at once, accompanied by the slight additional remittance to pay for the cost of transmitting a copy of "My Daisy Chain." By so doing our readers will be sure to receive the Calendar before the supply is exhausted, and they will also escape the delays likely to happen in the subscription department during the rush of the holiday season.

To all those who are not at present enrolled on the subscription list of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we extend a personal invitation to become subscribers. We ask you to try the paper for the coming year with the assurance that you will greatly enjoy its contents, for it will have a feast of good things in its columns, and among its contributors are some of the most prominent religious writers of the time. By sending in your subscription at once you will receive the Thanksgiving and Christmas issues for 1911 free.

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## Neighbors

LOIS SWEETSER lay back in her chair, every line of her slender figure betraying her weakness. The doctor looked at her keenly.

"Lois," he said suddenly, "you are not playing fair."

The girl's heavy eyes widened. "I have done everything you've told me to," she answered. "You can see for yourself—"

"With your body, yes; but you haven't done it with your mind. You haven't put yourself into it for one moment. You're a deserter."

"You can't make yourself care when there's nothing left to live for," the girl replied.

"That's a coward's answer," the doctor retorted brusquely. "I know it sounds brutal. We doctors have to hurt terribly sometimes. But it's true. Nobody has a right to be a coward when the battle needs every man. Child, child, the things that are needing you this moment!"

"If you'd tell me," Lois said, with an effort.

"I might tell you wrong. You must find out for yourself. Hunt round among your neighbors. You won't have to look long if you are in earnest. There, I must run. Out of doors every day, rain, wind or sunshine, remember."

Lois lay still for one hour—two; then slowly she rose and dressed for her walk. How she hated that walk! Drearily she trailed through one street after another. Suddenly she stopped, her heart beating heavily.

For one wild moment she hardly knew what she thought, so vividly did the soft, musical Italian bring back the past year, when she and Roger had studied it together in preparation for their trip to Italy. The next moment she realized the situation—the little cobbler pleading hopelessly with his bewildered American customer.

Moved by a sudden impulse, Lois stepped forward, and in careful Italian asked what the trouble was. The little man flashed about, his face transfigured as, with eager gestures and adoring looks, he explained to the angelic young lady the trouble. She in turn explained to the customer. In three minutes it was straightened out.

The next day Lois went to the little street again. The cobbler was watching. He poured out a torrent of supplication of which Lois caught almost nothing except *bambino*, but the little man's eager face told the rest. She followed him to a back room where the girl-mother was. Above the tiny dark head on her arm the eyes of the two women met and found each other.

A month later the doctor looked at his patient beamingly.

"Teaching dago women English!" he said, pretending to scoff.

"Not dagoes—neighbors."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.



## Why Silence?

THE other day I read of a brass merchant. He met the wife of one of his customers, and she said: "Did my husband come down to your office on Monday?" "Yes," she said. "What did you talk about?" "Oh," he replied, "I don't remember. I think he talked about the price of brass." "But what did you say to him?" "I think I talked about the price of brass, too. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you know, we go to the same church as you do. My husband was so stirred in soul by the message he heard on Sunday that he said, 'I will go down to so-and-so's office and see him; perhaps I may get a word that will help me.'"

I am afraid we are like the brass merchant; it is often so with us in our lives. We remember commerce, the mart, the daily round; and when we have opportunities we fail to use them for God.

Only a word, yes, only a word

That the Spirit's voice said, "Speak." But the soul passed on unblest and weak That you were meant to have stirred

To hope, and courage, and faith anew— Because, when the message came to you, You were out of touch with your Lord.

With the touch of God's hand may come to us the touch that makes not only for listening, but also for speaking.

SELECTED.

## The Blessing of a Sense of Humor

"THE best fence against care is a ha! ha! Wherefore take care to have one all round you wherever you can." So wrote Thomas Hood, who often, during his troubled career, had occasion to prove the truth of his own words. His prescription was in line with that of the Bible sage who said, "A cheerful heart is a good medicine." And these two authorities were rightly interpreted by the clerk at a particularly nerve-racking post of labor who had pasted by his side the genial motto, "Keep Smiling."

What gift of nature is more genuinely to be prized than a healthy sense of humor? The man or woman who has the power of exacting fun from every situation has a real weapon against the ills of life. To be able to laugh with honest mirth is a saving grace which we may well covet. The one element lacking in many a noble soul is just this. We feel instinctively how much happier and more interesting many good people would be if they could respond to the ludicrous side of some of life's most trying experiences. It was one of the qualities that made great-souled Martin Luther so sane and so immensely effective that he could, amid his great cares, laugh and play, on occasion, like a schoolboy.

Humor is a gift that may be cultivated. Children may be trained to look upon the funny rather than the doleful side of their experiences. A little boy who fell from a tree and had his leg broken did not complain. While the surgeons were setting the limb he kept brave and cheerful. Afterward his mother, who was outside his room because she could not keep back her tears when she saw his suffering, heard a faint sound and went to his door, thinking he was crying. "Did you want something?" she asked. "Oh, no, nothing," the boy said, "I didn't call, I just thought I'd try singing a bit," and he went on with the song. It would help us all to get more of this spirit into life.

EXCHANGE.

## Sunlight and Work

If you would have sunlight in your home, see that you have work in it; that you work yourself and set others to work. Nothing makes moroseness and heavy-heartedness in a house so fast as idleness. The very children gloom and sulk if they are left with nothing to do. Every day there is the light of something compared in the eyes of those who work. In such a house, if there be also the good temper of love, sunshine never ceases. For in it the great law of humanity is obeyed, a law which is also God's law. For what said Christ, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Sunlight comes with work.

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Hope Daring has written especially for the AMERICAN MESSENGER the splendid serial story, "The Gordons," which is now running in our columns.

Rev. David James Burrell, D.D. has written the Sermon on "The Golden Altar," which appears in this issue. Each successive number of the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the coming year will contain a Sermon by some able preacher.

Rev. Howard W. Pope, Superintendent of the Men's Department of the Moody Bible Institute, has given us an article entitled "Sermons in Shoes." Dr. Francis E. Marsten will write on "The Power of Personal Testimony."

Among our many other popular contributors are Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., John T. Faris, L. M. Montgomery, Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D., Sophie Bronson Titterton, Rev. George Ernest Merriam, Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D., Frank Walcott Hutt, Rev. Henry Lewis, Ph.D., Rev. George S. Payson, D.D., Chara B. Conant, Cora S. Day, Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight, Ph.D., Edgar L. Vincent, Annette L. Noble, The Author of Preston Papers, and many others.



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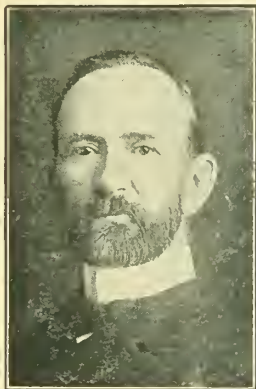
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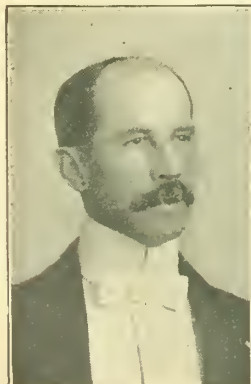
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Vol. 69 No. 12

DECEMBER, 1911

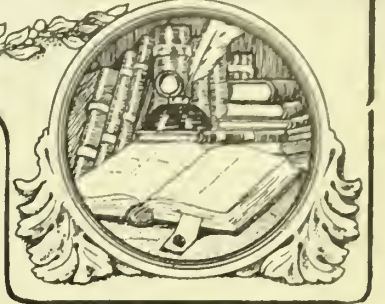
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## THE CHRISTMAS TIE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



ORE and more as we go on in life we love the days that have been dear to us since our childhood, that are full of precious memories and that by and by seem to glow like lamps along the shadowed ways. When we were children, the time from one Christmas to another seemed interminable. Now from Christmas to Christmas we advance at a pace so rapid that we seem as if borne on a flying express train.

There are people who put away their Christmas gifts, if they happen to possess a superfluity, with a thrifty notion of making them do service to somebody else another year. This idea has never commended itself to me, because it somehow flaws the sacredness of friendship and casts a sort of sordid reflection on the lavish generosity of those who give.

Few Christmas gifts have not in them hidden away from sight two elements. One is the element of self-denial; the other that of sentiment. A friend has given thought, affection and sacrifice to another in the selection and expense involved in making a gift. For the friend simply to write a note of thanks or express gratitude verbally and then lay the gift in a bureau drawer that it may be used over again later on, in a direction not intended by the first and real giver, is not very far removed from sacrilege. The only exception to the rule may be in sending Christmas cards when they are not inscribed with the name, to the children in foreign and home mission schools. These cards are inexpensive, accumulate indefinitely and ought to be sent more than once on a round of greeting and good will. There is scarcely a mission station on the globe where beautiful picture cards are not prized by children, and to keep them ourselves until in some future day they go the way of the flotsam and jetsam that is piled on the rubbish heap, or are burned up with old letters is scarcely a sensible proceeding.

There are people who do not believe in Christmas. Fortunately they are few in number, but they compose a pessimistic minority and their prejudices, if suffered to dominate a household, are sure to obscure the sunshine of the day and likely to cast a shadow over the blitheliest spirits.

The man who does not believe in Christmas has lost touch with the angels, who introduced the Christmas joy to this weary world when they brought their song straight from heaven, of peace on earth and good will to men. Whoever does not believe in Christmas in these days, whatever his race or creed, is hopelessly out of the procession and forfeits a little of the respect due to all gentle, honest and upright souls. To be gentle and honest and upright one must surely be of those who in spirit wend their way in the early dawn to that little town of Bethlehem where Mary brooded over the Child of the ages.

Folk there are who are more anxious about displaying wealth and liberality in the gifts they make at Christmas time than in choosing to advantage what will give the most lasting satisfaction. Undoubtedly the owner of a full purse may hurry at the last moment into a crowded shop, and rushing here and there may purchase at will presents for this and the other friend, despatch them with a card and be done with the trouble. This is not true Christmas giving.

Every gift should be planned in such a way that it will carry a message and have a meaning, "Would you send such a trifle to a person who has so many beautiful things in her house?" I heard one acquaintance ask another. Why not? The essence of Christmas giving is not in the cost of a gift. It is in the Christmas spirit back of the little picture, the book, the letter or the bit of needlework borne by the mails or left at the door by a delivery wagon. To refrain from sending a gift because one cannot afford to send something costly is foolish and discordant, let me repeat, with the true spirit of Christmas.

### When Daddy Lights the Tree

We have our share of ups and downs,  
Our cares like other folk;  
The pocketbook is sometimes full,  
We're sometimes almost broke;  
But once a year, at Christmas-time,  
Our hearth is bright to see;  
The baby's hand just touches heaven,  
When Daddy lights the tree.

For weeks and weeks the little ones  
Have thought upon this hour;  
And mother, she has planned for it  
Since summer's sun and shower.  
With here a nickel, there a dime,  
Put by where none should see,  
A precious hoard against the night  
When Daddy lights the tree.

The tiny tapers glow like stars,  
They mind us of the flame  
That rifted once the steel-blue sky  
The morn the Christ-Child came:  
The blessed angels sang to earth  
Above that far countryle—  
We know they sing above our hearth  
When Daddy lights the tree.

The weest lass in mother's arms  
Laughs out and claps her hands,  
The rest of us on tiptoe wait:  
The grown-up brother stands  
Where he can reach the topmost branch,  
Our Santa Claus to be,  
In that sweet hour of breathless joy  
When Daddy lights the tree.

Our grandpa says 'twas just as fine  
In days when he was young;  
For every Christmas, ages through,  
The happy bells have rung.  
And Daddy's head is growing gray,  
And yet a boy is he,  
As merry as the rest of us  
When Daddy lights the tree.

'Tis Love that makes the world go round,  
'Tis Love that lightens toll,  
'Tis Love that lays up treasure which  
Nor moth nor rust can spoil;  
And Love is in our little home,  
In largesse full and free  
We all are very close to heaven  
When Daddy lights the tree.

### Christmas in the Sunday School

We have gone forward steadily, in our method of keeping Christmas in the Sunday School. I am not prepared to indorse everything that is considered progressive in that nursery of the church. I cannot help a doubt as to the efficacy of introducing systems similar to those of the secular school in the one which meets on Sunday for the study of the Bible. One great charm of the Sunday School has always been its spontaneity. Something of this is lost when the children are asked and expected to bring in written work as they do

in their day school, and the teachers too are a little in peril of relying on machinery and novel illustrations and periodical examinations, instead of gathering their children about them to find out what the message is in the lesson, and of endeavoring by every means in their power to guide the children to Jesus Christ.

Only as we find Christ in the world and Christ in the lives of His people, only as we walk the world with Him in intimate and precious friendship shall we ever get the best from the children whom we teach in the Sunday School. The temptation to rest too strongly upon a perfect system is one that assails wherever we turn at this time. This, however, is a digression. We have forged ahead in the Sunday School since the days when combination gifts were a matter of course—scholars uniting in making presents to teachers, teachers feeling compelled to present lamps or chairs or elegantly bound books to superintendent and pastor, and everybody concerned reveling in the spoils which they carried home. We lay the emphasis now where it should be, not on giving to those who do not need it, but on sending gifts of love to the lonely, the destitute and the neglected. We are teaching the children now, not to think so much of what they shall receive as once they did, but to think far more of the joy they may scatter far and wide.

### The Christmas Weariness

It does not seem right, does it, that there should be Christmas weariness, but there is, and weariness so great and so appalling that there are multitudes of people who dread the time beforehand and are grateful when the holidays are over. The weeks that lead up to Christmas entail a great deal of hard work upon the saleswomen in shops and upon the men, too. To handle the immense throngs of buyers is in itself a vast undertaking. To stand behind a counter often until late in the evening wears out the strength of girls and women who thus earn their bread. I can never forget the haggard looks and pallid faces and drooping spirits of young girls whom I have seen when the holidays have just been completed and their extra labors were at an end.

Much of this Christmas weariness might be avoided if we all remembered the Christmas tie. That tie means brotherhood and sisterhood; it means patience and forethought. It means getting ready for Christmas earlier than we do, it means remembering that mails and express companies and department stores might have the congestion of the holiday season greatly relieved if we all lent a hand together to make the burden light for those who are toilers at that season.

### The Christmas Evergreens

A year ago at a station among the hills, many miles from New York, I saw something that I have not forgotten. A train came in from Vermont loaded with Christmas trees. It looked so beautiful with the great strong evergreens carrying the beauty of the forest to the brick and mortar of the town that my heart followed it on its way to the Christmas markets from whence those trees were to be distributed.

The evergreen tree symbolizes courage, hope and the goodness of God. Year by year the forests yield for us their supply of exquisite verdure and spicy fragrance, and somehow as we look at the



Christmas trees we look far beyond them to another day, not the day of the Manger, but the day of the Cross. You remember Sidney Lanier's poem, "Into the woods my Master went." We think of the Cross as we think of the cradle. The Christ who came to Bethlehem was the Christ who gave His life on Calvary to be a ransom for many. The Angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace." Long before Christ came we heard the song of the prophet, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," and answering that, we remember the word of the Gospel, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Christmas that brings us very close to Immanuel is the world's and our own best Christmas.

Far too often we hear people speaking in tones of depression and declaring that the world is growing worse. Looking about us we cannot agree with this mournful opinion. There may, of course, be some neglect of the Bible, but it is a fact that can be proved that there is to-day an immense amount of genuine interest in the one Book, and that it is studied by the young in colleges and universities with the same attention bestowed upon other studies, while there are few homes in which people do not turn to it for relief in sorrow.

Christmas Day testifies to millions around the globe that Christ was born and in its mirth and joy, its peace and hope, it silences the skeptic and shames the scoffer. Every shop adorned for Christmas, every market gay with verdure and every lighted Christmas tree reminds us once more of God's greatest gift to men.



## Wonders Done for the Blind

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

A REMARKABLE work is being done to-day for the blind throughout the world. These afflicted and unfortunate people were neglected some generations ago. But within the last few years rapid strides have been made in training the blind physically, intellectually, socially, industrially, morally, and spiritually.

Few persons realize the large number of blind people in this country. There are at least 75,000 of these afflicted souls in the United States. How shall these unfortunates be reached with the Gospel? How shall they be evangelized, and trained to become useful Christians and valuable citizens? If they are not taught and developed, they will all become dependents, and will be of little value to the kingdom of God. Think of being born into a dark world, and never seeing the face of father, mother, or loved one, or looking upon the sky, the sun, the moon, or the stars, or a book, a picture, a flower, or the pages of the Bible!

Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field," and we who are blessed with vision see God in the glorious colors of flowers, and in the colors of the rainbow. The teachers of the blind are among the noblest evangelists in the world, for they have almost infinite patience, and spend long years as the teachers, guides, and benefactors of a single soul.

There are about forty-six institutions for the blind in this country, and at the present moment some six thousand pupils are being trained to become useful, happy, and contented members of society. I have visited many of their classes, and have watched them in their industrial work, and I marvel at their happy faces, and at their joy in their work. Their contentment and happiness should put to shame our worry, anxiety, and discontent over our lot in life.

The State of Pennsylvania has two of these wonderful institutions for the blind, one at Pittsburgh, called the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, and the other at Overbrook, near Philadelphia.

The average Sunday School teacher can scarcely imagine the love and patience required in a teacher of the blind boys and girls. Many years of daily training are required before these children can become intelligent students of the Bible. The little tots first become members of the Kindergarten for the blind. Their little blind faces are turned up in pathetic appeal to their patient teachers. Over and over the first lessons are repeated, again, and again, to the dullest little child. I saw the little ones feel of the objects described by the teachers, so that they could get their impressions. The sense of touch is developed by these wonderful methods. Their little faces are aglow with delight,

because they are encouraged to know that they can become intelligent in knowing about this beautiful world which their Heavenly Father has created. From the Kindergarten they pass on through eight grades, just as in our public schools. Then there are four years more to be spent in their High School. So there are twelve years of study, after they have finished the Kindergarten. Then some go to the same colleges that seeing boys attend.

You ask, how can blind boys attend the average colleges, in which the boys and girls with vision pursue their studies? This they do by having some friend or tutor read to them the lessons, which they learn by hearing. They have trained their memories, so that they can very readily learn a lesson by one reading. They also go into the lectures, and make fine progress. They have some text books in mathematics, etc., with the raised letters; and they can read these problems very rapidly with their fingers.

### A Christian Atmosphere

The Institution for the Blind at Pittsburgh has a splendid Board of Directors, who have absolute control of the Institution. Christian teachers of experience, ability, and devotion train the pupils. Every morning they have Chapel exercises. The Bible is read by one of the teachers, Christian hymns are sung, there is a prayer, and then all unite in the Lord's Prayer. Every Sunday morning all the students assemble for religious services, and there are Christian hymns, prayers, reading of the Bible, and a religious address on the Sunday School lesson. Then the blind pupils are allowed to go with teachers to the different nearby Sunday Schools and church services. The parents choose for the pupils what denominations their children shall attend. All communions are represented: Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, and there is the most beautiful spirit of Christian unity. There are many good books in the library, and on Sunday afternoons and evenings the teachers read good stories to the sightless children.

By these years of careful, loving, and intelligent training, the blind become earnest, thoughtful, useful, and Christian young men and women, and are at length ready to enter upon some useful occupation in life. Some learn a trade, others become teachers, doctors, lawyers, musicians, ministers, and missionaries. It is wonderful to see how efficient, brave, contented, and useful they become. Many support themselves, and many marry, and support a family. These Christian teachers show great patience in teaching these blind pupils to love work, and to become self-supporting in after life.

There is a Music department for instruction in vocal and instrumental music. I heard some play the piano with wonderful skill. There is a gold medal contest in piano playing. They have an orchestra, and a large chorus, and they give, in the Carnegie Music Hall, each year, a Cantata, before a crowded audience. There is physical education, and a fine Gymnasium. I saw some of their blind athletes running, jumping, swimming, and going through wonderful feats. The students are expert in roller-skating. Each year there is a Contest in athletics among the schools for the Blind, under the auspices of the National Athletic Association. They develop some wonderful runners.

Such achievements have stimulated the pupils to conquer other things, and to do better work in the various departments. There is Industrial and Manual Training. Thus many can enter into competition with their seeing brothers.

### Self-Support

The majority of the blind, by hard work and fine training, are able to earn their own living by their hands. In the sloyd room I saw boys very skillful in the use of tools. Some can use their hands almost as well as if they had sight. I saw some very skillful in making brooms, and some learn to make a living by broom-making. Some are expert in making mops. Others learn to cane chairs for their livelihood. Many boys learn to become good piano tuners; and one teacher told me that he would prefer to have his own piano tuned by a blind tuner than by a seeing tuner. The blind are very careful and thorough in their work.

The girls work at sewing, both by hand and by a sewing-machine, knitting, crocheting, bead work, and raffia work. Some of the older girls learn to cut and make garments. Some young women learn massage, and become very useful and skillful in this work. There is a household department, and girls are taught to cook, and to do all kinds of housework. When these girls return to their homes they are

able to do their share of the household work, and, in many cases, take their places on an equal footing with their seeing sisters.

There is a printing office, and the boys can learn to become good printers. They have a stereotyper, and can print and bind books. There is also a Model Store. It is a great help in the business course. Boys and girls learn to be practical salesmen and saleswomen. They go to the wholesale houses and select their own goods. Some of the boys take up commercial pursuits for their vocation in life. Now and then some young man has enough ability and training to become the head of a flourishing business.

### The Prevention of Blindness

In Pittsburgh there has been organized an Association for the Adult Blind. The Association will assist in every way in providing employment for the graduates of the schools for the Blind. One object of the Association is to use every effort to prevent blindness. Think of this astounding fact! One-third of the children who pass through our schools for the blind need not have been blind if proper attention had been paid to their eyes in infancy. Their blindness could have been absolutely prevented. The Pennsylvania Home Teaching Society does excellent work in teaching the adult blind to read, and in supplying them with necessary books. The Carnegie Library has added a large number of books to its embossed library, and these have been circulated among the blind readers of the district.

The pupils of the School are greatly interested in nature study, and some of the girls have been provided with individual gardens. In these they have planted flower and vegetable seeds and bulbs of various kinds. The Kindergarten children also have a garden, and the little ones love to plant the seeds and watch the growth of the flowers. They can feel the flowers even if they cannot see their beautiful colors. The pupils also have a Literary Society and have debates, lectures, essays, and other literary work. They have a class in elocution, and some of them are learning to become eloquent readers and speakers. Others become expert type-writers.

When I visit these schools, and see the industry, ambition, application, patience, and cheerfulness of these young people, I am amazed at the perseverance of the teachers. They are doing a Christ-like work. They are missionaries and evangelists. They are laboring with individual souls in the darkness of blindness, and helping to develop their God-given faculties.

It is one of the noblest philanthropies in the world.

It is inspiring to think that America has the best institutions for the blind in the world. And we should rejoice that teachers and reformers from Austria, Holland, England, France, Germany, and other civilized countries come to the United States to study our institutions for the blind, and to examine our methods of blessing the thousands of unfortunate and afflicted children, young people, and adults, who are in need of Christian friends and teachers.



## The Call to Duty

**Tired!** Well, what of that?  
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,  
Fluttering the rose leaves scatter'd by the breeze?  
Come! rouse thee, work while it is call'd to-day!  
Coward, arise—go forth upon the way!

**Lonely!** And what of that?  
Some must be lonely, 'tis not given to all  
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall—  
To blend another life into its own;  
Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

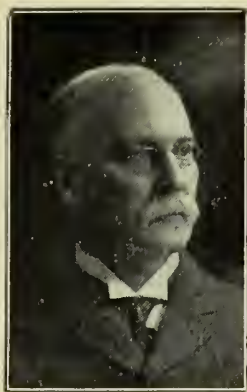
**Dark!** Well, and what of that?  
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?  
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;  
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;  
Thy steps will guide thee, and guide thee right.

**Hard!** Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy life one summer holiday  
With lessons none to learn and naught but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task; conquer or die!  
It must be learned—learn it then patiently.

**No help!** Nay; 'tis not so.  
Though human help be far, God is nigh,  
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry,  
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home,  
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam.

BRITISH WEEKLY.





DR. DAVID J. BURRELL

# THE GOLDEN ALTAR

A Service from "THE HOME SANCTUARY"

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Minister to the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City

## 1. INVOCATION

O God, I confess my inability to seek thee aright. Come out, while I am yet a great way off, and meet me. Enable me, through Christ, to confide in thy truth and wisdom, in thine almighty power and immeasurable Love. Bow thy heavens and come down to me; for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## 2. HYMN: "The morning light is breaking."

## 3. SCRIPTURE LESSON

Leviticus 10: 1-7.

Hebrews 9: 1-5, 24-28.

## 4. PRAYER

I thank thee, Lord, for all the blessings of thy Providence; for life and daily bread, for refreshing sleep, for the light of the sun, for this world's good, and all the happiness thou hast given me. I thank thee for the blessings of thy Grace; for the Gospel of thy dear Son, and for leading me to accept it; for the Bible and the Sabbath, for the privilege of worship, and the opportunity of serving thee. Thou hast crowned my life with thy loving-kindness. If ever I have complained of pain or sickness, or of any chastening, forgive thou me. Grant me a grateful heart and sympathy with all who suffer in mind, body, or estate. Let thy mercy rest on all who call upon thee, and be pleased to draw near unto those who know thee not. Send thy grace to those who have the Gospel and heed it not. Send thy Gospel to those who dwell in pagan darkness. O Bridegroom of the Church, awake thy sleeping bride, that she may shake herself from the dust and put on her garments of salvation. Send reapers into the field, which is already white unto the harvest. Suffer not souls to perish because of the indifference of those who profess to love and serve thee. Send me to my place of usefulness to-day. If I have ten talents, show me how to use them; if I have only one, forbid that I should bury it. Use me and glorify thyself in me; for thy Name's sake. Amen.

## 5. HYMN: "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing!"

## 6. OFFERING

## 7. THE SERMON

### The Golden Altar

"And he [the high-priest] shall take a censer full of coals of fire from off the altar before Jehovah, and his hands full of sweet incense beaten small, and bring it within the veil. . . . And he shall take of the blood of the bullock and sprinkle it with his finger upon the mercy-seat." (Levit. 16: 12-14.)

"But Christ having come, a high-priest of good things to come, through the greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands, that is to say, not of this creation, nor yet by the blood of goats and calves, but through his own blood entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." (Heb. 9: 11, 12, 24.)

I SUPPOSE we have all begun the day with prayer. If we are Christians we have done so as a matter of course, for

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air.

Those who are not Christians should also, as a matter of course, have begun the day with prayer. For prayer is natural; and, by the same token, its omission is a sin against nature.

In an ancient picture of the Nativity, the sheep and cattle are represented on their knees; but that is abnormal. The vital point of differentiation between man and the lower orders of life is just there: they can not pray, but he can. He can, as Kepler said, "think God's thoughts after him." The question that Jesus asked of the Pharisees, "How much is a man better than a sheep?" is echoed by Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King*:

For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?  
For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

In the elaborate ritual of the Old Economy, in which all rites and symbols were intended to point forward to the Gospel, there were two altars, representing the two racial instincts that find expression in the questions, "What shall I do to be saved?" and "How shall I draw nigh to God?" One of these was the Brazen Altar of sacrifice, which was a silhouette of the Cross; and the other was the Golden Altar of incense, which was a picturesque setting forth of prayer. And there was a vital relation between them.

On the great Day of Atonement, which is still observed among the Jews as "Yom Kippur," the high-priest began the ceremonial at the Brazen Altar. In one hand he held a brasier full of incense, which he kindled with coals from the altar; then, dipping his hands in the blood of the sacrifice, he made his way to the entrance of the tabernacle, passed within the curtain, sprinkled the blood upon the Golden Altar, swung the burning brasier until the holy place was filled with a cloud of incense, and thus made his plea for the pardoning of the people's sins.

In this we have a picturesque setting forth of the Philosophy of Prayer. Let us observe the incense, the fire and the blood, as representing its three essential factors:

### I. The Incense gives us the Definition of Prayer.

This incense was held to be of such importance that it had to be compounded under a divine formula. It could be used nowhere but on the Golden Altar, and to counterfeit it was death. The formula was as follows: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; sweet spices with pure frankincense; of each shall there be like weight; and thou shalt make it incense, a perfume, after the art of the perfumer, seasoned with salt, together, pure and holy." (Exod. 30: 34.)

In like manner an acceptable prayer has three constituent factors.

The first is Peace with God. Sin is enmity against God, and the sinner is a rebel against divine law. It is obvious that before a man can come acceptably to the mercy-seat he must repent of his sins and cease fighting against God. The way is clearly pointed out in the Gospel—which is called the Gospel of Reconciliation because it is, as it were a flag of truce sent out from the throne of God.

The second is Humility. A petition sent to the House of Lords, bearing the signatures of many honorable citizens of the British Empire, was rejected because of the omission of a single word. It should have begun "We humbly beg, etc.," but the

word "humbly" was left out. The man who approaches the King of kings with no humility in his petition is merely beating the air. God is the Infinite; while, as for us, our breath is in our nostrils. "*Procul! Procul! Abeste profani!*" was the inscription over the ancient shrines: "Draw not near, ye irreverent ones!" Who are we that we should presume to approach God? It is recorded that, when he appeared in the midst of the burning bush, Moses said: "I will turn aside and see this great sight; why the bush burneth and is not consumed," and God called to him, saying: "Draw not nigh hither! Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground!" And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God.

The third is Faith. For "he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." In other words, the petitioner must be confidently persuaded of two things: that God really is, and that he is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

It is around these very points that the controversy rages most fiercely in these days. The question is whether the Law is greater than the Law-giver, or *vice versa*. If it be true that the world is governed by automatic and insensate Law, then the words of Strauss the rationalist are a reasonable inference: "In the enormous machine of the universe, amid the incessant whirl and hiss of its jagged wheels and the deafening crash of ponderous stamps and hammers, I find myself a helpless and defenseless man, not sure for a moment that a wheel may not seize and rend me or a hammer crush me into powder; and this sense of abandonment is something awful!" But if, on the other hand, the Law-giver is above the Law, then there is hope for us.

Not long ago, there was a fire in an East Side tenement and the way of escape for those on the upper floors was cut off. At one of the windows a mother appeared with a child in her arms, calling for help. But the ladders would not reach. In utter self-forgetfulness (Oh, wonderful mother-love!) she cried, "Save my baby!" Her only hope was to toss the child out of the window; and that meant simply to commit it to the cold mercies of the law of gravity, which was certain death. The fire-chief heard the mother's cry; bade his men spread the life-blanket, and then called to the mother to let the child fall. The law of gravity was interrupted then and there, and the child was saved. Is it to be supposed that God can not, if need be, arrest the operation of his laws in the same way? Is not the law of an engine interrupted, when the engineer in an emergency lays his hand upon the lever and reverses its wheels? Is not the law of disease interrupted, when the physician administers a remedy that heals his patient? Is not the law of a chronometer interrupted, when the hands are turned back to regulate it? Is God, then, the only rational being in the universe who can not interrupt the operation of a law? The suggestion is grotesque—simply preposterous! He hears and can answer when his children cry unto him.

So much for the Definition of Prayer.

### II. The Fire on the Golden Altar points out the Rationale of Prayer.

It does this by showing us the vital connection between the two altars. As the incense was kindled by coals from the altar of sacrifice, so are we to find the rational basis of prayer in the Atonement wrought on Calvary by the only-begotten Son of God.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This Service is taken from a new book entitled "The Home Sanctuary," by David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D. (Copyright, 1911, by American Tract Society.) This book is a companion volume to "The Cloister Book," which has met with very great favor and wide acceptance. Each book provides a complete order of service, including a sermon, for twenty-six successive Sabbaths. The cordial welcome already extended to "The Cloister Book" betokens an appreciative reception for "The Home Sanctuary," which will be found a most helpful aid to devotion in the family circle, and especially adapted for shut-in worshippers and pastorless congregations. It is published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York City. Price, \$1.00 net; by mail, \$1.10.



He came into the world to show us the way to return to our Father. His words are plain. "I am the way, the truth, and the light. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." It is because of the passion of Christ that we are enabled to follow his injunction: "When ye pray, say 'Our Father.'" For only those who are willing to be reconciled can draw near to God.

Christ came not only to show us, but to open the way for us. At the moment when, having accomplished his great sacrifice, he cried, "It is finished!" the veil of the Temple was rent in sunder from the top to the bottom, as if by an unseen hand. Wherefore it is written, "We have boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the veil that is to say, his flesh; and having a high-priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."

Not only so; but, having shown the way back to God, and having opened it by his vicarious death, he has given us a passport at the entering of the veil, to wit: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." And again, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." And again, "I have chosen you, that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name he may give it to you." And again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you; whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." Observe the great words here, "anything" and "whatsoever." Oh boundless promise! It is as if a draft were drawn on the Divine exchequer, in blank, to be filled out by the receiver, indorsed in full by the omnipotent Son of God!

So much for the Rationale of Prayer.

III. *In the Blood, which was carried from the Brazen Altar to be sprinkled upon the Golden Altar, we have the Assurance of Prayer.* It is like the red arrow which Great Britain uses as the seal of its authority. If our prayers are answered, it is because the Blood says that it shall be so.

For when Jesus went away from the world he passed through the veil into the Holy of Holies, where he "ever liveth to make intercession for us." It is written that "God, being minded to show more abundantly unto the heirs of the promise the immutability of his counsel, interposed with an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie, we may have a strong encouragement, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us; which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast, and entering into that which is within the veil, whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us, having become a high-priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." (Heb. 6:17-20.) We lean upon the intercession of the High Priest who thus pleads for us at the throne of heavenly grace.

In one of the visions of the Apocalypse we have the scene portrayed: "And I beheld and lo! in the midst of the throne stood a Lamb as it had been slain. And the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having each a harp and golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints." The essential God does not appear, because He is not visible to mortal eyes; but the Son of God, "a Lamb as it had been slain," bearing still the marks of his earthly passion, stands at the right hand of His majesty; and the prayers of saints, ascending through him, give a sweet-smelling savor unto God: wherefore,

Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears!  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands,  
He ever lives above  
For me to intercede;  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead,  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One,  
He can not turn away  
The presence of his Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood  
And tells me I am born of God!

This intercession of Christ was anticipated once in his earthly ministry. In the sacerdotal prayer which followed his last interview with his disciples in the upper room, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, "Father, the hour is come. Glorify thy Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh that he should

give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. I pray for them; I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth. Father, I will that they, also, whom thou hast given me may be with me where I am, that they may behold thy glory which thou hast given me." What words are these? "Father, I will!" On the lips of any mortal petitioner this would have been presumption immeasurable. "Father, I will!" As if his word were law! It is thus that he intercedes in heaven; so that whatsoever he asks, as an echo of our asking in his name, that shall be done unto us.

And we are realizing the results of his intercession in the answers that are granted us. Now and then an unbeliever, who has no experience in these premises, starts up to suggest a "prayer test." A universal prayer test has been going on since the beginning of time. A great multitude have gone, staggering under their burdens, to the trysting-place at the Golden Altar, and have come forth light hearted, saying, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard and saved him out of all his trouble!" Who shall presume to impeach their testimony? There are millions, yea hundreds of millions, of them, all certifying to the fact that they prayed and God heard them.

The world is full of people who have seen the sun rise; but here are a hundred inmates of a blind asylum who have never seen it. Shall they presume to cavil at the testimony of those who have? We know whereof we speak. "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, declare we unto you."

What then? Pray on! The promises of prayer are like the bells on Aaron's robe when he ministered at the Golden Altar, which gave the attending Levites to understand that he was there making his plea before God. So, from the high place where our mighty Intercessor makes his prayers in our behalf, come the great promises, such as, "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." To your knees, O followers of Christ! Pray on, and pray believing! He is the hearer and answerer. Pray on! Pray on!

#### 8. PRAYER

O blessed Lord, who ever liveth to make intercession for thy people, help me henceforth to offer the prayer of faith. For when my poor prayers are reinforced with thine, I know they must prevail with God. Without thee I am nothing; wherefore, Lord, leave me not to myself nor forsake me. Abide with me until I behold thy face; and thou shalt have the praise of my salvation world without end. Amen.

#### 9. HYMN: "Sweet hour of prayer."

#### 10. BENEDICTION

The blessing of God, the Triune God, Father, Saviour and Comforter, be with you. Amen.



### In Little Things

BY CORA S. DAY

THEY were sowing flower seeds, so tiny that they looked like grayish brown dust, and had been mixed with fine sand and sifted over the seed box for easier handling.

"It does not seem possible for those atoms ever to sprout into roots and leaves, branches and buds, and then burst into glorious bloom," said one of the workers. There was a touch of wondering, reverent awe in her voice.

"So many things come to pass that do not seem possible—that would not be possible with any one but God," replied the other. "It sometimes seems to me that He loves to put precious and beautiful things into such small compass for the very pleasure of working the miracle of development and transformation."

If this be true in the natural world, it is equally true in the spiritual. It is not always the big things, done in the sight of all men, that accomplish the greatest good. The "little deeds of kindness" and "little words of love" help on the progress of the Kingdom wonderfully.

It is indeed true, as Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has said: "Often the most useful Christians are those who serve the Father in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else He would not hide His oaks in tiny acorns or the wealth of a wheatfield in bags of little seeds."

### Ebbing

By REV. A. MESSLER QUICK

White sands of time are running the passing of the year,  
And lengthened shadows tell me sunset is drawing near.  
I have this sweet assurance that morn succeeds the night,  
And shadows that I dreaded shall be alive with light.

With bright and mellow touches, hope paints the sunset sky,  
And when the darkness deepens, sweet peace is always nigh;  
For with the Master near me, all fear and doubts shall flee,  
And life has sweetest moments, communing, Lord, with Thee.

The years are swiftly ebbing, they will not, cannot stay,  
But time and life eternal can ne'er pass away;  
And while through clouds and sunshine time's noiseless chariot rolls,  
Our hopes of future glory chase shadows from our souls.

Our Father, midst our weakness our trust is in Thy might,  
And when the darkness gathers, Thy love shall be our light.  
The years may have their ending, and mortal life must wane,  
But, Father of our spirits, Thou always art the same.

The day is swiftly waning, the sun is sinking low,  
I see a bright to-morrow behind the evening glow.  
Methinks celestial music is falling on my ear,  
The air has Eden fragrance—the crossing must be near.



### A Good Day's Work

BY Z. I. DAVIS

How rich is the reward that Christ offers us for a day of toil in His vineyard. First, there is a satisfaction that comes from well doing. Then there are the Master's gifts to His true servants—an inward joy and peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Our happiest days are those spent in whole-hearted service for Him. In visiting homes with Christian literature, one meets with ever varying conditions. There are the proud who need to be taught the grace of humility. There are the poor who need kindness. There are the broken-hearted who are crying out for a word of comfort. There are the weak who have yielded to temptation.

The Gospel is the sovereign remedy in every case, "the power of God through faith, unto salvation."

A Jewish girl was cleaning the stairs of the house where she worked. "Are you a Christian?" I inquired, showing her a portion of Scripture.

A young but almost hopeless face was turned toward me. "My mistress is away," she said, "but we don't believe in that here."

"You have to wash the steps when they are dirty."

"Yes," was the mechanical reply.

"Your soul needs cleansing," I urged. "There is power in Jesus' blood to make you clean. You need a strong, true Hand to guide you. Christ is the sinner's best Friend. Will you accept Him as your personal Saviour?"

"Yes," she said, as a new light came into her eyes. My heart leaped up to God in praise for the joy of winning a soul to Him.

Approaching another home, a mother was heard sharply rebuking her little boy for his bad habit of soiling his clothes with mud and dirt every day. She was young and intelligent looking, but had such a hopeless expression. "I used to be a Christian," she said, and sobbed out, "but I am losing it all, for my husband drinks worse and worse, and is so cruel."

"Let us pray," I said, and after a moment's silent wrestling she lifted her voice in prayer. Glory to God for another soul warmed with a richer faith!

When I touched upon the subject of religion, another woman said, "Oh, I am all right. I am as good as most of the church members."

"The Scripture hath concluded all under sin," I replied, "but Jesus came to save us from sin. He is our atonement. The Bible tells us that our own righteousness is but filthy rags. We need to put on the Righteousness of Christ."

After a word of prayer she confessed that she wanted to be a Christian.

Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, knew the joy of winning souls to Christ. That was one reason he urged Christians to speak to some one about their soul's salvation every day. Let all Christians remember new converts in their prayers.



# THE QUIET OF TRUST

BY REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.



EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

ONE of the great words of the Christian vocabulary is *Trust*. It is impossible to express in cold and formal sentences the richness and the power of Christian Trust. Putting aside all severe or metaphysical definitions, there is one thing that we wish to see clearly, that Trust is essentially the *quiet of the soul before God*. The Psalmist has expressed this thought very beautifully, "Be still and know that I am God." Distrust is agitation: Trust is stillness. It is at bottom the contented feeling that accompanies the heart's confession of God's greatness, goodness, power, and wisdom.

Says the Psalmist again, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Luther gave this sentence a literal rendering. It means, he said, "Be silent to God, and let him mold thee." The child of God should learn to be silent toward his Heavenly Father. No intellectual rights, nothing of his own mental or spiritual freedom, is taken away from him. Yet he counts it all joy to "cast down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." In the joy of trust the mind loses not its intellectual freedom, its imaginings, its questions, but loses its querulousness. In the system or plan of trust life organizes itself about the great centers which God has furnished, such as Love, Wisdom, Power, Sacrifice. Trust is the deep satisfaction of the heart with God, and with the known qualities of the divine character. It is very simple, yet it is the sublimest act of the mind.

There are two laws: one is the law of knowledge; the other is the law of love and trust. Knowledge is strong and hard, full of imperious demands. Trust is warm and tender and eager, glad to walk as a little child in touch with the Father's hand. When Paul writes of the "peace of God that passeth all understanding," he means the peace that is not based upon understanding. The peace of knowledge is based upon understanding. The peace of God is not dependent upon understanding. We may lack in knowledge, and at the same time be rich in peace. Thinking of this fact of the superiority of trust to knowledge, Lessing wrote his great sentence: "He who does not lose his reason in certain things has none to lose." Trust is not contrary to reason, but it is often higher than reason. Religion is deeper than thinking. It is down in those depths of life where the blood runs red, where all tender and formative feelings of the soul reside. "The heart often has reasons," said Pascal, "that the Reason knows not at all."

We need a deep and rich Trust in God that cannot be easily defeated. We need a great Quiet in the heart, that storms cannot reach. When the generals of thought, of trouble, of sin, lead their armies against us, we shall have a refuge in the heart's trust. We shall go back and rest in the

stillness of the heart, and wait until the storm is overpast. We shall say in the quiet of trust, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." The secret of permanency in the Christian life is in having an established heart. Twice the Psalmist declares, "My heart is fixed," and again he declares of the good man, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Study to be quiet in your soul toward God. Win for yourself the silent victories of trust. Pray that you may come to know the majesty and the calm of a simple, undisturbed Trust in God. Blessed is the servant of God who has mastered the art of being quiet before God. "When the soul has laid down its burden at the feet of God, it feels as if it had wings." Hence the life of trust is no mere passive existence. Rather it is full of all beautiful actions.

## The Blessings of Trust

"O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." This is the closing strain of that sublime song of trust, the eighty-fourth Psalm. What are the particular blessings that come with Trust? They are three: Submission, Joy and Stability.

The first blessing of Trust is SUBMISSION. Admit, Submit, Commit, Transmit!—this is the way our education runs. Submission comes early. It must come early, and must last to the end. Trust is an act of humility. Put God *over*, and yourself *under*. Religion without submission is like a tripod with a broken foot. A fraction grows as the numerator increases and the denominator decreases. Increase your numerator. Lessen your denominator. More of God, less of self. "He must increase! I must decrease." Yet this is very far from being the self-effacement of those helpless and inhuman Oriental philosophies, that find the climax of religion in Annihilation. Christian submission to God is of another spirit. It is not the absorption of self that self may be lost, but the submission of self that self may emerge again with new meanings, new potencies, new elevations in life. The type of this submission is that of Christ, who was "highly exalted," because he "humbled himself" and became obedient unto death. It is that of the apostle Paul also who said, "When I am weak, then am I strong." It is ours to learn obedience, as the Master did before us. And when we have learned obedience, we come to that new elevation in life which represents no loss to ourselves, but an inexpressible gain instead. This is the blessing of trustful submission to God. It is the gift of power. It is the exaltation of humility. It is the afterglow of Trust.

## The Joy of Trust

And out of the heart of submission comes Joy, which is the second child of Trust. Nothing brings such quiet joy to the heart as trustful submission to God. We are uneasy, anxious, troubled, the waters of our souls tossed like an angry sea. We come and lay our lives, our ambitions, our plans, upon the altar, and God gives us his peace. Peace through submission! Joy the handmaid of Trust! "Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Many of God's servants rob themselves of the greater measures of joy because they are not quiet before God in submissive trust. They plunge like wild horses, strain like a ship at its moorings. They live too independently, marking out their own course, asserting too freely their own wills, putting their own ambitions first. They seek their own, not the things of God. But the way of peace is the way of submission. The surprise of Joy comes when you are willing to give God the highest right to your life. The Quiet of Trust and Submission will bring the stillness of Joy. Then you will know the spiritual interpretation of the calm that God gives after storm. "Then are they glad because they be Quiet." Jesus spoke of this as "my peace."

It is the peace that Jesus had, and which he gives to his disciples. With this quiet peace of trust the Christian may look out upon the world—

"With an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of Joy."

The final blessing of Trust is STABILITY. A mighty trust produces a mighty strength. The strength of the Christian is born of command, not his own, but God's command. The strength of the world is noisy and demonstrative. It is the strength of nature, of will, of organization. The world does great things by its strength. But only a man of mighty trust in God could say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." The strength of God's kingdom is quiet, yet efficient, like the drawing of gravitation. The Master of the kingdom knew this strength when he said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men." Such strength, such stability, is deep-seated in the will and nature of God. The Psalmist felt that he should "not be moved" because he trusted mightily in God. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," says the prophet. The writer of Hebrews finds cheer in the thought that we have received "a kingdom which cannot be moved." When this has become a personal assurance, then the final blessing of Trust comes. Blessed are they who keep ever their quiet confidence in God. They shall inherit strength. The most masterful thing in life is Trust.

## Deliverance From Worry and Haste

There are some things from which God's children should be delivered by the Quiet of Trust. One of these is worry. It is admitted to be difficult to live a calm and simple life amidst a great complexity of affairs. There is a louder call for the Quiet of Trust to-day than ever before. Worry, Fret, Distraction—Trust should at least limit the authority of these masters of men. Too many Christians wear themselves out in the paltry and petty worries of life, making their lives to depend upon the state of the weather or upon the price of wheat, worrying "about every heat of their body," concerned with "a thousand peering littlenesses." This is not of faith. Trust has something better for us than the thralldom of fear. The freedom of God's children is not mechanical and legal merely. It is vital. Let Christ take away your bondage, bringing you into his "glorious liberty."

And Haste—Trust should deliver us from haste. We do not forget that "the King's business requires haste." Eagerness, energy, enterprise, are prime qualities in the kingdom. Yet God's kingdom is built, not by the hasting, restless spirit, but by the patient and trustful soul. The prophet speaks the word of the Lord, "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious cornerstone, a sure foundation. He that believeth shall not make haste."

## Study to be Quiet

Let the child of God study to be quiet. Let not the haste and weariness of the world possess us. Let there be for us something more than affairs. Let us find again our secret of rest, and deliver its message to the restless age about us. Do your own work. Do it well. Do it to the utmost. And keep your fellowship with God as the background of work. Go back again and again to the spiritual sources that feel life, to the quiet things in faith. Live a simple life in Trust. Mark the example of the early disciples, "that small transfigured band whom the world could not tame," of whom it was said, that they ate "their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Changed as the conditions of life are since apostolic days, there is still a mighty call to the children of God to go in and out before men with the steadiness and joy of a trustful spirit, unhasting and unafraid, as if repeating to the world the words of Christ, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is taken from a beautiful book just issued by the American Tract Society, entitled "Study to be Quiet," the copyright of which is owned by the American Tract Society. The writer of this book is Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., author of "The House of Chilmham." This volume furnishes a most timely utterance for these days of unrest. In it Dr. Work discourses with rare insight and discrimination of "The Quiet of Trust," "The Quiet of Prayer," "The Quiet of Speech," and "The Quiet of Service." The volume is most tastefully bound, and makes an exquisite gift book. Price, 50 cents net; by mail, 54 cents.



# THE GORDONS By Hope Daring

## CHAPTER III

### A LONG LOOK AHEAD

**D**ARKNESS lay over the fields at Locust Lane and over the tree-bordered lane that crossed them. There was no moon, but the unclouded sky was strewn with stars. Wrapping herself in the blanket, Eleanor Gordon sat down upon the top step, leaning her head against one of the great fluted columns that supported the veranda roof.

"How can I keep my children from falling into the sins of their father?" she murmured.

"It will take years, yes, all my life, to work out the answer to that question. Yet this very night I must put into words some plan of life for me and mine that shall lift from my heart this awful load of care and fear."

Why did she so fear the future for her sons? It was not so much the outside influence that might be brought to bear upon them of which she thought. That might be counteracted. But what of the impulses and weaknesses inherent in their natures? Had their father left them a heritage of wrongdoing?

Eleanor shivered. A strange sense of vision came to her; it was as if she saw into the depths of each child's nature. They were not exceptional children. Dean would be honest and faithful, but there was danger of his being careless and easy-going. Felix must fight selfishness and the overconfidence that would tempt him to fail in persistence. John—even her baby John must have his will strengthened and must learn to stand for himself. And there was Laurel. Love might be the affectionate girl's undoing, even as it had been her mother's.

Suddenly Eleanor Gordon threw herself down on the veranda floor. Great tearless sobs shook her form. "There is only one thing I can do," she murmured. "I will give myself to my children. I will live for and with them. Mother love shall be pitted against evil from without and from within. Not trusting in my own strength will I do this, but trusting in God's love and sustaining power."

She sat up, and now her heart grew lighter; God seemed strangely near. His love was enveloping her. She knew that the future would be for her a battle, but she would be fighting for something infinitely more precious than life, and God would give her strength for the battle.

She rose and entered the house. The watchers were still sleeping. Eleanor did not again go into the room where the body of her husband lay, but she paused at the threshold, whispering:

"I will try. Surely, Hugh, now you want me to try. Poor Hugh!"

Hugh and Eleanor had some distant relatives, and they all came to Locust Lane for the funeral. For several generations the family had buried their dead upon the farm. The little cemetery, inclosed by an iron fence and shaded by a half dozen locusts and pines, stood a little way up the slope.

It was a beautiful spring morning. In the woods the silvery gleam of the June-berry tree's blossoms and the rose-colored mist of the Judas-tree could be seen. The song of wild birds made the air ring with music. With solemn faces and falling tears the relatives and friends of Hugh Gordon watched his body lowered into the ground. Then Eleanor, surrounded by her children, whose faces were stamped with the wondering awe which death ever brings to the minds of the young, went back to the farmhouse.

It was at dinner that Marcus Geer said, "Cousin Eleanor, I must return to Richmond to-night. May I talk with you a little about business before I go?"

"Certainly, Marcus."

Doctor Vincent looked pityingly at the pale, worn woman. "Do not make any plans hastily, Eleanor."

"I shall make no plans, Doctor Vincent, without consulting you."

Dinner over, Eleanor excused herself to her other guests and led the way to her own room. Mr. Geer placed a chair for her, sat down, and began.

"Eleanor, it is about the farm that I want to talk. Of course you will sell it. I reckon it will bring in

the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars. With rigid economy you can live on that until the children can take care of themselves. Dean should be put to work at once. I think I can manage to take the farm myself. If not, I will find a buyer for you."

She looked directly into his face. "Thank you, Cousin Marcus, but I have no idea of selling Locust Lane."

"Surely you will not think of trying to live here. You could not make a living; the place is so run down."

"I know, but I intend that the farm shall come back to its old productiveness. It will take time, but I know that it can be done."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You will only deepen the failure that poor Hugh made. Have you ever thought that Hugh may have left debts?"

Eleanor started. "That is hardly probable. Hugh spent freely, but I do not think he contracted debts."

From an inside pocket Marcus Geer took a bill book. After rummaging in its contents for a time he drew forth a paper which he handed to Eleanor. She bent over it, her lips trembling.

"It is Hugh's note for five hundred dollars, payable to you. What does it mean?"

"You had better not ask. The poor fellow is gone, and nothing that we can say will do any good."

Hugh Gordon's widow compressed her lips. The anger that welled up in her heart was not directed toward her dead husband, but toward the crafty man whose love of money was stronger than his regard for the orphan children of his kinsmen. Her voice was hard and cold as she said, "I think it will be best for you to tell me all about it. You must know that Hugh had no property. He bought and sold the stock on the farm, but it was mine, as the law would decide."

"Eh! Why, Cousin Eleanor, certainly you would not repudiate your husband's debts. You remember that Hugh went up to Washington for a fortnight last fall. He ran out of money and sent me this note, due in one year, asking me to send him four hundred dollars. I did so."

"And you did so, knowing that he would spend the money in debauchery and that he had no means of his own with which to pay the debt. I will pay the note. When the land from the farm was sold, I put by five hundred dollars, to help with the boys' education. You shall have that money. My boys can wait and help me earn the money for their education."

Marcus Geer scowled. That pale-faced woman had overthrown his plans and exposed his perfidy. He dared not make an open attack, but he must give her one more hurt. "There is no hurry; the note is not due until fall. About the boys, Eleanor, why are you so desirous of giving them a college education? They are good lads, but only average boys, for they are Hugh's sons."

A wave of scarlet flooded her face and neck. "They may not desire a college course, but I want them to be well educated. They are my sons; as far as possible I shall give them the best things of life," and she moved toward the door, thus ending the interview.

Two days later the family at Locust Lane was alone. The children were back in school, and life went on as before, save that Eleanor began to talk over their affairs with Dean and Felix. Mrs. Walker was horrified to learn that Mrs. Gordon did not intend to don what the minister's wife called "widows' mourning."

"But, my dear, what will people say?" she demanded. "And if they don't say it, what will they think?"

"My friends will know that I am doing what I think is right. As to others, it does not make any difference."

"I reckon you must have a reason, dear heart. Is it the expense?"

"That is one consideration, but I do not think the color of one's garments any index of sorrow. My children do not like to see me in black, and I am sure there is no way in which I can express my loyalty so well as in making them happy."

Mrs. Walker sighed. "I don't understand you, Mrs. Gordon, but I know you will always do what you think is right."

Mr. Burns, to whom Hugh Gordon had promised to sell Locust Lane, called upon Eleanor, to tell her that he was ready to keep his part of the verbal contract made. When he learned her intention of keeping the farm he was disappointed, but made no trouble. Much to Eleanor's relief, no debts, save the one to Marcus Geer, were discovered. She paid that, without waiting for the note to fall due.

One evening when Eleanor descended the stairs, after putting the younger children to bed, she said to her two older sons, "Boys, I want to have a frank talk with you. There is a full moon, and the air is warm. Let us go for a brisk walk up and down the lane while we talk."

Soon they were tramping up and down the locust-shaded drive, where the air was heavy with the fragrance of the pale-faced locust blooms. It was Dean who spoke first.

"Mother, will it not be best for me to leave school? I can do almost a man's work on the farm."

"So can I, mother," Felix cried.

"Thank you, my laddies, but such extreme measures are not necessary. We will all work hard, but you must have a good education."

"Mother, you will not sell the farm?" Felix asked. "Mr. Thornton said he heard you would. Don't do it, mother. It—it is our home," and the lad's voice trembled.

Eleanor put her hand on his. "That is the way I feel, Felix. No, we will stay on at Locust Lane. I believe we can improve the farm and make it far more productive."

They talked for a half hour. It was agreed that Dean, instead of entering the Morrow school the next fall, as had been planned, should remain one more year at the country school.

"I can do the first year's work of the Morrow school here, if you will help me, mother. The other day Doctor Vincent asked me what I was to be, and I had to tell him that I did not know."

"Would you like to stay on the farm, making that your work?" Eleanor asked.

"I think not, mother; I want to work with my head. That can wait, for I am to stand by you, on the farm or wherever you need me."

"My good son! I want both my boys to have a college course, and we can manage it. Felix, what do you want to be?"

"A poet. But I'll wait, and raise corn and chickens, but, please, mother, no more tobacco."

Eleanor started. She had disapproved of her husband's smoking, and had feared the influence of his example upon her sons, but she had grown up accustomed to seeing acres of the farm devoted to tobacco growing. She asked hesitatingly:

"What do you mean, Felix?"

"Mother, would you like to have Dean and me smoke or chew? and John, too?"

"I hope none of my sons will use tobacco. Felix, is it because you disapprove of tobacco that you do not want us to raise it?"

"Mother, you're fine. That 'us' means a lot to a fellow. Dean and I have talked about it. We want our work to count for things worth while."

Eleanor Gordon did not hesitate. Her promise might mean a money loss, for tobacco was one of the best-paying crops of the valley, but she said, "No more tobacco shall be raised at Locust Lane."

Dean came a step nearer her side. "Queen mother, let me ask you something else. You told us the money you had in the bank had to go to pay a debt that father owed Cousin Marcus. What was the debt for?"

"Don't ask her that," Felix cried. "It hurts so to say some words. Let us forget all the unpleasant things and just go on."

It was a moment before Eleanor spoke. What was her duty, both to the living and the dead? At last she said, "I think it best not to talk of the debt. Felix, we must not forget things simply because they are unpleasant. And, my sons, let us have tolerance and sympathy for the 'weaker ones' whom we meet in life. I want my sons to be strong, clean men. Now we must go into the house."

(To be continued)



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OUR ADVERTISERS: We believe that all the adver-  
tisements in this paper are from responsible advertisers,  
and it is our intention to admit only such to our columns.  
Should, however, any of our subscribers find that any ad-  
vertiser does not live up to his agreements, we would  
consider it a favor if they will inform us, and we will at  
any time give prompt attention to any complaints.

We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will  
take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it  
must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made  
by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and  
upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER  
when answering advertisements.

Entered at the Post Office in New York as second-class  
matter.

## Editorial

### The Need of the Hour

THERE is at the present time an extraordinary  
demand for Christian literature at the foreign mis-  
sion stations. Bishop Bashford, Methodist Episco-  
pal Bishop for China, has said: "There have been  
three opportunities for the evangelization of  
China, each of which has failed for the lack of  
a sufficient supply of Christian literature." Other  
missionaries corroborate this statement.

In view of the appalling absence of evangelical  
literature in the Portuguese language, the mis-  
sionaries in Brazil are calling for not less than  
Ten Thousand Dollars to be expended immediately  
in providing Portuguese Christian literature for  
use at their mission stations, and other South  
American countries are making equally strong ap-  
peals for Christian literature in the Spanish  
language.

Twenty-five Thousand Dollars are needed to in-  
crease the colportage work both among the im-  
migrants and the non-Church-going population  
throughout our own country. The American Tract  
Society's long experience and unusual facilities

qualify it to render special service that supple-  
ments the work of all the evangelical denomina-  
tions, and to perform a work that the denomina-  
tional Churches are not undertaking.

The sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars is  
required for other pressing needs in connection  
with the Society's work, and the effort is being  
made to raise that amount.

Knowing the interest of the readers of the  
AMERICAN MESSENGER in every good work, we  
present these facts to their notice, hoping that  
after careful consideration they will find it both  
a pleasant duty and a gracious privilege to ex-  
tend their aid.

A Christmas offering for the work of the Amer-  
ican Tract Society would be a most appropriate  
way in which to honor the birthday of the King  
of kings, for such a gift will help to bring sal-  
vation to thousands of human souls, carrying the  
Gospel Message to tens of thousands, who are  
spiritually starving both at home and abroad, and  
bringing Gospel teaching and moral uplift to the  
hosts of immigrants, who are coming to make  
their permanent home in our land. Donations for  
this purpose may be sent to Louis Tag, Assistant  
Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

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### Our Christmas Issue

AN earnest effort has been made to make this  
December issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER appro-  
priate for the Christmas-tide, and we trust that  
our readers will be gratified at the special features  
which it contains.

The cover for this number was designed by Miss  
Mary La Fetra Russell, a skilled artist whose work  
has called forth the warmest commendation from  
competent critics. The design presents a home  
scene, in which the mother is telling to the chil-  
dren gathered about her the story of the first  
Christmas. The stars in the sky take on a new  
meaning to the children as they hear of the Star  
of Bethlehem that guided the Wise Men in their  
quest for the Christ child, and the expression on  
the faces of all who are seen in the picture re-  
flect the joy and peace which Christmas brings  
into every Christian home.

Attention is called to Our Special Subscription  
and Calendar Offer on another page, in which an  
announcement is made concerning some of the  
distinguished writers whose contributions are  
found in the columns of the AMERICAN MESSENGER  
and some of the special features which character-  
ize this periodical. It is of course impossible to  
state in advance all the attractive features which  
will appear in our paper during the coming year.  
Enough has been said, however, we trust, to demon-  
strate the fact that the high standard of the past  
will be fully maintained, and that the future may  
be justly expected to mark real progress in all  
that pertains to the production of a high-class  
religious paper for the home.

We would remind our readers that in return for  
all services which they may render in extending  
the circulation of the AMERICAN MESSENGER by  
securing new subscriptions, we give either a cash  
commission or the choice of many beautiful and  
useful premiums, a full list of which will be sent  
on application.

To all our readers we extend most cordial  
Christmas greetings. We also bespeak the co-  
operation of all our friends in the efforts which  
are being made to increase the subscription list  
of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and thus to widen  
the influence and to enlarge the usefulness of this  
periodical.

Christian literature has a potency for good that  
cannot be overestimated, and the repeated visits of  
a religious monthly such as the AMERICAN MES-  
SENGER exert an incalculable force for the uplift  
of every home into which the paper is received.

### The Call to Peace

DESPITE the sounds of warfare which are heard  
in some portions of the world at this time, the  
Christmas-tide is an appropriate season to em-  
phasize the call for peace which has gone forth  
to the Christian nations, and especially to urge  
the immediate ratification of the Arbitration  
treaties now pending between the United States  
and Great Britain and France.

A recent address from the Commission on  
Peace and Arbitration of the Federal Council of  
the Churches of Christ in America says in part:

"The present armed peace of Christendom is a  
scourge and a scandal. There are to-day more guns  
and bayonets, more bombs and shells, more soldiers  
on the land, and more ships of war upon the seas,  
than in any preceding century in the history of  
the world. Militarism is one of the gigantic evils  
of our day. Against it the Church of Christ must  
set itself in open and determined opposition. The  
burden of the people must be lightened, the na-  
tions must be delivered from their fears. The  
instruments of slaughter must be beaten into the  
implements of industry. The world must know  
that Christians are indeed followers of the 'Prince  
of Peace.'

"In the great enterprise of achieving interna-  
tional peace, the immediate step is to bind nations  
closer together by arbitration treaties. It is only  
by nations agreeing, by solemn compact, to submit  
their differences to the arbitration of reason, that  
reduction of armaments can be hoped for. Arbi-  
tration treaties have heretofore excluded so many  
classes of controversies from the scope of their op-  
eration, that they have had no effort in checking  
the constant and ruinous increase in expenditures  
for the equipment of war. The task now before  
the leaders of humanity is to devise treaties of a  
more sweeping character, which will extend the  
list of international questions made subject to the  
jurisdiction of an arbitral court.

"Such treaties have been formulated recently  
between the United States and Great Britain, and  
between the United States and France. They are  
the creation of some of the ablest, most far-seeing  
statesmen of these three countries. Great Britain  
and France are ready to ratify these treaties. The  
world now awaits the action of the United States  
Senate.

"America, because of her situation and tra-  
ditions, is best fitted to become the leading peace-  
maker of the world. Now is the time for the  
Christian Church to speak. Let the pulpit pro-  
claim our glorious opportunity and solemn respon-  
sibility, and let every Christian man and woman  
do what lies in his power to create a public senti-  
ment which will place and keep America in the  
forefront of those forces which are working for  
arbitration and for peace in all the world."

These are true words, and we earnestly appeal  
to our readers to do all in their power to aid the  
movement for peace between the nations, and to  
exert all possible influence upon the Senators from  
their respective States to induce them to ratify the  
arbitration treaties now pending.

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### An Attractive Paper for Children

THE American Tract Society publishes a charm-  
ing little paper entitled *Apples of Gold*, which is  
designed for the children in the home and Sun-  
day School, and which is especially adapted for  
use in the Primary Departments and Infant  
Classes of all evangelical churches. This paper  
is published in four-page parts for weekly dis-  
tribution. It contains the best of pictures, and  
is printed with large clear type on good white  
paper in brilliant colored ink. Every week there  
is a full page on the Sunday School Lesson, in-  
cluding the treatment of the lesson, Memory  
Verses from the Bible, Lesson Questions, the  
Golden Text, and a carefully selected illustration.

*Apples of Gold* has now completed its fortieth  
year, and has won for itself a warm place in the  
esteem of many teachers of the little folks. Sam-  
ple copies, sufficient to supply any Primary De-  
partment or Infant Class for a month, will be  
gladly furnished free of charge.



Notes upon the Topics Used  
in Christian Endeavor and  
Other Young People's  
Societies

# THE PRAYER MEETING

By Gerard B. F.  
Hallock, D.D.

DECEMBER 3

## Lessons from Great Lives: Paul

2 Tim. 4: 1-8

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M. Nov. 27. His conversion. Acts 9: 1-20.  
T. Nov. 28. His labors. 2 Cor. 11: 22-33.  
W. Nov. 29. His earnestness. Rom. 9: 1-3; 10: 1.  
T. Nov. 30. His devotion. Acts 20: 31-36.  
F. Dec. 1. His independence. Gal. 2: 12-21.  
S. Dec. 2. His one theme. Gal. 6: 14-18.

In his excellent volume, "The Many-Sided Paul," Rev. Dr. George Francis Greene speaks of the life of the apostle as "the best and grandest of merely human lives." This is not too high praise. There are indeed many aspects in which his life could be considered, such as the Pre-Christian Paul, the faith of St. Paul, St. Paul the Preacher, St. Paul the Missionary, St. Paul the Pastor, the intellectual greatness of St. Paul, the Christ-likeness of St. Paul. We could learn much of his life from his friendships. In all these and other directions we could learn from the example of St. Paul. As our space will not permit a consideration of so many features of his life, we will limit ourselves now to but one feature, the readiness of his faith and bravery.

### Paul the Ready

There was once a Saxon king called "Ethelred the Unready"; but here we have an apostle who might well be called "Paul the Ready." No sooner was he converted than he was ready for action, with the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" In Romans 1: 15 he speaks of his readiness to preach the gospel: "I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." He was ready to preach the truth. Then, too, he was as ready to suffer as he was to preach. He says, "I am ready, not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." And then at the finish he was ready to die, saying, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Paul the Ready! Anywhere for Christ. Anywhere with the gospel. Anywhere to battle evil. Anywhere to win a soul. Paul was grandly, bravely ready.

What are some of the reasons why Paul was so ready—so ready to preach the gospel? Instantly we learn one transcendent reason—it arose from Paul's high estimate of the gospel itself. Paul was not ashamed, and was ready to preach the gospel at Rome, because he had found that the gospel was "power." "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation." To ungodly men nothing appears more weak than the gospel. But Paul knew better than that. He had found that the gospel was "power."

And Paul was ready to suffer and to die. This is what he said to Timothy: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

DECEMBER 10

## The Source of a Worker's Strength

Col. 1: 9-13

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M. Dec. 4. Strength from God. 2 Tim. 1: 7.  
T. Dec. 5. Strength through the Spirit. Eph. 3: 16, 17.  
W. Dec. 6. A strength promise. Isa. 41: 10.  
T. Dec. 7. God our strength. Ps. 46: 1-3.  
F. Dec. 8. Strength in weakness. 2 Cor. 12: 9, 10.  
S. Dec. 9. Strength in the Word. Eph. 6: 17.

God is the source of a worker's strength. A soldier asked to undertake a difficult and dangerous task said to his general: "Give me first a grip of your all-conquering hand and I can do it." Paul felt like this when he said: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." It is all-important that every Christian worker should remember that God is the source of his strength.

Strength is obtained by seeking it of God. The Psalmist David, far back in Old Testament history, understood this. He said: "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." Strength of heart is the secret of confidence. We will make no effort in a direction in which we have no confidence or expectation of attainment. It is the secret of courage. We can scarcely "be of good courage," without possessing first some measure of confidence of success. It is the secret of action. A strong heart makes a strong arm.

A worker's strength is usually found through some of the various ways of "waiting on the Lord." It is found in spiritual meditation. While we muse, the fire burns. Many Christians are weak of heart and purpose in these days because they live in such a hurry and do not take time to "wait on the Lord" in the way of spiritual thoughtfulness and meditation. We need more "quiet hours," when we may receive grace and strength from God. Many of the mighty men of faith and Christian usefulness of the past—men like Richard Baxter, John Bunyan, etc.—were men of much spiritual meditation.

A worker's strength is found in prayer. It is in the act of prayer that we grow strong of heart and fitted for success in God's cause. It was as he wrestled with God that Jacob, the supplanter, was changed to Israel, the prince of God.

A worker's strength is found in Bible study. The heart grows strong as we read and meditate upon God's precious promises, note His assurances of help, study His character and take into our souls His truth.

DECEMBER 17

## A Missionary Journey Around the World. XII. Missions in the West Indies

2 Cor. 12: 1-15

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M. Dec. 11. Power for the needy. Matt. 9: 6-8.  
T. Dec. 12. Life for the dead. John 5: 24-26.  
W. Dec. 13. Liberty to captives. 2 Cor. 3: 16-18.  
T. Dec. 14. The dry bones. Ezek. 37: 1-12.  
F. Dec. 15. The acceptable year. Luke 4: 18, 19.  
S. Dec. 16. Harvest at last. Gal. 6: 9, 10.

Our missionary journey has now brought us around the world to the West Indies. This group of islands extends in a bow-like form from the coast of Florida to the coast of Venezuela. Porto Rico, at the eastern extremity, belongs to the United States, having been ceded by Spain in 1898. Cuba is the largest and richest of the islands, and is an independent republic. The island of Haiti is divided between two republics, Santo Domingo and Haiti. Some of the other islands are the Bahamas, including New Providence and San Salvador, which is supposed to be the first land discovered in the Western Hemisphere by Columbus; Jamaica, with a population of nearly a million, half being blacks, the capital being Kingston, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants; Barbadoes, to the east of the Windward Islands, with a population of two hundred thousand, more than half blacks; the Leeward Islands, the Windward Islands, Trinidad; all these belonging to England; St. Thomas and its dependencies, belonging to Denmark; Guadeloupe and Martinique, with several smaller islands, belonging to France. Like the other islands of this chain these are of volcanic origin. Martinique was the scene of the terrible eruption of Mt. Pelee in May, 1902. Of course there are innumerable small islands we cannot take space to mention.

The population of these islands is composed of Europeans and Americans together with negroes and other Africans, Hindus and Chinese. The islands early became the battlefields of the rival powers of Europe. The slave trade had its origin here. The hardly less cruel importation of coolies has left its curse on the lands.

It is also true that patient and heroic hands early planted the Gospel in this miry soil. From the earliest time when Christians saw the image of God in the sable body to the present day the conflict between the forces of good and the powers of evil has been bitter. Prejudices of the white and superstitions of the black races united to render the work exceedingly difficult. But many triumphs have come.

Ten years ago in all Porto Rico with its million people, there was only one Protestant church, and that exclusively for English-speaking visitors. Now there are probably from six to eight hundred stations where the Protestant workers are preaching the gospel. Twelve denominations are now at work there with 137 churches and 8,890 communicants. There are 127 pastors and assistants, and 128 teachers and helpers. This is the growth from nothing in ten years.

Mission work is proving more and more successful in Cuba. In fact, through the influence of the Gospel of Christ, we believe there is a better day near at hand for all the islands included under the name of West Indies.

DECEMBER 24

## The Gift that Transforms the World

2 Cor. 9: 15; Luke 1: 46-55

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M. Dec. 18. The gift of God. John 3: 16.  
T. Dec. 19. The gift of life. Rom. 6: 23.  
W. Dec. 20. The sustaining gift. John 6: 33-35.  
T. Dec. 21. The measureless gift. John 3: 34; 2 Cor. 3: 18.  
F. Dec. 22. The gift of love. 1 John 3: 1.  
S. Dec. 23. With him all gifts. Rom. 8: 32.

There is a strange old legend of a world that grew colorless in a single night. The clouds became lifeless, spongy vapors; the waves turned pale and motionless; the fire fled from the diamond and light from every gem; the metal gleaming of the snake and the dyes of the jeweled orbs faded away slowly, as the stars go out at daybreak. The world turned into a sculptor's world, and all was animated stone. Those who dwelt upon it were saddened and bewildered at the change, and never ceased to mourn for the beautiful tint of flowers and grasses, and the vanished hues of the sunset clouds. All nature was in mourning, and wore a lead-colored robe. Nevermore should diamonds sparkle, or rubies shine, or dewdrops glisten in the morning light. Nevermore should there be a rainbow on the cloud, or silver in the falling raindrops. The expanse of lake or ocean should nevermore reflect a blue heaven, or the stars, or the sun. The world had passed into eclipse—into the shadow of death.

This old legend is a parable. It suggests to us a picture of the world without Christ. What a dark, dead, dismal world this would be; what an awful world it would be if in that total eclipse of a Christless condition! What if there had been no Saviour?

### If the Gift Had Not Been Given

What would be the effect of blotting Christmas out of the calendar of the world? No story of the wondrous birth to tell! No salvation from sin! No comfort in trouble! No hope in looking out into the beyond! A Christless world, reeking and staggering under its burdens of suffering and sin into absolutely black, starless night! A Christless world! That would mean a heathenish world. Read pagan history, or the history of the times when the people had either forgotten or had wandered far away from God—from knowledge of Him or service to Him—times such as the world saw just previous to Christ's birth into it, and what a heathenish world it was, what an awful condition it was in! We get at least some suggestion as to what it would mean if there had been no Saviour.

It would mean a hopeless world. Christ is the hope of the world. Christ put life into the world. Christmas Day has been well called "The Birthday of Hope."

It would mean a paralyzed world, for where there is no hope, there is no action. When the swimmer saw that the would-be-rescuers could not reach him, he ceased to make effort. He gave up in despair and sank at once to the bottom. Men will not try for better things where there is no hope. Christ energizes the world, because He is the hope of the world.

DECEMBER 31

## Things I Want to do Better Next Year

Phil. 3: 12-14

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

M. Dec. 25. In daily tasks. 3 John 5; Col. 3: 17.  
T. Dec. 26. In Bible study. Ps. 1.  
W. Dec. 27. In self-control. Ps. 16: 32.  
T. Dec. 28. In church attendance. Heb. 10: 19-25.  
F. Dec. 29. In missionary gifts. 2 Cor. 8: 1-5.  
S. Dec. 30. In personal work. Acts 11: 25, 26.

Instead of trying to make a minute inventory of things we each would wish to do better next year, let us include all in noticing that the message of the hour is a call to earnestness. The world is full of men deeply in earnest about business. Not a few men are at this moment terribly in earnest at war. Shall not the Church of Christ manifest at least an equal earnestness in its spiritual warfare, fraught with such tremendous results to the destiny of the world? We are not enlisted to hold the fort, but to capture the enemy. The campaign is offensive, not defensive. Christianity is a crusade. It is an aggressive movement aiming at the conquest of the whole earth, and whatever it has achieved has been done through its power to inspire men and women with this sublime, far-reaching idea.

In this coming year therefore let us do better work. We are in the opening years of a most wonderful century. The world teems with the results of mechanical progress. Industry and invention and diplomacy and human learning are making wonderful strides. The present moment seems the very nick of time, and brings a clarion call to duty to every Christian. The past cannot be recalled. The future is not yet within grasp. But the present is here, and it is a present seemingly more potent with possibilities for men and for the glory of God than any other present ever has been.

Let us watch as never before. For at this very moment of opportunity the evil forces seem to be asserting themselves as never before. The message of the hour is, therefore, a very pressing and vital one calling to the duty of watchfulness.

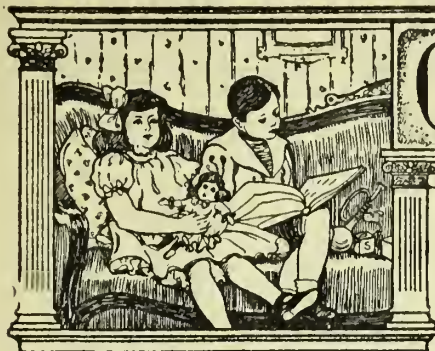
### Give More

Let us give as never before. Each conflict between the nations impresses us with the awful cost of war in blood and treasure. There is certainly wonderful heroism displayed in war, and wonderful financial, family and personal self-sacrifice. But let us not fail to remember that no more heroic deeds in warfare have ever been recorded than the noble acts of missionaries of the cross who have laid down their lives for the Gospel. Yet, strange to say, the financial support given to the work of Christ's kingdom is pitiful in comparison with the lavish sums that are expended by so-called Christian nations in the maintenance of their armies. Noble gifts are being made by many for educational and benevolent objects, but the call comes louder than ever before to both large givers and small givers to multiply their offerings to the utmost possible extent.

### Pray More

Let us also pray as never before. Aware of the need, what should be the result? What but to throw us back as never before upon God in prayer? For, blessed be God, we can have what we need in answer to holy, believing, practical prayer. The Church on her knees is practically omnipotent. Christians in living touch with God in Christ are irresistible for the redeeming purposes of the Son of God.





# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."



## 'A Christmas Greeting

IN every Christian land at this season of the year it is a pleasant and delightful custom for people to exchange Christmas greetings. Friends who are separated by long distances send their greetings by letter, or by telegraph or telephone, and in many cases the printed page is the bearer of these welcome messages of good cheer.

During the past twelve months the happy circle of little folks who read the AMERICAN MESSENGER has grown much larger, and every month there are new names added to the list. To each and every one Uncle Harry would like to send a most cordial greeting. The boys and girls who are interested in Our Little Folks' page form a goodly company, and we hope that this Christmas will bring to them the choicest of blessings, and that nothing may be lacking to make their joy complete.



## The Adoration of the Shepherds

EVERY year, when Christmas comes, we turn eagerly to the Bible, and there we read the beautiful story of the first Christmas, as it is told to us by the Evangelists, whom God inspired to write the Gospels.

It is the evangelist Luke who tells us in his Gospel (Luke 2:8-20) the story of the adoration of the shepherds. He tells us that there were shepherds abiding in the field near Bethlehem, and keeping watch by night over their flock. All at once an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. Then the angel said unto them, "Be not afraid; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

After this, we are told, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even to Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found both Mary the mother of Jesus and Joseph her husband, and the babe lying in the manger.

In the beautiful picture before us the artist shows us the shepherds adoring the infant Jesus. A little lamb lies on the ground beside them, just at the feet of Jesus, and this suggests to our minds the words that were afterwards written about the Lord Jesus Christ Himself: "Behold the Lamb of God!"

After the shepherds had worshiped Jesus they returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God for all the wonderful things that they had heard and seen, which were just as the angel had told them they would be.

As the shepherds of old came and worshiped Jesus, so let us come and worship Him, for He is our Saviour and King, and we belong to Him and to Him alone.



THE ADORING SHEPHERDS

## Christmas Trees

It would seem to be a strange Christmas without any Christmas trees. We are told that the custom of using Christmas trees was introduced first by the Germans long years ago, and from Germany it has spread to many other parts of the world.

In the United States the Christmas tree is a pleasant feature both of the Sunday-school Christmas festivals, and of the home celebrations in many families.

The balsam fir is the favorite kind of tree in the Christmas festivals, and thousands upon thousands of these trees are shipped from the woods every year to be used in the Christmas festivities. The balsam tree has a fragrant odor, and there are few people who do not like its fresh pleasant smell. It is also a very shapely tree, and ornamental in appearance.

It takes a great deal of time to dress a Christmas tree well, but there are always plenty of people who are willing to take the time and trouble to do it, in order to make Christmas a glad and happy time for the little folks.

## Our Mail Bag

OUR first letter this month is from a little girl in South Salem, New York, who writes us something about the mountains, which are very near her home. She says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: If you should stand on the roof of our house and look around, I am sure you could see mountains on every side of you. In autumn the mountains are very pretty with the yellow and red maples mixed with every shade of green. There are several deer around here, and foxes, coons, skunks, snakes and several other kinds of animals are found in the mountains and woods. I fear I am writing too long a letter, so I will say good-by now. Hoping I can be a member of the happy band, I am,

Your niece,  
JESSIE C. GILBERT.

last June on a visit. While we were there, we saw a mound called the Soldier's Cap. It looks a good deal like one. When Saline County, Kansas, was first settled, it was used as a landmark by the settlers. With love to all the cousins, I remain.

Your niece,  
OLIVE M. WATSON.

Our next letter comes from a boy who lives in the town of Kimmunity, Illinois, and who tells us about a coming birthday anniversary. He writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have written to the MESSENGER twice before. I like to read Our Little Folks' page. I have taken the paper for one year, and I like it well. On December 22, 1911, I will be fourteen years old. I go to Elder School. Our teacher is Mrs. Shaffer. There are only eleven pupils going to our school. I hope to see this letter in print. WILLIE SOUTHWARD.

Many happy returns of your birthday, Willie. We are always glad to hear from you, and hope that you will continue to take the AMERICAN MESSENGER as long as you live.

Our last letter this month comes from a little girl in Wilson, Pennsylvania, and this is what she writes:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: May I join your happy band? I am nine years old. I am in the third reader. We have seventy-five chickens, one horse and a cow. I have two brothers, James and David. My favorite flowers are roses and violets. My aunt takes the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I like to read Our Little Folks' page.

DOROTHY B. WILSON.



## A Talk About Music

IN the next issue of our paper we would like to have a talk with Our Little Folks about music, and for that reason we want to receive as many letters as possible dealing with that subject.

So please write and tell us what kind of music you like best, what instrument you are learning to play, what are your favorite pieces of music, which are your favorite composers, and what are the songs you like best. Let us know whether you are taking music lessons, and if so, how long you have been learning to play or sing. We should be glad to know what musical instruments you have in your home, and to hear about the songs that you sing in school, the concerts that you have attended, the entertainments at which you have played or sung, and anything else about music that you think will be of interest to Our Little Folks.

Kindly write promptly so that your letter will be in time for our next issue. Already we have some letters on this interesting subject, but we want to receive a great many more from the boys and girls all over our land. Address all letters to Our Mail Bag, American Messenger, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

We welcome you to our happy band, Jessie, and are glad to receive this interesting letter from you about the mountains. You have given a good description of their gorgeous appearance in the fall season, when the leaves are turning on the trees.

Our next letter comes from Lancaster, Pa., and this is what it says:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: Mother is going to get the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and I would like to join your happy band. I have one sister, who is not old enough to write you a letter. I go to Sunday-school and day school. I have a very nice Sunday-school teacher. With love,

Your niece,  
JEAN WADE.

We are pleased to receive this letter from you, Jean, and trust that you will long continue to be a reader of this paper. When your sister is old enough to write, we hope she will send a letter to Uncle Harry.

An Illinois girl, whose home is in Carrolton, has sent us this pleasant letter:

DEAR UNCLE HARRY: I have written once before. I am twelve years old, and am in the seventh grade. My mother, sister, brother and myself went to Kansas



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER

By Sarah N. McCreery

"I AM sorry that I must go when Christmas is so near," said Mrs. Garrison with a little sigh, as she bent over a suitcase that she was packing. "You must make the day just as happy as you can alone. I left the menu for the Christmas dinner on the spindle in the kitchen, and the plum pudding is made. You are such a good cook, Dorothy, even though you are only sixteen, that I am sure your father will enjoy his dinner just as much as if I were here to cook it. Margaret, you must be sister's helper, and Donald must be a little man and obey."

"We will have father with us, while where you are going there are only Aunt Meta and Helen, and Helen would have a sorry, lonesome Christmas day with Aunt Meta so sick. We will all miss you, mother, but we are glad you will be with Helen to make her Christmas day brighter," replied Dorothy.

Mrs. Garrison went on with her packing more cheerfully after her daughter's brave words, and when she was on the way she, too, was glad that it had been possible for her to go and help make Christmas more cheerful for her sick sister, Mrs. Radford, and her niece, Helen Radford.

The next two days were busy ones in the little red cottage where the Garrisons lived. Dorothy had all her mother's gifts to tie up as well as her own. She had to make a trip down town with Margaret and Donald to select their gifts for the family, beside the preparation of the regular meals, the care of the house, and the extra errands that the Christmas time always brings. It was quite early on Christmas morning when she slipped the turkey into the oven, all dressed according to the written directions that her mother had left. Then she began to prepare the vegetables.

"Dorothy," Mr. Garrison said, as he came into the kitchen, "I must do some work on my books, although it is Christmas, so I will go to the store this morning, but I shall be back for dinner at one o'clock, and this afternoon I will do whatever pleases you children."

"All right, father, dinner will be ready at one. We will try to have something real nice planned for this afternoon," Dorothy replied, as she paused in the peeling of a potato.

Dorothy worked busily during the morning, while Margaret and Donald assisted her faithfully. It was eleven o'clock when Margaret said, "Don't forget to go after my white dress that Mrs. Paulson was to wash and iron for me. I have to wear it when I speak at the Christmas entertainment at the church this evening."

"I forgot all about your dress, but I will go for it right away," returned Dorothy. "You and Donald may put the knives and forks on the table and fill the salt cellars while I am gone." She took a quarter from the pocketbook and started for Mrs. Paulson's.

"You came for the white dress," said Mrs. Paulson as she opened the door in response to Dorothy's knock. "I am glad that you didn't come earlier, for I finished ironing it just this minute."

The weary tone caused Dorothy to glance at Mrs. Paulson, and she saw that she looked pale and tired. "How is your husband?" she asked. "I heard my mother say that he had been sick for some time."

Two tears rolled down Mrs. Paulson's cheeks. "He is no better, Miss Dorothy, in fact, I believe he grows a little weaker every day. It has taken all the money we had laid by for rent and medicine, and I can scarcely get any washings and ironings done because I must take care of him."

"We can't have any Christmas dinner," put in Felix, who clung to his mother's hand.

Mrs. Paulson shook her head at the boy warningly. "We will have plenty of bread, butter and molasses, Miss Dorothy; perhaps many people will not have that much."

Dorothy did not know what answer to make, and she wished her mother were at hand, for she would know exactly what to say. As she looked at the pinched faces of the four children she felt they were hungry. She took the dress and put the quarter in Mrs. Paulson's hand. "I hope that you will have—" but she stopped short; she could not wish her a "Merry Christmas," for there could be little merriment in a home with no money, a sick father, and hungry children. "I hope Mr. Paulson will soon be better and that you will have more time for your work," she finished.

"Thank you for your good wishes," was Mrs. Paulson's answer as she opened the door.

Dorothy walked slowly and thoughtfully homeward. She put the dress away, and she did not heed Donald when he insisted that she look to see how straight the knives and forks were on the table, and added, "I fixed them all by myself." She opened the oven door and looked at the turkey, which was turning a delicate brown. She tried it with a fork, it would be done by twelve. She closed the door with a quick bang as if afraid her decision might waver.

"How would you like to give our turkey, plum pudding and other good things to the Paulsons for their dinner to-day, Margaret and Donald?" she inquired cheerfully.

"Give our turkey away!" exclaimed two dismal voices.

"It's the only turkey that we have had this whole year," added Margaret.

"Listen, dearies," said Dorothy, "we have other things in the house that we can cook beside the things that we expected to have for our dinner to-day, but the Paulsons have nothing at all except bread, butter and molasses. Wouldn't you want more than that to eat, especially on Christmas Day?" The children nodded assent. "I know that Felix Paulson and the other children are hungry, they all looked like they were." Then her voice grew low and tender as she told of the sick father and the pocketbook with no money in it.

"We have never been hungry in our whole lives, so I guess we had better give our dinner to them," Margaret agreed, when Dorothy finished her story.

"I guess we had," echoed Donald, but there was a look of disappointment on his face.

At half past twelve o'clock the little procession left the red cottage for the Paulson home, two blocks away. Dorothy went first with a large tray on which was a platter with the turkey, done to a turn, one dish of mashed potatoes and another of sweet potatoes; Margaret came next with a pan of scalloped corn and the Waldorf salad, and Donald brought up the rear with the plum pudding, cranberry jelly, and a plate of nuts.

Mrs. Paulson looked amazed when she responded to Dorothy's call. "Please open the door. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas," echoed Margaret and Donald.

"Now, Miss Dorothy, you have brought us your Christmas dinner just because of what Felix said; it is all cooked too, and I cannot let you leave it," declared Mrs. Paulson, as the children set the trays on the table.

"Yes, you must," insisted Dorothy. "Not one of us could enjoy this Christ-

mas dinner when we knew Felix and the other children had none, and besides we have lots more at home to cook."

"Are you Mrs. Santa Claus?" asked Felix in an awe-struck tone, as he came close to Dorothy.

"No, I am not Mrs. Santa Claus," laughed Dorothy. "I am only a girl who could not enjoy a dinner on Christmas, if I thought four children near by did not have something good to eat too," and she went out, followed by Margaret and Donald, before Mrs. Paulson could make further objections.

It was only a few minutes after one o'clock when Dorothy's second dinner was ready. All three children watched their father's face as they gathered around the table. He looked at the platter of ham for a moment. "Has the turkey and dressing turned into ham and gravy?" he asked with a quizzical smile.

"Yes, it has, and the plum pudding has turned into canned peaches and drop cakes," replied Dorothy with a weak laugh.

"Tell him," urged Margaret.

"Tell him," echoed Donald.

Then Dorothy related to her father the need of the Paulson family, and explained where the original Christmas dinner had gone.

"I hope you don't mind, father, that I didn't have material for more salad, and that we must do without turkey and plum pudding. I have tried to cook this dinner extra well."

Mr. Garrison took up the serving knife and fork that he had laid down while Dorothy talked, and there was a mist before his eyes. "I should say I do not mind!" he exclaimed. "This dinner will taste better than any Christmas dinner I ever ate because it will be flavored with the unselfishness of my three children. It is exactly what your mother would have done, if she had been at home, and I am proud to think that you children did it without asking me, and that you did not keep the best of the dinner for yourselves. I shall write to your mother this very night and tell her all about this."

And these words from their father made Dorothy, Margaret and Donald feel sure that this was the best Christmas Day they had ever spent.

### A Fragment

BY HENRY TAYLOR GRAY

As falls the snow in purity serene,  
Hiding beneath its glittering sheen  
All hideous blots on nature's face,  
And showing not their slightest trace,  
So shall a deed of love efface  
A blot of sin and sin's disgrace.

### A Fitting Motto

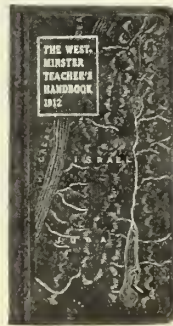
John B. Gough left a legacy in a sentence. Right in the midst of one of his lectures he fell paralyzed and dumb in the presence of his audience. But it was remembered that the last sentence he uttered was this: "Young man, make your record clean." What a fitting close for a grand life! What a fitting motto for one beginning life.

### A NEW CATALOG

The Sunday school supply houses are showing in these days an aggressive and up-to-date spirit, and their catalogs indicate how carefully the wants of the modern Sunday schools are being studied and met. The new 1912 Sunday school catalog of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath school work, for instance, presents in its ninety pages of announcements an amazing range of choice and suggestion. Teachers and other workers are frequently perplexed as to what to order in the way of helps and supplies. In most cases a simple consultation of a catalog like this would give them the full range of the market, with illustrations, descriptions, and prices. If anything is not clear in the description, or does not seem to be covered in the list of articles wanted, the worker should state his want in a letter; and in such case, personal attention is promised in meeting the wants indicated.

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# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONARY FIELD

## Among the Negroes

REV. J. W. EASLEY, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, who is circulating Christian literature among the negroes of South Carolina, writes:

"This field is in good condition, and I am working very hard. I am meeting with more success day by day. Greater interest is being manifested in our literature, and much benefit is being derived from its circulation.

"The New Testament and 'Pilgrim's Progress' are being read more to-day than ever before on my field. The people seem to thirst for good literature, thinking it to be the best friend they can have in their homes. This is the theme of my visits. I emphasize the fact that I may speak something that would encourage them and their children, but that the strongest and best I could leave with them is the word of the Saviour.

"Last summer in those hot cotton fields of North Carolina, where the people were many miles from their homes, they would even stop their work and walk some distance to get enough money to purchase a little volume. Some of these people hardly have clothes enough on to hide their nakedness, but yet they were anxious for the Word of God.

"Through this belt I made a number of grants of literature. I saw a will on the part of the people to purchase, but they were unable to do so. Great things are being done through the American Tract Society for our people by missionary colporters, who speak words of comfort to the erring ones and consolation to others, and circulate literature, bringing happiness to the homes. This literature and kind words have cheered many when other things failed."

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## A Buddhist Priest's Conversion

REV. H. LOOMIS, of Japan, tells of the conversion of a man who for nearly twenty years was an earnest Buddhist priest, strict in morals and a seeker of truth. Seeing the corruption of many of the priests he became greatly disgusted with their dishonesty and immorality. He also bewailed the fact that in Buddhism he could find no adequate remedy for their sins and no abiding peace for his own longing soul.

About seven years ago he was passing a Christian chapel at the time of a preaching service. He entered, listened to the sermon, and became deeply impressed. That Christianity is the religion of the civilized nations of the world greatly appealed to him. The plain gospel message which he heard that night pierced his soul, for it contained evidences of life and power which he had never known before. Learning of Christ he was more and more dissatisfied with Buddhism. He felt strongly moved to accept Christ and to give up Buddhism, but he wavered, saying he must first find some means of supporting his wife and children before he could give up the priesthood and become a Christian.

At the meeting, however, he obtained a New Testament and began to study it diligently. As opportunity afforded he attended other Christian meetings, always listening with much interest. Year after year passed by, he still read the Bible, still sought a new occupation, and still found no rest for his soul. At times he attempted to reform Buddhism and to ease his own conscience by preaching Christian truths in his Buddhist sermon.

He found, however, like many before him, that a dead formal religion is not easily changed for the better. He also found that his own life, while much better than that of most of the priests, was very far from the standard given by Christ in the Scriptures.

In his distress he again turned his steps toward the chapel where he had several years before heard the gospel message which had so clung to his life.

He found the chapel, and though the preacher was not the former one, the same gospel and the same Christ were there as before.

As the pastor found that the point of hesitancy still rested at "a means of support for a wife and four young children," the message was from Matt. 6:33—"But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The message was the one needed. The idolatrous priest was henceforth to be known as a child of the living God. Repenting of his sin and unbelief, his soul was filled with peace and joy.

He at once returned home and proclaimed to all the story of his new light and happiness. A few of his friends listened wonderingly, but most of them stopped their ears and refused to hear. Fierce persecution broke out against him, and for a time he was compelled to hide for safety.

His faith did not fail, however, and in a short time he found many new Christian friends. Some of these friends aided him in securing work; and now he is earnestly striving to do his duty—serving where once he was served, seeking ever to lead others to Christ.

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## Christlike Love

"I WAS visiting a missionary leper asylum," said Dr. Bonsey, of Hankow, "when I saw a terrible object propped against the wall. He had lost all semblance of humanity, eyes and face eaten away, his head a mere round ball. He could neither move nor speak, but could hear a little. Then the doctor in charge pointed out to me, standing near him, a handsome young Chinaman, with no visible sign of leprosy upon him, who had been recently placed there by his parents on discovering that he was a leper. 'Do you see that young man?' he said. 'When he came to us he was intensely proud. Twenty-seven of our twenty-eight inmates were Christians, but he was bitterly opposed, and would not associate with them. After a little, however, as he heard the Gospel, he became interested, and was converted. His first thought was, 'What can I do for Jesus?' And of his own accord he constituted himself the nurse of this melancholy object, sleeping by his side, feeding him before touching his own food, and lifting him hither and thither.' What an example of Christlike love!"

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## Glimpses of the Under life in India

THE Madigas are outcasts of India. The only part which they have been permitted to take in heathen ceremonies has been to beat the drums in processions and before temples and places of worship. They have never been allowed to enter the temple courts, and Hindu priests consider themselves polluted by entering the hamlets of Madigas or by being near enough to talk to them. They are useful, however, as drummers, and when the leaders of any religious ceremony need their assistance they send to the Madiga hamlet and order as many drummers as they desire. If the Madigas fail to come, the farmers who employ them see to it that they are properly punished by having their work given to others, their food supply cut off and immediate payments of debts demanded.

At Vidaplad, India, recently, the two hundred Christian Madigas refused to beat drums for heathen ceremonies. To their newly awakened consciences such heathen service seemed sacrilege. The wheels of discipline began to move. Already they were suffering from famine, but the vindictive Hindus made their misery acute. Not only were these people cut off from means of livelihood, but they had no credit and every influence was brought to bear to keep others from giving them work. No merchant was allowed to sell them grain even on payment, and they were forbidden to walk in the main streets.

At length through the generosity of an official they received work under government employ, first in deepening the hamlet's water reservoir and then in repairing a turnpike road. Their brave stand for their faith touched the hearts of other Christian churches, and one church after another began to send them assistance. Finally the supply of funds was exhausted, but the long drought of eight months came to an end. The fields grew into green life, making so heavy a demand for labor that the Hindu persecutors had to yield and employ the Christians.

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## A Unique Ordination

A VERY interesting and unique ceremony took place recently in the Congregational Church at Guildford, England, when Dr. Moses Chiu, a Christian Chinaman, was ordained. Coming to England about ten years ago, this gentleman studied at the United College, Bradford, and then took a five-year course in Germany, graduating as a Doctor of Philosophy and being the first of his countrymen to secure such a distinction. Dr. Chiu made a most impressive statement to the effect that "his belief in God and in the power of His Holy Spirit had never been shaken, but the belief in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, that truth which was once so dear to him, became for a time a subject of doubt. Instead of the Son of God, he could only see the ideal man in Jesus Christ. Logic, science, reasoning and argument could not restore that precious faith, and it was only when he came to the human heart and its experiences, when he realized the existence of sin and its consequences, when he observed that there was an earnest cry for a redeemer in all religions, that neither Confucius nor Buddha could give satisfaction to the human heart, then he came back to Christ to bow down before him, to make his confession, earnest and sincere, 'My Lord and my God.'"

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## A Record of God's Grace

REV. WILLIAM N. BLAIR

Two thousand four hundred and seventeen new communicants were added and 3,854 new catechumens received during the past year in Pen Yang Station, in Korea, a wonderful record of God's grace. Seven other stations of our own mission are yet to be heard from, besides reports from the five other missions working in Korea; but the report from Pyeng Yang Station alone is enough to fill all hearts with gratitude to God, who still leads on.

It has been the best year we have known, and yet in some ways the hardest. We have gone through a great political and national change. Korea is not Korea any longer. During these tense annexation days, the Christian churches have been about the only places where Koreans have been permitted to assemble and enjoy the right of public address. Two thousand churches and chapels scattered all over the land might easily have been turned into halls of political agitation. The few missionaries could scarcely have prevented it; but God prevented it. He knew what was coming and prepared His people to pass through the storm by pouring out upon the Korean Church a remarkable baptism of evangelistic fervor, that took form in the so-called "Million Movement."

All the Protestant denominations united in a simultaneous effort to carry the gospel to all Korea within a single year. The great campaign was hardly more than started when rumors of annexation began. Seemingly a more unfavorable time could not have been chosen. Could the Church rise above the shock and loss and continue a spiritual campaign in such an hour? For a time the movement halted. Most of the spring and summer went by with little done, but the faith of the Church really never faltered. All over the land constant prayer was made for the success of the cam-

paign, and with the fall came an outburst of evangelistic zeal such as Korea had never seen. Meetings were held in every corner of the land. Schools were closed so that the students might share in the campaign, bands of workers were sent to distant places, and as far as possible, both by printed tracts and the spoken word, the ideal of the campaign, to preach the gospel to all Korea, was accomplished. But more than that was accomplished; the great effort to save others saved the Church by keeping it pure and single-eyed in an hour of greatest danger.

Just how many were reached we shall never know. No effort was made to keep an accurate account of the multitudes who came to the meetings and expressed a desire to believe. Hundreds of thousands have been convinced that Jesus is the Saviour of the world, and more than a million may easily date their interest in Christianity from this "Million Year." Best of all, our Church has come through the year unwearied and united, stronger than ever before, and more eager to push on until not only one million, but all of Korea's millions, have been brought to Christ.

THE ASSEMBLY HERALD.

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## A Cannibal Now a Preacher

ROYAL J. DYE, a medical missionary of the Disciple foreign board, at work in the Congo Free State, relates a story of conversion which is worthy to be bound up with the most brilliant chapters of "modern miracles" in non-Christian lands. Bonjolongo, the head of an important family in one of the most bloodthirsty of the Congo tribes, served seven years in the native troops of King Leopold.

Participant in many of the "punitive raids" ordered by Leopold's officials against towns that did not pay the tax, Bonjolongo was especially prominent as a leader in the expedition against the village of Isaka, because the people there were hereditary foes of his own tribe. The raid on that town gave him opportunity to execute a vengeance, that he had been taught to cherish from childhood. He feasted gluttonously off the bodies of his dead enemies.

When Bonjolongo had served his time in the military levy, he returned to his own village, and there for the first time heard the message of Jesus Christ, preached in Injolo by itinerants from Dr. Dye's station at Bolenge. Curiosity led him to visit Bolenge. When he found that he could not tempt away the native Christians there to take up the old heathen practices again, he was so impressed that he paid more and more heed to the gospel, and finally with his whole heart accepted it.

Returning forthwith to his home town, he amazed his neighbors by freeing his slaves, renouncing his plural wives and redeeming at great cost the little daughter whom he had sold to be the slave wife of a chief—sacrifices that wiped out his wealth. Then he preached to his fellow-villagers so earnestly that a great number of them embraced the faith and joined him in building a chapel.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

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## A Missionary Tree

A MISSIONARY, at a recent gathering, said pointedly:

"I have established missionary trees all over the country. But perhaps you don't know what a missionary tree is? A missionary tree is one whose profit goes entirely to missions.

"A Roxborough farmer has in his apple orchard a golden pippin tree that helps to support the Chinese missions. A Florida woman has an orange tree that helps to uplift the cannibals of New Guinea. A California nut farmer devotes a walnut tree to the spread of the faith in Zanzibar.

"Missionary trees," the speaker ended, "are very good things, but the principle that underlies them need not be confined to the farms and farmers."





## HIS MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Eliza Strang Baird

ABOUT two weeks before Christmas there came a letter from Bruce McIlvaine. In it was a check for one hundred dollars. He asked his mother to spend this in some special way for him, in any way, he said, which would give her the most pleasure, and bring her nearer to him. The letter was very tender and loving. "Our lives are too far apart," he wrote. "I wish it could be otherwise, mother, dear, but I never want my will to overrule yours. As long as you think best to keep your own little home, I cannot object. Whenever you will come into mine, you know that I shall be a happier man even than I am to-day."

Mrs. McIlvaine was thinking about this letter as she dusted the parlor. She did indeed want to see Bruce. She had not yet fully decided that she was willing to go and live with him permanently. She loved her own ways of doing things in her own little home in the small New Hampshire village, where she had lived for many years. To leave it and the dear people, her neighbors, would be an awful wrench, even to be with her boy.

But the thought came, why couldn't she go for Christmas, and thus use part of the money which he had sent her?

She had not seen her son since the time of the summer visit which he had paid her, with his wife and the two boys.

Usually they came for Thanksgiving, but this year Dr. McIlvaine had been the minister chosen to preach for a number of uniting churches, and the customary trip north had had to be given up.

Bruce McIlvaine was a popular and successful metropolitan preacher. For

five years he had filled a city pulpit, holding the throngs who came to listen, not by mere eloquence, but by a deep spiritual power, which lifted them always into a higher, purer atmosphere.

During all those years his mother had only once visited him. He was continually urging her to come, but she dreaded the long journey, and to leave her home seemed to grow increasingly hard.

As she dusted the black marble clock and vases, she blamed herself for this. Was she really growing apart from Bruce's life, because she had refused to be more with him? Her own and only boy! Why, he was her life!

It seemed to her now, as she thought of it, that there had scarcely been a moment in all the forty years since his birth when she had not been thinking of him and praying for him.

And now, there was, after all, probably only a little while longer to stay. How foolish of her not to spend that time with him! To prefer any other environment—anything else to the great delight of being with him, of hearing him preach, and of knowing him better!

He wanted her so much—surely she could not give him any better Christmas present, any more blessed surprise than just herself.

It did not take Mrs. McIlvaine very long to make her decision when this chain of reasoning had once been started. The house was arranged for closing, and the key given to a good neighbor.

"If I should decide not to come back, Sally, I'll write you what I want done about things until next summer. There's no knowing but what I may stay in the city now until Bruce and Margaret return with me."

"Whatever shall we do without you, Mary, if you really carry out that plan?" her old friend cried. "I thought you had said again and again that nothing could ever tear you away from here!"

"There's only one thing that could, and that's Bruce," his mother answered. "I'm getting so hungry for my boy. I don't want to be left out of his life. Other people are having so much of him and I so little!"

It was a long, cold journey. Heavy snowstorms had been raging for several days; all the trains were delayed, and Mrs. McIlvaine failed to make some of her connections. She had planned to reach her son's house on Saturday night. Christmas Day fell on Sunday that year. But her train did not reach the city until Sunday morning.

She got into a cab and directed the man to drive her to Bruce's home. Then she remembered how nearly it was time for the church service to begin. Why should she not go directly to the church? She had been looking forward eagerly to hearing her boy preach his Christmas sermon. It would be a pity if she missed the privilege. To be sure, she was tired and cold and travel stained. But that mattered little. So she asked to be taken to the big church instead, and there an usher put her into a rear pew.

The service had already begun, and the edifice was very full. She had not realized before what a large and beautiful place it was. Nearly all the people seemed wealthy, and yet she noted with pleasure that there were some near her poorly clad. She was glad of this, for she knew that Bruce disliked the thought of preaching only to rich parishioners.

The music seemed very wonderful to her, and the words of the Christmas anthems stirred her to tears.

(Continued on next page)

## New Colds

Bad enough, to be sure. But old colds are worse. Better stop your fresh cold at once. Never hesitate to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it or not, as he says. He knows.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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## His Mother's Christmas Gift

(Continued from preceding page)

At last the sermon began. Mrs. McIlvaine could only catch a glimpse of her boy's face through the barrier of large hats which intervened. But his voice almost made her heart stop beating. How full and rich it was, and of what wonderful carrying power! It filled the great building, and yet he seemed to make no effort. Eagerly, she listened for his message. Would it be still the same simple, direct one which she had heard him give at other times?

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus,"—that was his text. And as the mother listened critically, though so tenderly, she knew that he had not changed. She realized that he was still, just as completely as he had always been, under the sway of the Holy Spirit. He was intent only upon one thing, and that was to speak a good word for his divine Master.

Through her mind there passed many visions of Bruce's life. She thought of that Sunday night when she had knelt by his bed, and he had told her of his decision to serve Christ and of his great longing to become a preacher of the gospel. They had prayed together, and for both of them it had been an hour never to be forgotten.

She remembered his first sermon in the little village church when he came home after one year in the Seminary. All the neighbors had complimented her upon her son's intellectual power, but she had cared then, as she cared now, for only one thing—his message.

She was glad to note that the people listened eagerly—that they seemed hungry for this bread which their pastor was breaking for them.

At length the service was over. As the organ pealed forth again, Mrs. McIlvaine made her way slowly up the aisle. It seemed to her that nearly all the members had waited to wish their pastor a Merry Christmas. She wondered if it would ever be possible for her to reach him through the surrounding throngs. Suddenly, she felt very tired and alone in the crowd.

Just then, as if by mental telepathy, Bruce lifted his head above the waiting people. Their eyes met, and his mother instantly saw a great light flame in her boy's face.

He gave a quick cry: "Why, there's mother! Excuse me, friends—that's my mother! I know you'll let me go to her!"

And the crowd parted to let him pass, as he came toward her in half a dozen rapid strides, and caught her in his strong arms.

"My own mother! Why, this is the best Christmas gift you could possibly have given me! How did you ever plan to surprise me in such a beautiful way?"

And then in the shelter of his arms Mrs. McIlvaine knew that she was not tired or weak, or faint any longer. And she knew, too, that she never wanted to leave Bruce again.

At Christmas dinner-tables that day many of the people discussed the scene after church.

"I never admired Bruce McIlvaine so much as I did this morning," remarked one of his trustees, a multi-millionaire. "That was his mother—did you see her? A little, tired, faded old lady from the country. If she had been the queen of England, or an angel out of Heaven, the minister couldn't have been prouder of her, or gladder to see her. He's a *real man*, is Dr. McIlvaine—no sham and no pretence in his make-up. That's what makes his message a real message and his power not his own but something given!"

And so Bruce's mother was sure that her Christmas present had been the best one she could have planned.

## A Correction

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the poem, entitled "A Hymn of Joy," by Henry Van Dyke, which was printed in the November issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER and credited to the *Religious Telescope*, was first printed in *The Continent* for November 17, 1910, and that this poem was copyrighted by *The Continent*, and must not be republished without permission.

## The King

By JULIA E. ABBOTT

*Because He came to Bethlehem,  
The manger-cradled Child,  
All glorious above the night,  
The bending heavens smiled;  
And radiant from realms of light  
The angels came to tell  
The tidings of a new-born King,  
His praise in song to swell.*

*Because He came to Bethlehem,  
Along life's rugged way,  
There is a gentle hand to guide  
And help each passing day;  
There is a love that will not fail  
Till heaven and earth shall end;  
Because He came to Bethlehem  
To be the sinner's Friend.*

*The rending rocks of Calvary,  
The Resurrection morn,  
Tell of the triumph of the King  
In lowly manger born;  
Because he came to Bethlehem,  
The shadows flee away,  
And nations in His glory see  
The dawning of the day.*

*Chime, chime, ye bells, the story  
sweet!*

*Let all the children sing,  
And let the hills and vales repeat  
The praises of the King.  
Oh, come and worship at His feet,  
And praise with heart and voice;  
Because He came to Bethlehem,  
Let all the earth rejoice.*

## COFFEE HEART

As Dangerous as the Tobacco or  
Whiskey Heart

"Coffee heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if the drug is persisted in. You can run thirty or forty yards and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady who was once a victim of the "coffee heart" writes from Oregon: "I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy."

"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 137 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition, and at last mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum."

"I gave up coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole table beverage. This was six months ago, and all my ills, the indigestion, inactive liver and rickety heart action, have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in very soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system."

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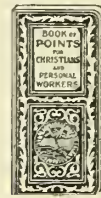
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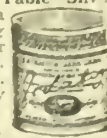
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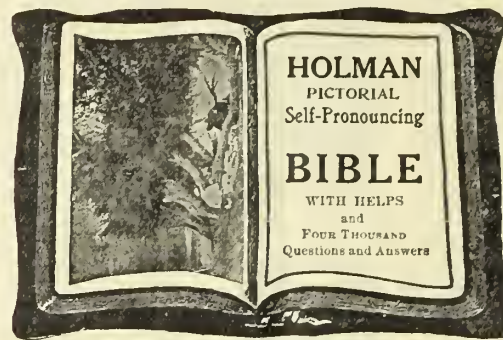
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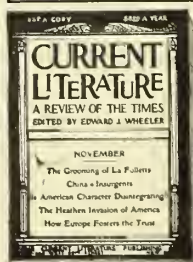
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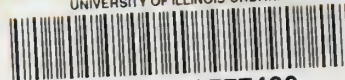








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